



CURRENT OPINION



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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

SEEKING TO FIND A BASIS FOR THE WORLD'S PEACE

FRESH from the battlefields of Europe, in a position to secure a wide view of international politics, an officer of the United States Army remarked to us several weeks ago that peace would come within five months or it would not come for years. His obvious meaning was that if the present long-range negotiations between rulers come to nothing, a fight to a finish is inevitable. If that is true, then the speeches of President Wilson and Lloyd George and Clemenceau, the replies by von Hertling and Czernin, the decisions of the Versailles war conference and other like events are far more than a mere sparring for position or an effort to achieve certain political effects at home. They are not the preliminaries to peace negotiations; they are the negotiations themselves, and upon the result hangs the fate of the world. Aside entirely from this condition or that, as laid down in any of the speeches, there looms up, as the most significant thing of all, the effort, in which President Wilson has taken the lead, to force the negotiations into the open and to keep them there. This is the real battle that is going on just now, and in forcing it President Wilson seems to have faced not only the direct opposition of von Hertling but, apparently, a marked hesitancy on the part of the war conference of the Allies held at Versailles. In this battle the President's tactics seem to be to drive a wedge between Czernin, the Austrian minister of foreign affairs, who evinces a willingness to thresh out the issues in the open, and von Hertling, Germany's Chancellor, who insists upon taking up the issues, one after another, with the different powers separately and secretly, in the old-fashioned way. The measure of the President's success at this time will not lie in the acceptance of his fourteen conditions of peace or even his four principles, but in the acceptance of his method of discussion of

President Wilson Strives to Force a Discussion in the Hearing of the World—Von Hertling Resists

conditions and principles in the open forum of the world.

Wilson's Entering Wedge Between Austria and Germany.

THIS is probably the explanation of the President's unexpected address to Congress last month. The main purpose of it seems to be, first, to emphasize the "very friendly tone" of Count Czernin's reply to the President's January address, and, second, to point out the "opposite purpose" of Count von Hertling's reply. "Count Czernin," says Wilson, "seems to see the fundamental elements of peace with clear eyes and does not seek to obscure them." He adds:

"Seeing and conceding, as he [Czernin] does, the essential principles involved and the necessity of candidly applying them, he naturally feels that Austria can respond to the purpose of peace as expressed by the United States with less embarrassment than could Germany. He would probably have gone much further had it not been for the embarrassments of Austria's alliances and of her dependence upon Germany."

Far different is the way in which the President refers to the German Chancellor. He terms the latter's reply "very vague and very confusing," and proceeds to analyze it. What he bears down upon most heavily is not the Chancellor's reception of the fourteen conditions, but his insistence upon old-style negotiations. Says the President:

"He will discuss with no one but the representatives of Russia what disposition shall be made of the peoples and lands of the Baltic provinces; with no one but the Government of France the 'conditions' under which French territory shall be evacuated, and only with Austria what shall be done with Poland. In the determination of all ques-

that word. In his January address, as the *Tribune* reminds us, the President laid down a program consisting of fourteen definite items, prefacing them as follows: "The program of the world's peace, therefore, is our program, and that program, the only possible program as we see it, is this." One month later he says of this same program: "She [the United States] is quite ready to be shown that the settlements she has suggested are not the best or the most enduring. They are only her own provisional sketch of principles and of the way in which they should be applied." Says the *Tribune*:

"We interpreted the program of fourteen conditions as a 'pledge.'

"Mr. Wilson himself now interprets it as a 'provisional sketch.' . . .

"Obviously, the only person competent to interpret Mr. Wilson is Mr. Wilson himself. At least, the *Tribune* is proved incompetent by the last instance. It would never have thought to call the program of fourteen conditions 'a provisional sketch,' and would have expected to be denounced if it had."

Other criticisms are directed at the friendly tone taken by the President toward Austria. The *Philadelphia Press* is one of a number of journals that consider his overtures to Austria "more adroit than justifiable." The *Chicago Evening Post* is another. It thinks "there is just as much ground for sitting down to dicker with Berlin as there is for a like complaisant attitude with Vienna," and it quotes the Socialist daily of Berlin, *Vorwärts*, as authority for the assertion that "Count Czernin's fraternal kiss for President Wilson received the German Government's blessing in advance."

A Military Decision Essential to Lasting Peace.

APPREHENSION is expressed by many journals of America lest the discussion of peace thus continued will have a weakening effect upon the nation's preparations for war. Rather strangely, some of the most impressive comment of this kind comes from Governor Capper's paper, the *Topeka Capital*, classed



OFF THE TRAIL AGAIN, AND THEY TOLD US THAT THEY
WERE FOX HOUNDS

—Ireland in Columbus Dispatch



WE ARE LIKELY TO HAVE SOME INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS ON WHO IS HEAD OF THE HOUSE

—Darling in Washington *Herald*

before our entry into the war as a pacifist paper. The *Capital* takes the position that, even from a pacifist point of view, it is best to fight this war to a decision in a military sense. "No war like this," it says, "can be fought again without driving the world insane and making life on this planet a tragic mockery." In the "next war," of which German publicists are already writing, poison bacteria will figure and the diffusion of disease will be systematically conducted, and universal military service will be introduced as a permanent institution in countries that have escaped it heretofore. "All the preoccupations of this nation for a generation will be precisely what the preoccupation of Germany has been for the last generation," and the military class will be exalted above all others. The *Capital* concludes:

"All this comes to one point: It is best to fight the existing war to a decision in a military sense. The non-German world will never again be more united than it now has become, nor be as prepared as it now is. Besides, it is actually in the job. It must not quit until it is in position to forbid and prevent—not negotiate concerning—the further military ambition of Hohenzollernism, and by putting an end to growing Prussian armament, save all the world from being Prussianized."

This is in direct contrast with the pacific view which, according to Judson C. Welliver, London correspondent of the N. Y. *Sun*, is gaining ground in England that an indecisive end to this war, a "peace without victory," will discredit war for decades to come, and, therefore, is an outcome greatly to be desired. The same view is being advanced by the ultra-pacifists of this country, who hark back to the "peace without victory" speech of President Wilson as an authoritative expression of their desires.

OUR PART IN THE WAR AND THE WAY WE ARE PLAYING IT

THREE days after the entry of the United States into the war, Elihu Root, speaking before the Republican Club of New York City, said:

"There will be criticism and fault-findings and discontent, but that has been an incident to all our wars. It is an incident to our free-and-easy democracy. It will come again inevitably. Do not let us join the band of faint-hearts when the time of criticism comes, or withhold our support. When the inevitable shortcomings of democracy must come, then is the time for stout hearts to stand by their country and say that no matter what mistakes are made we will stand by our Government and our country."

Last month we seemed to have reached the apex of criticism. Dr. Garfield's order had released much of it. Senator Chamberlain's speech released more of it. The Congressional investigations into the work of the various departments gave it plenty of material to work with. As the railroad congestion and coal situation gradually cleared up and the reasons for the drastic coal orders became clear (they were issued the day after André Tardieu, the French High Commissioner, reached this port and found thirty-seven French ships held up for lack of bunker coal), the center of the storm of criticism shifted back from the fuel commissioner to the war department. Senator Chamberlain's speech before the Senate, coming from the chairman of the military committee, a Democrat and one who had been a staunch supporter of the administration, made a deep impression. Even journals friendly to the President, such as the *Brooklyn Eagle* and the *New York Times*, admitted that the tone of the address "left nothing to be desired." According to the former paper, the Senator "won the approval and gratitude of intelligent people" by his course, and the latter warned the President that "the people have lost faith in the War Department as at present organized." Other journals assailed the Senator, the *N. Y. Evening Post* accusing him of "colossal impudence" in view of what it regards as his own peculiar responsibility for the situation in the War Department and for the condition of the army. But critics and upholders of the Senator's course seem to have been reaching an agreement on the main question involved, namely, that the organization of the War Department calls for important changes. Secretary Baker, President Wilson, Senator Chamberlain, Senator Hitchcock and Colonel Roosevelt seem to agree on that point, and the discussion has lately assumed a distinctively constructive note, pertaining more to the future and less to the past.

Getting Together in an Effort to Speed Up the War.

THERE are to-day, beside the ten cabinet departments, ten special war bureaus, as follows: (1) the board of priority of freight shipments; (2) the raw materials board; (3) the war industries board; (4) the food administration board; (5) the fuel administration board; (6) the shipping board; (7) the aircraft production board; (8) the Allies' purchasing board; (9) the war trade board; (10) the director-general of railroads. The most important problem for consideration is the coordination of these various boards with each other and with the war and navy departments. The Senate military committee proposes, for this purpose, the establish-

Causes of Discouragement and of Encouragement in the Records of the War Department

ment of a special War Cabinet, to consist of three men to be "distinguished citizens of demonstrated ability," to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. This body is to "supervise, coordinate, direct and control the functions and activities of all the executive departments, officials and agencies of the government," to whatever extent the board itself may deem necessary or advisable, and to give any orders necessary for that purpose, such orders to be "subject to review by the President." In addition, the Senate committee proposes the creation of a special munitions board to make all purchases of supplies for the navy as well as the army. To both these measures the President has announced his firm opposition. As a substitute, he calls for the enactment of a new measure enabling him to create any new bureaus and departments at will and to make any transfers of powers and duties he may deem advisable, with the same purpose in view, namely, the coordination of the different war activities. To this there is strenuous opposition on the ground that such powers would virtually remove Congress as a factor in the administration of affairs except for the appropriation of funds. In the meantime the Secretary of War, who at first seemed to think his General Staff, his War Industries Board and his War Council were sufficient to do the harmonizing and coordinating necessary, proceeded to reorganize his department. He issued a general order for the establishment of five divisions of the General Staff, namely: an executive division, a war plans division, a purchase and supplies division, a storage and traffic division, and an army operations division.

Secretary Baker Reorganizes the War Department.

EACH head of a division is to have authority to act, in matters pertaining to his division, for the Secretary of War and the Chief of Staff. The latter, acting with the War Council, is to plan the war program in its entirety and see to its constant development, and to direct and coordinate the five divisions. This reorganization plan seems to give general satisfaction and is already being effected. The extent to which it will avert criticism of the department in the future will depend upon the men selected for heads of the divisions and the degree of authority conferred upon them for quick action. "The inherent weakness in the last analysis," said Senator Chamberlain, speaking of the system that has prevailed, "is that there is no one between the President and the army able to act." As a result of the discussion, there is at the time of this writing a hopeful effort being made to harmonize various plans in a measure that will meet the views of the President and effect the coordination desired. The *N. Y. World* voices the administration view of the War Cabinet bill in terming it a bill "that wrecks the existing war machinery of the United States, deposes the President, reduces the members of the Cabinet to the status of clerks and vests the conduct of the war in 'three distinguished citizens of demonstrated ability.'" The *Philadelphia Press* consoles itself with the thought that the real purpose of the bill—to speed up the war and force the facts of the situation into light—has already been accomplished or is on the way to accomplishment. The *N. Y. Globe* takes a similar

view, to the effect that Secretary Baker has been heretofore terrorized by the Quartermaster-General and the Chief of Ordnance and has lacked the courage to break the grip of the bureaucracy until the agitation forced by Congressional investigations gave him the necessary backing.

What America Has So Far Done to Defend Democracy.

BUT the developments of the last few weeks have not consisted entirely of criticism, investigation and reorganization. While we are throwing bricks at various heads in our government, encouraging tributes to our work as a nation come from abroad. For instance, Sir William Goode, of the British Food Commission, in a recent address in London, told of a cablegram just received from our Food Commissioner, Mr. Hoover, saying that as a result of the food conservation campaign in this country he had 150,000,000 pounds of bacon and 25,000,000 pounds of frozen meats more than had been estimated as available by the British agents in the United States. And these figures, said Sir William, represent "only a small percentage of the total sacrifices of the American people." Other figures are furnished from Paris which tell of the achievements of the American Red Cross since last June. Nineteen American hospitals have been supported, together with numerous dispensaries; 288 French hospitals have received aid to the extent of 15,851,000 francs, 3,600 French military hospitals have been supplied with surgical dressings and other equipment, a factory has been built for the manu-

facture of artificial limbs, 30,000 repatriated French children have received medical attention and 65,000 have been fed daily. General Petain, the French Commander-in-Chief, testifies, further, that "the American Red Cross has powerfully contributed to maintain the morale of the French troops at a high level." Still more reassuring are the words from André Tardieu as to the part the United States is playing in the conflict. M. Tardieu is the French High Commissioner to the United States. In a recent address he said to an American audience: "What you Americans have done is magnificent, worthy of your allies, worthy of yourselves." Of the operation of our selective draft he said: "No event of wider import has ever taken place since the beginning of the war." Our troops in France, he estimated as "notably in excess" of our entire army establishment nine months ago. In aviation, the results so far achieved are, in M. Tardieu's opinion, "above all expectation." The financial help accorded the Allies by us at the time of his speech—February 6th—was \$4,236,000,000. As to the equipment of our troops abroad, M. Tardieu said that it was definitely understood that France would furnish guns for twenty divisions in return for necessary raw material to be furnished and transported by us. He summed up: "Judging things as a whole, I declare without any restriction and without any reserve that by its war policy the United States Government has well earned the praise of its allies and of civilization, for which we are fighting together."

The situation seems to be, briefly, that while the War Department has made no mistakes precautions have been taken to prevent their repetition.—Kansas City Times.

The papers say Secretary Baker is planning a trip to the trenches. That will give him a nice, quiet place to rest after the past few weeks in Washington.—Nashville Southern Lumberman.

EFFECT OF THE UKRAINE TREATY ON THE WAR-TASK OF AMERICA AND THE ALLIES

Separate Peace With Central Powers Regarded as a Prolongation of the War

IN securing a separate peace with the new Ukrainian National Republic, which represents one-sixth of the Russian population, covers 850,000 square miles of territory (about equal to that of Great Britain) and is conceded to be the granary of eastern Europe, the Central Empires have driven a wedge into Russia that they are resolved shall not be easily extracted. It is regarded as a step in the complete disintegration of Russia preparatory to the extension of Teutonic domination over the vast territory of the old Slav empire. As evidence of Teutonic determination with regard to the permanent isolation of Ukraina, the ink was scarcely dry on this treaty with the Ukrainian Rada when termination of the armistice with the Bolshevik Government was announced and a renewal of military activities against Russia, to last, presumably, until Petrograd is occupied by German troops. This, however, according to the well-informed Rotterdam correspondent of the London Daily News, does not mean necessarily that the Germans will immediately try to reach Petrograd, but more probably that they will support the Ukraine in its contest with the Bolsheviks. What the Central Empires hope to get from the new arrangement is obvious. They are dismembering Russia; they remove an enemy from a long section of their fighting front, releasing troops for service on the western front, and they hope to secure food in quantity from the Ukraine country. What the Ukrainians get is not so obvious. They get a

treaty peace with Germany and Austria, but at the possible price of a long civil war with the rest of Russia. There was never such a bargain before, comments the Brooklyn Eagle, and the only explanation is that Ukraina, or a part of it, has surrendered to the enemy on enemy terms. What is of more consequence to us, the Eagle thinks, is that a terrible blow is struck to all plans for a permanent peace in Europe, for the new developments in the Ukraine make it necessary for the Allies, to attain such a peace, to inflict much more serious damage upon Germany than was before regarded necessary. "The breaking up of the Russian Empire has burdened Europe and the world with a new 'sick state' comparable to the withering Ottoman Empire in the last century. The only compensation to be found for the tragic sequel of the overthrow of czarism is that the Bolsheviks have apparently pulled down upon their own heads the rude structure they were trying to erect."

Ukrainia Is the Victim of German Propaganda.

THE status of the so-called Ukrainian Republic is still a question enveloped in uncertainty. Ukraina, as a province, is not a belligerent, the Providence Evening Bulletin points out, and has only a fractional share in the recognized belligerency of Russia, just as Rhode Island has its small proportionate part in the bel-

ligerency of the United States. The question as to the status of this Russian province is whether the Rada possesses the signatory power arbitrarily recognized by Germany. But all precedents have been violated in Russia and international law has been generally smashed by Germany, so the permanency of the new Republic is simply another knot for the German fist to tie, if it can. Meanwhile, Ukraina is regarded by the American press generally as "a German conquest," "a victory for German propaganda." Its importance lies not only in the stores of food and raw materials opened up to the Teutons, but in the stimulus it will impart to their morale. This, together with the Bolshevik collapse at Brest-Litovsk, says the *Chicago Herald*, is the victory for which the German war-lords have been striving in order to quiet discontent at home, and "it will almost certainly accomplish that result." However:

"Events on the western front may save more of Russia than Russia is able to save herself. . . . It simply means sterner and stronger efforts for the Allies in the West. And if the declaration by Petrograd authorities that a state of war no longer exists releases great numbers of German and Austro-Hungarian prisoners, another important factor will enter into the general problem. These eventualities have, of course, been in the mind of the Allies."

Russia may be practically out of the war, but she is by no means out of the woods.—*Detroit Free Press*.

SINKING OF THE "TUSCANIA" HELPS TO UNITE AMERICANS

THE first considerable loss suffered by the American Expeditionary Forces on their way to European battlefields has not been on land but at sea. Off the north coast of Ireland, on the evening of February 5th, the transport *Tuscania*, bound from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to a British port (presumably Liverpool), convoyed by British battleships, and carrying nearly 2,200 American troops, was sunk by a German submarine. The night was calm, the ship was two hours in sinking, and perfect discipline is said to have prevailed while the soldiers and the British crew sang the anthems of their respective countries. More than 1,800 were saved, but during the next five days the bodies of 145 soldiers were washed up and buried on the Scotch coast. Some of the bodies were mutilated by rocks beyond recognition, and a number carried metal discs, or tags, which, according to military regulations, should have been filled out with numbers and names but which were found to be blank. Twenty-five survivors of the disaster helped the natives to dig the graves into which the khaki-clad bodies were placed. Farm and fisher folk from miles around came to attend the burial ceremonies. Looking down from cliffs three hundred feet above, stood mourners headed by a British colonel and an American private carrying an "Old Glory" made for the occasion by a group of Scotchwomen. It is impossible, the *Chicago Tribune* comments, to think of the entire tragedy without a keener sense of the nearness of the war and of the need to brace ourselves morally for the sacrifices that are to come. The same paper goes on to say:

"The men who died on the *Tuscania* died in battle and their names belong among those which, tho invisible, make

Why Joy-Bells Have Been Ringing in Berlin.

THE N. Y. *World* observes that the Rada can hardly approve the fierce tyranny of Austria. The lands claimed by the Rada lead in Russian sugar-beet production, besides their great yield in wheat and other cereals. It is for this reason that there is a ringing of joy-bells in hungry Berlin and in hungrier Vienna. In Ukraina, we read, the peasants are holding vast quantities of grain, with which they have been unwilling to part for the worthless Russian currency. Their position is that of profiteers engaged in watchful waiting. Tragic as the situation is for Russia, says the *Chicago Evening Post*, for Europe and the rest of the world, it "marks the rapid growth of a peril that only decisive victory over Hohenzollern and Hapsburg can avert." However, observes the N. Y. *Evening Post*, what if those Ukrainain "stocks and foodstuffs which it will export" are threatened by a continuance of the war between the Bolsheviks and the Ukraine? "It must be remembered that as yet the Ukraine is a state with only one frontier, the one conceded her on the West by the Teuton powers. What of the eastern frontier as against Russia?" It is a question whether any kind of Russian government can see Odessa, the only remaining port in European Russia, pass into enemy hands.

Another piece of hard luck for Russian women is that they got the vote in a country where there are no elections.—*Dallas News*.

Enlistments and Ship-Building Have Both Been Stimulated As a Result of the Disaster

sacred and beautiful to the inner eye the beloved flag of our country. They have gone to join the men of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, of Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, of Buena Vista and Chapultepec, of Gettysburg and Spottsylvania, of Santiago and Manila. They have paid the great debt of the past, and, tho their part in the inspiring story of America may be anonymous, it is none the less noble and our gratitude should be none the less deep and enduring."

A New Battle-Cry—"Remember the *Tuscania*!"

THE torpedo that sank the *Tuscania* sent hundreds of men to American recruiting stations, contradicting the speculations of German writers in the *Cologne Volks-Zeitung* and the *Zeitung am Mittag* (Berlin) who prophesied that it would unfailingly dampen the spirit of Americans. "The facts are," says the *New York Sun*, "that the survivors of the *Tuscania* are not disheartened or downcast. They are more than ever determined that the war must be carried to a successful conclusion. They are more anxious than they were before their misadventure to get at the Germans, and to do their part in suppressing the militarism of the Kaiser." The *Newark News* remarks that "the one predictable result of the fatal blow should be that it will stimulate America to prosecute the war with all its potential strength." The *Philadelphia Press*, in a ringing editorial, declares:

"America wakes to find what the realities of this ruthless war mean for our people. The Hun has carried out his threat to use the foul device of submarine murder to keep our soldiers from the front. Our homes are bereaved of sons who perished in their pride—young men with the souls of heroes who faced this monstrous terror, this Hun

deviltry, as one of the perils of the sacrifices they were making for their country. They have not died in vain.

"America will be electrified into a new sense of consecration to the mighty task the nation has undertaken. This Republic is fighting to destroy the possibility of such atrocious barbarity forever. If there was a laggard spirit anywhere in this broad land, if there was a failure to appreciate the desperate nature of the struggle into which the country was called by crimes unspeakable perpetrated by the murderous and cruel Hun, it must now vanish. America stands united. Our battle-cry is: 'Remember the *Tuscania*!'"

The Bridge that Must Be Built.

THE most urgent message conveyed by the *Tuscania* disaster to America is of the need of more ships, and this is the message on which American papers are laying the greatest emphasis. With the end of America's first year in the war approaching, the backwardness of the ship-building program is held to be a national reproach. "We have the money, billions of it," remarks the *New York Times*; "we have the shipyard workers, hundreds of thousands of them; we have the material to be fashioned into cargo carriers; we have a Shipping Board vested with plenary powers; all agree, the companies to which contracts have been given and the labor leaders who control the unions, that unless the ships are built as fast as keels can be laid and the hulls raised upon them, the war may be lost, in fact

will be lost; but the ships are not being built." There has been an inquiry by the Senate into the ship-building situation at Hog Island, where millions of dollars in excess of estimates seem to have been spent in acquiring land and building houses on it for shipworkers. There have been successful appeals made by President Wilson and by Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the Shipping Board, to shipyard strikers in Baltimore and on Staten Island to resume work as a patriotic duty. The *Times* and the *New York World* both speak of the possibility of a resort to industrial conscription if not to government operation, while the *Evening World* commends to the attention of the American people the words of Major Frederick Palmer, who comes straight from the Commander of the American forces in France and who says:

"We ought to be wearing little metal ships in our button-holes. Children ought to play with toy ships. The woman who turns from knitting to encourage a ship's riveter to do more rivets a day is serving her country, and every time you think ships you are thinking of our men fighting for you in France. Would you have them want for food, for clothes, for ammunition to answer the Germans?"

"Toward our shipyards, for the power they mean during and after the war, the German General Staff strains its vision. Build, build and continue to build ships. Make a bridge of ships to Pershing."

A profit is without honor unless it is decently small.—Seattle *Post Intelligencer*.

He who sinks a rivet in a ship drives a nail in the Kaiser's coffin.—Baltimore *American*.

TORY AND RADICAL IN A BRITISH POLITICAL FIGHT

WITH the appearance in this country of Lord Reading as high commissioner and special ambassador, there ended the first stage of the quarrel in the British cabinet between the conservative and the tory on the one hand and the radical and labor elements on the other. Beneath the surface, in the light of London press comment, there proceeds a fray which may rend the Lloyd George ministry asunder, drive Balfour from the foreign office as it drove Carson from the admiralty, and bring in Mr. Asquith as the head of an old-fashioned liberal government. The crisis is of a kind somewhat novel in the political history of the British Isles, as the radical London *Nation* admits. It concerns the democracy upon which President Wilson lays such stress. It turns out to be a far more serious matter than the traditional conservatives thought possible. The inner clique of men belonging to the ancient aristocratic houses from whom the government is ordinarily recruited is shaken to the foundations. The project of a labor ministry is so well advanced that Arthur Henderson is impatient for the general election. The control of the army is still in the hands of the clique, according to the London *News*. The navy is still ruled by the caste. Around the person of Lord Reading, who incarnates the revolution in British officialdom, the struggle was fiercest. The significance of his triumph may be inferred from what is said on the subject of his appointment by the London *Post*:

"The truth about Lord Reading is known to the United States. He was exposed as distributing shares among his colleagues in the Government when the Government was con-

An Effort to Involve President Wilson in a General Election Issue

sidering a contract which affected those shares. It was a discovery which in any country in the world—we make a doubtful exception for Liberia and certain Central American Republics—would have led to a retirement from public life. But Lord Reading had powerful friends, and when it was found inconvenient to keep him in politics he was given the charge of our Common Law. Since he was made Chief Justice he has acted for the Government in various financial and diplomatic matters of which we have no knowledge, and therefore cannot speak. But we see no reason to assume that he is endowed with any very profound financial or diplomatic ability. The honors with which he has been loaded are nothing to the point, since it is possible that the political interest which made him Chief Justice also made him an Earl. . . . We could have wished to see our new alliance with America marked by the appointment of a man of British honor, type, and character, whom both we and our allies could trust to the uttermost. That chance, like so many others, has been missed, and it remains only to register our ineffectual protest."

Why Lord Reading is Attacked by the Tories.

THE outcry against Lord Reading in a certain British tory press is accounted for by the rage of the old territorial aristocracy, the old financial establishments and the old school of permanent officials. They see a system to which they owe pensions and places passing away. That is the view of the London *Chronicle*. It is endorsed by the London *News*. President Wilson is held responsible by this school for the flood of democracy threatening the comfortable world in which it flourished. There is likewise the



BUT THEY SHRINK SO IN THE WASH

—Darling in N. Y. Tribune

Jingo element to which the cry of "the freedom of the seas," raised by the American, seems a dubious portent to the mistress of the seas. Even so friendly a paper as the *London Spectator* has been careful to point out that command of the sea is vital to Great Britain. She can not give up her supremacy on the water for the sake of any plan to destroy her that happens to be labeled "freedom of the seas." Nor has the tone of the *London Times*, in its comment upon President Wilson's recent speeches, been so unqualifiedly eulogistic as in months gone by. Conservative London papers are actually questioning the democracy for which President Wilson arrays his country, the words of *The Saturday Review* being noteworthy as well as typical:

"President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George are the avowed apostles of democracy; and both are subject to the delusion, which ever haunts idealists of that school, that they have only to exhibit a picture of their doctrine to all the world for all the world to embrace it. Cobden thought the same about Free Trade, which the world repudiates in a *crescendo* scale of denial. Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson sincerely believe that they have only to defeat the Kaiser in war and all Germany will rise as one man and lead democracy to his vacant throne. Let us ask ourselves, quietly and coolly, why hard-headed, brutal realists like the Germans should embrace democracy? Example is the only school at which the mass of mankind will or can learn: and what example of democracy, at the present hour, in this living world, is likely to attract the allegiance of the German people? Is it the example of the Russian brand of democracy? Hardly that, one would say offhand. But is the French pattern more likely to seduce their loyalty from the faith of their fathers? . . . The most patriotic American would admit that America is great not because of her democratic institutions but in spite of them. Mr. Wilson

would not, of course, admit that; but he is a politician, and we are sure that all educated Americans, outside politics, would agree. It remains to be seen whether, now that the United States have irrevocably plunged into *Weltpolitik*, with all its consequences, democratic institutions, that are notoriously corrupt, will stand the strain."

The Incapables in the British Foreign Office.

THE triumph of the democratic elements over the Tories in British political life is ascribed in the Socialist press of Europe not only to President Wilson's influence in the war but to the gross miscarriage in Petrograd. It is affirmed that while Sir George Buchanan retained his post as ambassador there he worked without realizing it to promote German aims and to foil the Wilson policy. It must be remembered, says a writer in the *Milan Avanti*, that when the Czar fell Russian refugees returned from the United States to take office and sit in soviets. They brought a doleful account of the treatment accorded to labor in the United States. This was a tremendously valuable asset in favor of the policy of President Wilson, says the Socialist organ. He had come into power partly by attacking the very abuses of which the Russian refugees complained—the denial of justice to toilers by prejudiced courts. The President had himself declared that the theory upon which American courts deal with labor is "preposterous and impossible." He had shown his good faith by working with the labor leaders for a correction of these abuses. Moreover, the refugees reported conditions existing prior to the appearance of Mr. Wilson in American politics. It would have been the simplest matter to correct this misunderstanding by circulating among the soviets the well-known utterances of President Wilson denouncing the very conditions in America of which the refugees complained. Instead of following the German method of propaganda, the American envoys in Petrograd placed themselves under the tutelage of Sir George Buchanan. This British ambassador told all that no American help would go to radicals, to labor leaders or to Socialists. When the history of this episode comes to be written, says our Italian observer, the part played by the British Foreign Office in driving Russia out of the war by repudiating it as a struggle for democracy will cause a sensation. The whole affair is believed in Italy to have made an unpleasant impression upon the mind of President Wilson and to have opened his eyes to the mischief done by British Tories.

Quarreling Over President Wilson in London Circles.

A SYSTEMATIC effort to involve President Wilson in the political feuds of the British failed in the matter of Ireland. The *London Express* was informed that Mr. Wilson had conveyed to Mr. Lloyd George unofficially his belief that a settlement of the Irish question along Home Rule lines, with Ulster included in the scheme, would help "immensely." It is part of a tale now denied, the *London Mail* declaring that Mr. Wilson did nothing of the kind. The rumor illustrates a tendency on the part of second-rate politicians to make use of the name and authority of the President to promote their personal political ambitions in England. Mr. Wilson is said in *London Truth* to

be annoyed by this sort of thing. Enough is known of his political sympathies to make clear to the newspapers of London that he does not side with British Toryism. He is said in the *London Telegraph* to have a more intimate acquaintance with the workings of the British political system than is possessed by any other statesman outside of England. This has had its effect in causing his judgment to be sought and his preferences to be consulted. But it would be erroneous to infer from this that the President of the United States has permitted himself to be involved in a political crisis in London, whether it relate to Ireland, to woman suffrage or the struggle between the Tories and the Liberals. This is a source of great satisfaction to the *London Post*, which expresses its resentment at a tendency in the liberal camp to argue that England must do this or that because American opinion ought to be deferred to.

Preparing for the General
Election in England.

THAT general election throughout Great Britain and Ireland for which so much preparation has been made and which has been put off three times already is likely to be held, in the opinion of many London dailies, before the end of May. Many details have still to be worked out, including the participation of the women voters and the balloting of the men at the front. The outcome will be immensely advantageous to the labor unions, says the *London Telegraph*. If no great change should take place in the state of public opinion, according to the *London News*, Mr. Asquith will form the ministry that comes into being after the election. His party will enjoy a clear majority over all, if the laborites be included in the liberal ranks. There will be a final settlement of the Home Rule struggle along the lines laid down by Mr. John Redmond. The great estates will not be handed back to



IS IT CONTAGIOUS?

—Murphy in *San Francisco Call-Post*

the landlords. There will be a confiscation of wealth for the payment of the national debt, a confiscation that will be called conscription. Should Great Britain hold her election before the peace is concluded, the Tories, according to their most representative organs, will go to the country on the cry that England is being handed over to the rule of foreigners, especially President Wilson. Such things as "freedom of the seas" and "a league of nations" will be denounced as schemes for the ruin of the empire. The note is sounded already in the *London Post* in a style of which the following affords an idea:

"We have never been able to get any clear statement from our statesmen of what they mean by a League of Nations—for which Mr. Asquith alleges we are fighting—but it seems to us that at bottom it is a plan for handing over the control of British affairs to foreigners. The idea was started by Mr. Norman Angell, one of the large tribe of gentlemen who have changed their names. Mr. Angell may be a pure philanthropist in his intentions; but we confess we have never trusted him since he wrote an article in the *North American Review* urging the United States to build a big navy to protect themselves against Great Britain.

"That article was so singular a departure from the ideas which Mr. Norman Angell professes to hold that we have never quite got over the shock of reading it. This League of Nations idea was taken up by President Wilson in what we may call without disrespect his salad days before his eyes were opened to the realities of this war. It may possibly have occurred to him since that of all the political schemes ever invented a League of Nations was the one best suited to reestablish Germany in her old position should she fail to win the war."

The League of Nations idea, in the opinion of this London tory organ, might have been invented by Germany, "so admirably adapted is it to her position and her necessities."



"VY DON'D YOU GEDT FRIGHTENED?"

—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*

THE STRUGGLE OF BAVARIA AGAINST PRUSSIA AT BERLIN

WILLIAM II. definitely joined the party of peace within his dominions last month. There was a rumor to this effect in the leading Italian dailies fully six weeks ago. Now, reinforced by the assertions of



THE BOY IS GETTING TIRED

—Thomas in Detroit News

well-informed correspondents at The Hague, the news that his Majesty, despite his bellicose attitude officially, is for as speedy an end of the war as will save the imperial face, may be accepted, the Milan *Avanti* feels sure, as fact. The *Giornale d'Italia* (Rome), always careful in its inferences, considers the wish of Emperor William to end the war a proof that he seeks restoration of his political influence. For three months, at least, his Majesty has been a cipher within the empire and next to a cipher in the kingdom of Prussia. There have been two crown councils within a month, at each of which the insignificance of William II., following Italian press reports, was painfully obvious. It is true, says the Italian daily last named, that the Emperor's health is declining. He has been implored to stop his trumpet blasts of inspiration to the forces. He is so enervated that he has left to the Crown Prince the task of reconciling the differences of opinion in the general staff on the subject of the famous offensive. The fact that the offensive fills the columns of papers like the *Kreuz-Zeitung* (Berlin) shows that the Crown Prince is still a factor in military councils. The Crown Prince is more bent than ever on a rush to Paris, the Italian organs believe. He has been behind the latest activities in the West. He contemplates still that last desperate stand, the *Giornale* says, which has been talked of for the last three months as the one way left to "drag the imperial chariot out of the mire." How and when the offensive is to take place, or whether it is to take place at all, is the problem of the hour.

How the German Peace Majority is Organizing, and the Liberals are Triumphant over the Reactionaries

The Quarrel Among German Militarists.

MORE than one competent soldier in Berlin, to follow the elucidations of the Rome *Tribuna*, questions the wisdom of a move in the direction of Paris, even if the capture of the city were certain. If Paris were taken without the destruction of the French army, Germany would be weakened instead of strengthened. That is the Hindenburg argument, it seems, being based upon the necessity of maintaining a long line of communications which, in the face of developing American strength, could scarcely be protected. That also is the Ludendorff argument, and it is well known in Italy that Ludendorff does not share the contempt of the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* and its jingo contemporaries for the American army. It is conceded by Ludendorff that Paris may fall—perhaps soon—if a real offensive sets in. He contends that the fall of the city would have no moral effect in view of the new situation presented by America's entry. The French forces would retire in "being" for a forward spring. The retirement might even facilitate the mobilization of American forces near the coast. Whatever may be the soundness of arguments like this, the fact that they carry weight with a fraction of the general staff explains, our contemporary believes, the hesitations of Germany for some time past. It would be a tremendous shock to Germans at home if, after taking Paris, the imperial armies had to abandon it. For these military reasons, to say nothing of the political and economic ones, the Italian dailies prefer to dismiss as mere bombast the recent utterances of Hindenburg and the men who speak for him. At the same time, it would not be wise to dismiss as absolutely impossible, this authority observes, a German advance towards the Seine. It is the pet plan always of the Crown Prince.

Restless Populace in the German Cities.

UNTIL the military magnates settle their controversies regarding the next advance, nothing in the way of a popular rising is to be tolerated. The matter was thus put by the Paris *Figaro* hardly a fortnight be-



AUSTRIA: "WONDER IF WE HADN'T BETTER MOVE OVER TO ANOTHER TABLE?"

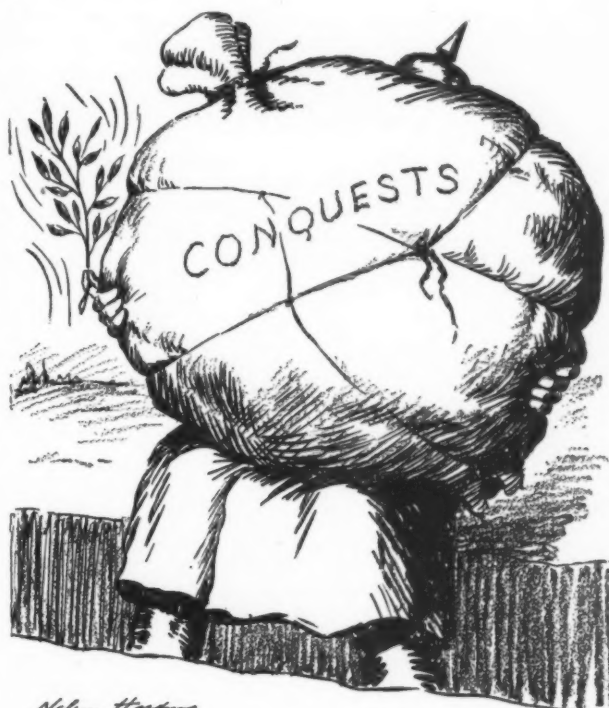
—Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

fore the event came to verify it. Socialist meetings in Berlin were forbidden at a time when men like Scheidemann and Haase were composing their differences with a view to pressure upon Chancellor Hertling. That aged statesman was fighting the Junkers in the Prussian Landtag when he was overtaken by the epidemic of strikes. The influence of the Prussians could not be exerted in Bavaria, however, where the demonstrations, says the *Journal de Genève*, terrified the royal family. The willingness of the general staff to go to extremes in Berlin, where Socialist leaders have been jailed, merely accentuated the determination of the southern states of the empire to force the hand of Prussia. This southern combination is strengthened by Austria. Here again it is necessary to go to the Italian dailies for an interpretation of the "southern rising"—Munich, Stuttgart, Dresden, the lesser monarchies and the city republics against Berlin—which is making so much trouble for Prussia. The Junkers, under Heydebrand, maintain that the Bundesrat is trying to revise a constitution of a state of the empire. Nominally, Hertling is pushing through the Prussian parliament a democratic suffrage bill. In reality Bavaria is at the head of a combination of other states to throttle Prussia. The Crown Prince of Prussia—also heir to the imperial throne—is doing all he can to foil the suffrage bill. He promises a great victory in the West soon. Meanwhile his father goes over to the peace party. Such is the analysis of the well-informed *Milan Avanti*. The southern rising in Germany may therefore mean a restoration of the ancient prestige of William II. and the collapse of the faction led by the Crown Prince. If the western advance be undertaken, the world will know that for some reason the southern rebellion against Prussia has failed. The Bavarians are trying hard to balk the western scheme.

The Ins and Outs of the Berlin Peace Movement.

UNLESS the somewhat sudden conversion of Emperor William to the war party in 1913 be recalled, observes the *Rome Giornale*, retailing the stock of gossip in a censored shape, it will be impossible to follow events in Berlin intelligently. On more than one occasion the German Emperor has stood for peace in the past. He went over to the war party against his will and Armageddon came. There was a majority for peace in the Reichstag, in Germany as a whole. The investigations of experts in such studies, made for the Quai d'Orsay, leave no room for doubt on that point. The peace majority could not organize itself against the war minority, wielding all power. William II. was won over by the collapse of German world politics in the Morocco affair. Had the peace been maintained five more years, the militarists would have lost control of the Bundesrat. In the four years, or nearly so, since war was declared, Prussia has been aggrandized. The struggle is compromising the confederation. If Germany emerges victor, Prussia alone will get glory and wealth. Bavaria has for three years fought for her independence within the German system, nor is she sure that it is won. Saxony is in the agony of a dynastic crisis complicated by the worst strike in her troubled industrial history. Württemberg is openly disaffected. The diplomacy of Vienna has tended to throw the south German states into the arms of Austria. The crisis in Germany tends more and more to assume the aspect of

a struggle for control inside the Teutonic world between the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns. It is an open secret in Rome, says the Italian daily, that the Hohenzollerns complain to the royalties of south Germany that they were dragged into the contest by the Hapsburgs only to be betrayed at a pinch. The two courts are quarreling.



Nelson Harding

TRYING TO WAVE THE BRANCH AND HOLD THE BUNDLE

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

Panic of the Military Party in Berlin.

AT each recurring crisis in Berlin Hindenburg is forced to extreme measures. In giving details of these, the *Paris Temps* quotes the Socialist David as saying that the majority of the German people were opposed to the war from the first. This is what the more rebellious Socialist, Haase, has been saying for many months. Taunted by Doctor Spahn in a Reichstag committee meeting with the allegation that the Socialists had not the courage of their convictions, Haase pointed out that the Bundesrat put the country into the war. The discussion was stopped and the *Vorwärts* was suppressed for reporting it. However, enough leaks out in the newspapers of western Europe to indicate that the German peace majority, as the *Avanti* calls it, is in process of effective organization. It is effective, says the *Paris Humanité*, another Socialist daily, because it has the strength of the south German governments behind it. Prussia could deal readily enough with a discontented populace at home, but her influence even with Prussians is immensely weakened by the general knowledge that powerful states of the empire are having a quarrel of their own with imperialism at Berlin. It was a sign of desperation in the military magnates, the Socialist dailies think, to proclaim a state of siege in the capital of the empire, to arrest Socialist leaders and to prepare for another drive upon the Allies westward. These views are sustained by much comment in London organs as well.

**The Expected Word of Pacifism
from Berlin.**

CURIOSLY as the Junkers of Berlin cling to their ancient political privileges, the new attitude of William II. must tell against them, predicts the *Tribuna*. As German Emperor, William II. may not be strong to-day, this observer says, but in his capacity as King of Prussia he will force a reform, despite all the Crown Prince may attempt in the field. The Cologne *Volks-Zeitung* was disciplined for saying something to this effect. It is noticed, too, that the Bavarian dailies are talking of the Prussian democratic innovations as if they were already accomplished facts. The south German states, according to the *Corriere* of Milan, are confident that the long supremacy of Prussia in imperial councils is broken by the new combination. It may be necessary to wait for the accomplishment of the suffrage revisions in Prussia, the special task of Hertling,

before the peace Chancellor emerges. There is no doubt that these reforms will be enacted. The predictions of the well-informed Italian press, based upon an intimate knowledge of the circumstances at Berlin, leave little doubt on that head. The next step, as pointed out in the *Avanti*, would be the choice of a new Chancellor for the empire. His business will be the conclusion of peace. It is impossible for the combination of Junkers and militarists to remain over a volcano any longer, a view finding emphatic expression in many of the Scandinavian dailies, notably the organ of the Socialist leader Branting. He observes that the unity of the Junkers is gone. The territorial lords of Silesia as well as the nobility outside the military clique, to say nothing of personages influential in court circles at Berlin, are making common cause with the rulers of the south German states. They want peace.

"Right will eventually prevail," says the Kaiser. So he's getting despondent, is he?—Nashville *Southern Lumberman*.

Plebiscite vote on independence for Alsace-Lorraine would be a safe concession with the Kaiser doing the counting.—*Wall Street Journal*.

By this time it must be apparent to the Kaiser that no matter how far he travels he is not getting any place.—Baltimore *American*.

The fact that the demand for peace in the Central Powers is largely the demand for a piece of bread only makes it the more menacing for Wilhelm.—San Francisco *Chronicle*.

EXCITEMENT OF FRANCE OVER HER GREAT TREASON CASE

Awaiting Developments in the Most Important Affair Since That of Dreyfus

UPON precisely what evidence the French government bases its grave charges against Joseph Caillaux will not be known, the *Paris Temps* reminds us, until the former Prime Minister goes from his cell in the Santé to face the court that will try him. Meanwhile the press of the republic is filled with reproductions of documents found among the seized papers of other suspects, with memoranda and notes discovered in a compromising safe deposit box in Italy, with telegrams from Washington and with reports from South America. There are almost daily explanations by the champions of Caillaux as one fresh feature after another develops the sensation, for Caillaux still has his partisans, despite the positive assertion of the *Paris Figaro* that "the collapse of that man is final this time." The accusation, or technically the "inculpation," is that of "having an understanding with the enemy"; but this will be broadened when the advocates for Caillaux—two of the ablest lawyers in France—put in their plea for him. The Socialist *Humanité* observes:

"The misfortune is that the obscurity persists. We ought to have light. We can not accept the strange logic of an enemy of Caillaux: 'To those who in the scrupulosity of their conscience found the investigation of General Dubail insufficient, the actual arrest will be an answer.' No. The arrest is no answer. The one thing that can answer is the publication of all the documents. Regarding the arrest, it may be affirmed that it was effected for the express purpose of depriving M. Caillaux of his possibilities of defense. Since the life of a man and the moral of a people at war depend upon the truth, let it all be known to us at the earliest possible moment. That is the one way to appease the passions now raging. Let there be no half-confidence, no demi-revelations. 'Innocent or guilty,'

France has already heard those words. She is capable of supporting the tragic reality."

Mystifications in the Case of Caillaux.

TO sum up in a terse and accurate phrase the verdict of the French press upon the Caillaux affair is out of the question. A plea for suspension of judgment is made in the careful and moderate *Journal des Débats*, imploring its readers constantly to bear in mind that an accusation is no proof, that the trial must decide the issue. The actual arrest, it admits, suggests that the old charges against Caillaux, involving his notorious pro-Germanism, have been made vital and effective by the discovery of a detail hidden from the public. "But we must not, nevertheless, move more quickly than justice. In itself the arrest of an accused person is no proof against him. It is at the utmost an indication that the authorities believe they have secured this proof. No one is obliged to share this opinion in advance." The loud demand for a publication of all the evidence against Caillaux is deprecated, furthermore, by the *Temps*. The evidence against Caillaux, it observes, is of two kinds. First come the papers transmitted through ordinary diplomatic channels. These may be given to the world without indiscretion. Let them be published. Other evidence is of the sort which concerns the independent magistracy. It must remain the secret of the prosecution until M. Caillaux faces his judges. That appears to be the view of the Clemenceau government. It lends itself to the dissemination of one kind of evidence reserving the other, as the *Courrier de Marnes*, published in the constituency of Caillaux, avers, as a poison gas in the final assault. The editor of that local daily professes to be absolutely convinced of the innocence of the accused.

A French View of the Issue in the Caillaux Catastrophe.

A FORMER Prime Minister of France, to quote the *Temps* (organ of the foreign office in a sense), did Caillaux, in full war, abroad, pursue through direct relations or oblique interventions a policy parallel or hostile to that of the regular government? Did he, proceeds the great French daily, pretending to force the course of events, seek to effect approaches or to attain ends of which his country was ignorant and against which, had it known, it would certainly have revolted:

"This personal policy, already surprising when conducted by a prime minister, unknown to his own minister of foreign affairs in the troubled hours of the Agadir crisis—was it resumed in time of war by a politician who went far abroad to carry it out? What were the secret confabulations, what are the dark windings, what are the engagements and the pacts, and what are the complacencies or the complicities exchanged perhaps, far from this soil of France, upon which her sons do battle to deliver her from the monstrous attempt at enslavement directed against her by German megalomania? This is what must be made known. The greater the crime, if it be proved, the more pitiless ought to be the punishment."

The more partisan note among the enemies of Caillaux is sounded by the *Victoire*, organ of that former pacifist or anti-militarist Gustave Hervé:

"What is revolting, unpardonable, in the case of M. Caillaux, is that it was surreptitiously, sneakingly, by laying hands on the *Journal*, the *Pays*, the *Bonnet Rouge*, that he hoped to create in France the pacifist movement that would bit by bit have forced us to accept the Kaiser's peace."

"However, we are not Russia."

"And our republic, mediocre as may be its directing minds, defective as may be its institutions, has still in her veins some drops of the generous blood of the great ancestors of 1789 and 1792."

"Joseph Caillaux is in prison!"

"Long live the republic!"

Notwithstanding all this, laments the indignant *Figaro*, a powerful faction in the republic hails Joseph Caillaux as a savior of the world. "Scarcely was suspicion fastened upon him when, to protect him from all blows, it was sought to make him the incarnation of progress, the representative of the new time, a herald of the future." The moment he was accused, the whole Socialist party, asserts the French daily, rushed to his support. His partisans in the chamber of deputies acclaim him still.

Remoteness of the Scenes of Operation of Caillaux.

ITALY and South America were the two bases of the Caillaux treason, to use the *Figaro's* strong word. In Brazil he practiced "a kind of" deception, giving himself out as "a kind of" special envoy from the French government, when he had been sent on an ordinary errand by his friend, then at the head of the ministry of the interior. Caillaux had no diplomatic function whatever in South America, altho M. Thomas, then minister of commerce, did ask him to keep an eye out for raw materials there that could be bought to advantage. The doubtful status of Caillaux, his

notorious German affiliations and the curious intimacies he established in Rio Janeiro, led to an awkward incident involving the Brazilian congress and the withdrawal of an invitation to address it. The most sensational of the South American episodes occurred when Caillaux got to the Argentine. His open denunciation of the French government for having involved itself in the war, his hatred of England and his readiness to take German points of view are said to have dumb-founded high officials in Buenos Ayres. An idea of the impression he created is afforded in this typical extract from the *Gaceta Militar* (Santiago), published three years ago and now resurrected as part of the case against him:

"At the time of his journey to Rio Janeiro, towards the end of 1914, M. Caillaux revealed at a gathering of his friends ideas on the subject of the war which made a sensation."

"Our war against Germany," he seems to have said, "is a folly and a crime. At Paris I would be stoned if I said that in public. Nevertheless it is the truth. Delcassé is wholly responsible for the war. He was unable to forgive the German Emperor for forcing him to resign in 1908."

"As for us Frenchmen, we are drawing the chestnuts out of the fire for England."

"I sought at the time I headed a ministry to establish good relations with Germany, for I was convinced that such an understanding would be a benefit to civilization."

"When in the month of August the Germans drove us as far as the Marne, I implored the chiefs of the government to conclude peace. I am certain that we could have obtained reasonable conditions, for Germany wanted a free hand to crush England."

"Now it's too late. The best that can happen is a peace brought on by general exhaustion."

South America Mystified by Caillaux.

IF Joseph Caillaux had been in the diplomatic service of the Wilhelmstrasse he could scarcely have played the German game so well, declares the implacable *Figaro*. He disseminated in Buenos Ayres the idea that France had lost the war. Nevertheless he was not arrested. It required the now famous telegram from Secretary Lansing, apparently, to precipitate matters—the telegram in which Caillaux is represented as belittling the French President, as seeing through British policy, as receiving attentions from German diplomats, as being more pro-German than ever. There is much mention in important dailies like the *Temps* and *Débats* of documents still to see the light in which the efforts of M. Caillaux to organize a pro-German movement in South America with a view to certain effects in Europe are clearly established. Their publication in the course of the next few weeks may yield the supreme sensation of all. The activities of Caillaux were followed with eager interest in Berlin, as press comment there at the time and since clearly show. They afforded the *Neueste Nachrichten* (Kiel) and the *Kreuz-Zeitung* (Berlin) material for reflection of a familiar kind upon the decline of French morale and, if the *Figaro* is to be credited, they stiffened the attitude of the Wilhelmstrasse at a moment when peace by negotiation was distinctly in sight. Pretending to be a French envoy, then, Caillaux was an agent of German diplomacy.

Caillaux the Conversationalist in Italy.

INDISCREET as may have been the outbursts of Joseph Caillaux in Brazil and the Argentine, they seem like reticence when compared with his talks to exalted political personages in Italy. The *Gaulois* has been filling its columns with these for many weeks. Thus in Rome we are to believe that Caillaux told people that Briand would fall, Ribot would go, Painlevé would fail, Clemenceau would come in and Caillaux would make peace. The details were jotted on slips of paper and put into that strong box in Florence—*coup d'état*, arrest of President Poincaré, establishment of a provisional government and things of that sort. The Paris *Liberté* is quite certain that the evidence at the trial will convict Caillaux of these extravagances. He had given hints to the military commander who was to be his instrument in the conspiracy. Evidence of the guilt of Caillaux is overwhelming to this French daily:

"This combination of yesterday—a German alliance—led us straight to vassalage. Nevertheless it is conceivable that at the time M. Caillaux deemed it permissible. But since the onrush of the great catastrophe, after the first reverses and the hideous German barbarities, after the Marne, Verdun, the Yser, Champagne and Flanders, the whole immense struggle in which we had to triumph or die, after the millions of dead of which this policy outrages the soul and despises the sacrifice, M. Caillaux became a criminal by pursuing it. This is nevertheless what he did by exploiting all his audacity and skill, qualities of which one can not think without deploring the strange moral deviation which led him to make so detestable a use of them. And with whom?"

Guesses at the Outcome of the Caillaux Affair.

WILL Caillaux be found guilty? A few important French dailies echo the *Figaro* in predicting his final overthrow at the impending trial. There is in some quarters a feeling of doubt, especially in Italian papers which incline to the same Socialist school represented in France by the *Humanité*. The difficulty of predicting is due to the well-known fact, as the Manchester *Guardian* points out, that in these French affairs there is always the unexpected development at the eleventh hour to throw an entirely new light upon the facts disclosed. The affair is too like so many that have gone before it, we are further reminded—the secret safe, the compromising document, the corruption fund of vast amount, the woman of doubtful antecedents and the "intelligence" with the enemy. The various groups in the chamber will aline themselves for battle over Caillaux with little regard to the merits of the case itself or the evidence in it. The legislative immunity of Caillaux has been taken from him, but the right of investigation remains in the deputies, the prospect of a commission. It should be made clear, however, as the London *Mail* notes, that the prosecution of Caillaux was set on foot by the military authorities. It is based not upon the documents that have been exploited in the press of the whole world but upon evidence collected by the well-informed Captain Bouchardon, the court-martial magistrate, in the course of his

inquiry into the Bolo and other affairs. The proceedings before the "military judicial tribunal" may be protracted in view of the innumerable documents, the cloud of newspaper extracts and the dozens of persons supposed to throw light upon that intelligence with the enemy and that "defeatist" propaganda of which Caillaux stands accused. His conviction may not be easy, even if the case is strong. The *Intransigent* says:

"He wanted power. He flattered himself that he could regain it. And that by all means. His attitude, favorable to a speedy peace, to an understanding with Germany, has this further grave aspect that it remained secret. In all the public speeches of Caillaux, as distinguished from his private conversations, there is no trace of his patriotic heresies. He is orthodox, correct. He even demands Alsace-Lorraine. To what end was this contradiction? Whom was he deceiving? He evidently realized well the seriousness of his preferences since he never dared to defend them in public.

"It is in regard to all this that he must explain himself."

Wherein Caillaux Has Been Treated Unfairly.

CAILLAUX himself wished to be tried by the Senate. Premier Clemenceau wishes Caillaux to be tried by court-martial. "Dreyfus affair courts-martial have no special reputation in France in cases where political issues are involved," notes the Manchester *Guardian*, "and this Caillaux case is preeminently a great political affair." The mode chosen for dealing with Caillaux hampers the accused in preparing his defense. "This is a great political struggle, the most desperate perhaps in the history of the present republic." If Caillaux were free he could organize the powerful political forces friendly to him. To these words of the great liberal organ of Manchester the London *Nation* adds:

"M. Clemenceau is about to do a thing which will sully not merely his honor but the good name of France. He is about to send M. Caillaux (if the Chamber consents) before a Military Court Martial, on the charge of treason. An ex-Premier of France will be tried by soldiers under the military law, and will be subject to the death penalty. The charges, so far as they are known, are of 'pacifist' propaganda of one kind or another in Italy and France. This clearly is a political matter, which, if it ought to be tried at all, is a question for the Civil Courts. We shall wait to see if there is much against M. Caillaux more substantial than a tendency towards a moderate peace, unless indeed there is truth in the suggestion that in private talks in Italy he favored a French-Italian-German combination after the war to be directed against Russia and Britain. But if M. Clemenceau's methods were to be adopted here, some members of the Liberal and Labor parties would be tried by court-martial, while in Germany a fair number of the Reichstag—including members of both the Socialist groups—would be in danger. M. Clemenceau's action is, for three reasons, peculiarly scandalous. First, M. Caillaux had already faced his accusers, and had carried the issue to a civil court by his prosecution of M. Hervé for libel. Secondly, the 'Tiger' is striking at his most formidable political rival. Thirdly, there was no man in France who wrote of military justice during the Dreyfus affair with deeper contempt than M. Clemenceau."

If the war is to be won in the air, the Russians ought to have a large share in the victory. They are up there most of the time.—Minneapolis *Tribune*.

There seems to be a general feeling among the Austrians that they might as well be licked as the way they are.—New York *Evening Sun*.

TROTZKY AND LENIN IN ANOTHER AGONY OF BOLSHEVISM

A TACTICAL blunder of some consequence was committed by Lenin, affirms the Rome *Giornale d'Italia*, when the Constituent Assembly was so summarily expelled from Petrograd. Trotzky had from the first grave doubts of the wisdom of the measure. He appears to have favored a scrutiny of the credentials of every delegate. That would have purged the assembly of its "bourgeois" element. The organic law could have been framed in the interest of the peasants and workers by delegates, with a claim to their seats in the Bolshevik sense. Lenin took the view that this Constituent Assembly belongs to an obsolete phase of the Russian revolution. The system of choosing members had worked so absurdly that some constituencies did not know the man who represented them. Now and then a delegate did not know for what constituency he sat. Lenin, in his characteristically extreme way, packed the delegates off. He felt confident of his own wisdom because the Constituent Assembly had manifested in its incipency a tendency to regard itself as the duly chosen parliament of Russia, with powers extending much farther than a mere warrant to frame an organic law. To Lenin the sole legislature is made up of the soviets reflecting his type of extremism. What Trotzky is said to have foreseen has happened, according to the Italian paper. The moderates plan a gathering of the dispersed assembly at a "psychological" moment. The quarrel of Lenin with Trotzky is supposed to have had to do with this affair. It may have serious consequences for the Bolsheviks.

Trotsky as a Diplomatist in Central Europe.

ANOTHER misfortune for the Bolsheviks, in the opinion of the British press, was the success of the Austro-Hungarians in getting a diplomatic status for the new republic of the Ukraine. It emerged somewhat suddenly as a maker of peace with the Central Powers, a circumstance thought in the *London Mail* to compromise the position of Lenin. Lenin, through the Bolshevik organ, declares that the Ukraine is too poor to do anything for the Central Powers, too impoverished by bad harvests to count. "The poverty of the peasants, workmen and soldiers will create conditions in the Ukraine making fratricidal struggles impossible," is the way the Lenin paper puts it. Count Czernin, however, permits the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* to say that the map of Europe, thanks to the Bolsheviks, is to undergo a great change in Austria's favor. "There is no longer to be any frontier between Russia and the Austrian monarchy from the Bukovina to Silesia. New political states are to be created. Ukraine is to be independent as well as Poland, and these two states may join the Hapsburg monarchy." Developments of this sort did not tend to add to the prestige of the Bolsheviks. These, however, as the *London Mail* admits, are secondary events compared with the successes of the Bolsheviks in the revolutionary field. For one thing, the first British idea of Lenin and the men about him as irresponsible and ignorant blatherskites used by Germany as paid instruments had to be abandoned even by the tory *London Post*.

The "General" Peace They Seek is Thought in Petrograd to be Near

"We must not," says the *London Mail*, "think of men like Lenin, Trotzky, Chicherin and Litvinoff as men of no account, mob leaders or hooligans. Lenin is a student, thinker, writer. He is well known by reputation to the people of northern Russia. They look up to him as the man who made the revolution. They venerate him." Lenin has actually been helped at home, we read further, by denunciation of him in Anglo-Saxon dailies as a hired tool of the Germans. This is too notoriously preposterous to be denied, says the *London Mail*, and of Trotzky it says not only that he is "probably honest" but knows a great deal more of foreign countries and of foreign affairs generally than Arthur Balfour does.

Bolsheviks Gain a Good Opinion of Themselves.

STRIKING as is the tone of western European press comment at present in giving the Bolsheviks credit for good intentions—three months ago leading London and Paris organs could not denounce them too libelously—the impression prevails that the rulers of Russia are "unbalanced." The word is used by the *London Telegraph*, by the *London Westminster Gazette*, and by many other important organs of British opinion which profess for both Lenin and Trotzky a new respect and even admiration. They seem daring enough to risk the most reckless expedients in negotiation with the Central Powers and to turn the tables upon the German militarists by threatening them with a revolution at home. To quote the London paper last named, to which the Bolsheviks are the greatest of all psychologists:

"Bolshevism is a living force. Like sansculottism, it is the product of rapid evolution within revolution. In it that profound disillusion which is the inevitable accompaniment of all great politic and economic upheavals finds its natural expression. Its strength is derived from the extravagant hopes and alluring promises which still lie unfulfilled. But even as sansculottism was essentially passionate with a French passion, so Bolshevism is essentially extremist with a Russian extremism. Yet it is no new phenomenon in the life of Russia. To drown any opposition was the rule of the Bolsheviks of the old Republics of the pre-Czar era; to eliminate all opposition, however feeble, is the determination of the Bolsheviks to-day. Bolshevism, indeed, is essentially dynamic. Its policy is the policy of those who are determined to seize the property of others, to repair historical economic grievances by unabashed plunder. It demands the elimination of the capitalist."

Revolutionary Russia and the French Socialists.

A TREMENDOUS sensation has been created among the Socialists of France by Trotzky's denunciation of the Clemenceau ministry as a thing of "blind Jingoism and social reaction." The comments of the *Humanité* (Paris) on this episode, precipitated by an appeal from Albert Thomas and his Socialist following to the Bolsheviks, were summarily suppressed by the censor. M. Thomas and his group



TO THE LAST DROP
—Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

warned Trotzky against a separate peace. That Bolshevik retorted hotly. The Bolshevik aspiration, he said, is a general and democratic peace. The French people have no less need of peace than have the other peoples. The path of Clemenceau is not that of peace. He is leading the French people to their ruin. The French proletariat will understand it, too, predicts Trotzky, and it will with one voice yet insist that its government take part in the peace negotiations. As for the attacks upon the Bolsheviks as madmen and impractical, we find Trotzky defending them to the French Socialists in these words from the *Pravda*:

"The revolution of February, which overthrew Czarism, was in its immediate results merely a bourgeois revolt. It brought into power the extreme representatives of Russian imperialism, the Gutchkoffs and the Milyoukoffs. These cavaliers of international brigandage were quite at home with the representatives of the stock exchanges of Paris, London and New York. They sought to harness the revolution with its passions and its hopes to the car of Allied militarism. That is why we declared on them implacable war.

"We made and we make no difference in principle between the imperialists of the Central Empires and those of the Allied countries. The attempt has been made to persuade us that the Allied countries are in a state of legitimate defense and to draw the conclusion that the Allied Socialists are obliged to march hand in hand with the bourgeoisie and even Czarism. That is the basis of the sacred union of French political groups.

"In the trenches on the other side, the German and Austrian governmental Socialists have told us that their countries are in a state of legitimate defense and have also made a sacred union with their monarchs. Thus the proletariat of Europe has been sundered into two political camps.

"Over three years of war have shown that no issue or escape from the war is to be found in the war itself. The French people have been promised a final victory on the eve of each offensive. Every time the hope has been disappointed. On the other hand, no more have the military victories of the Hohenzollerns shown the German people a way out of the deadlock. The Russian Socialists sought an issue from the war by way of revolution."

Trotsky Makes Things Unpleasant for Clemenceau.

AN effort was made, if we are to believe the Socialist organs of Europe, to suppress in Paris the attack of the Bolshevik cabinet at Petrograd upon the Clemenceau government in France. M. Albert Thomas, the Socialist leader, is said to have had a heated altercation at the Quai d'Orsay with the minister of foreign affairs. M. Pichon is presumed by the *Matin* to feel displeased with Trotsky for singling out the French government rather than that of Italy or Great Britain for particular denunciation. Trotsky aches with the agony of his expulsion from France several years ago for editing an extreme organ of pacifism in the former style of Gustave Hervé. Even so, observes our Parisian commentator, the Bolsheviks of the past few weeks have grown in the eyes of the world to a dignity and an importance they lacked when first the unwashed Lenin flourished his unclean cuffs. It is useless to say the Bolsheviks will disappear to-morrow. The fact is that they must be dealt with to-day, a point much more accurately considered at Berlin than in either London or Paris. If the Bolsheviks retain power and prestige, adds the Paris paper, their distrust of London and Paris may exceed their distrust of Berlin and Vienna. It is certain that some weeks ago Mr. Ransome, the brilliant and well-informed correspondent of the *London News*, stated that Trotsky had declared to him his conviction that the policy of Great Britain is tacitly to encourage Germany in her annexationist policy and to pay her in the East in order to buy her off in the



"THEY SHALL NOT PASS!"

—Kirby in N. Y. World

West. The correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Petrograd reports a general impression there to the same effect.

The Bolsheviki Cause a Flurry in London.

WHILE the Trotzky attack upon Clemenceau causes a sort of crisis in the French ministry, the cabinet of Lloyd George in London is agitated by a suggestion that Great Britain recognize the Bolsheviki. It is even worse, says the *London Post*. It is proposed that Great Britain send a delegate to the "government" that made peace under Bolshevik auspices. That distinguished Russian revolutionary, Maxim Litvinoff, urges an extension of revolution and of class-war in England, whereupon the organ of British conservatism remarks:

"Does our Government realize the danger of the spread of the Russian anarchy to this country? Russia is in ruins; her great cities are starving; her industries are disorganized: murder and pillage are going on in broad day. The poor and the rich are dying together or living in the fear of death. There is no law but violence. And things do not get better; they go from bad to worse, so that people look from a dreadful past to a more terrible future. It is the worst fate that may befall any country—the fate of Revolution. It lets loose evil in every form upon a country—murder, violence, pillage, famine. They are mere words to us; they are dreadful realities in Russia. And they may be realities here if our Government surrenders any further its duty of governing and its self-respect in the vain attempt to conciliate forces which can never be conciliated and intend nothing less than anarchy and ruin to this nation. The *Daily News* implores us to have faith in Democracy, and by 'a great gesture' to take these Bolsheviki to our bosom. We are to take the hand of men who have murdered their officers and statesmen and destroyed their Army, their Navy, and their country, and are now reduced to bluster when Germany demands the command of Russia as the price of peace. It does not serve us, but it serves those Revolutionaries and pro-Germans in this country



"YOU WILL STRIKE, WILL YOU?"

—Kirby in N. Y. World



FIZZLE

—Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

who are now organizing strikes and labor troubles in every center. The Government has gone far upon a dangerous and slippery road. It has surrendered principles which it ought to have maintained and has run away where it ought to have stood firm. The design of Revolution and Anarchy lies behind these blandishments."

English Liberals and the Bolsheviki.

CONDEMNATION of the Bolsheviki by the conservative and Tory organs of England does not prevent liberal and radical papers like the *Manchester Guardian* from coming to their defense. The broad fact stares England in the face, it declares, that on the vital question of the policy of "no forcible annexations," the Bolsheviki, whatever may be thought of them on general grounds, have taken up an attitude as courageous as it is just:

"That they should have done so, that, to all appearance, they should be prepared to stake all on this great issue of principle, has come upon our Government, as it has probably come on that of Germany, as a complete surprise, to Germany in a high degree unwelcome and disturbing, to our own surely a matter of no less satisfaction, unless, indeed, we were to suppose, as the Bolsheviki believe and as we absolutely refuse to believe, that our Government in its heart desires that the Bolshevik effort should fail. That, it is true, might be one way of appeasing the appetite and satisfying the aims of the militarist and annexationist parties in Germany, but is it certain that, even from this cynical point of view, it would have the effect desired in the other fields of war, and might it not just as easily happen that the appetite should grow on what it fed, and that a Germany triumphant on the East and counting on a vast accession of strength from gains on that frontier should be more and not less resolute to refuse concession on the West, and that, instead of buying Alsace-Lorraine by the willing surrender of Courland, Lithuania, and the rest, we should find that we had sold it?"

AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY IN THE COMING RUSSIAN CRISIS

By COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

In this notable article Count Tolstoy, son of the great Russian novelist and humanitarian, forecasts the early downfall of the Bolsheviks and the rise to power of the social revolutionists under the former Minister of Agriculture Chernov, who shall save Russia from itself and from the threatened German yoke. Under the Bolsheviks it daily becomes more apparent that Russia is not to be allowed to govern itself by a Parliamentary Assembly representing a majority of the people, nor is the minority of non-hand-workers to have lot or part in administration. The early days of the French Revolution developed no more positively a Reign of Terror. This article is a clear call for American aid, moral rather than material, which, we are assured, will yield an incalculable dividend of gratitude to the oldest from the youngest democracy for which the world is being made safe.—EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE tragedy of Russia is that she gained her liberty before she was ready for it. The people entered the temple of liberty by force, with bestiality and bitterness, destroying all that stood in their path. Liberty was gained through tyrannous struggle. Oppressors were destroyed by brute force and it is this force which lies as the basis of future Russian national existence.

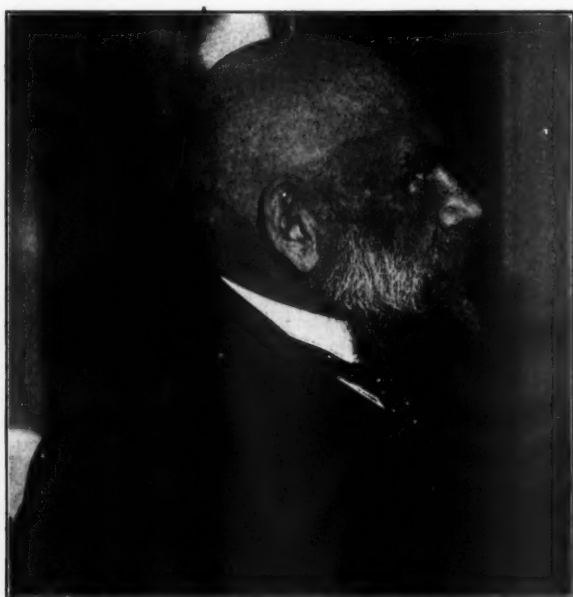
Of all the political parties organized in Russia before the war, the party of the Bolsheviks was most popular because its program was the most radical. The Bolsheviks are social-democrats, the basis of whose demands are the "maximum demands," or the "big demands" according to the meaning of the word in Russian. This party, far from representing the opinions of the majority of Russian working people, gained strength chiefly in Petrograd, and obtained the support of the soldiers and sailors, owing to whom the party grasped the authority which it still retains at this writing. It is a class struggle, a fight between the workingman and the capitalist. This struggle is being spread among all nationalities, in consequence of which the prevailing Russian attitude toward the capitalists of all countries is one of suspicion and hatred. They are all considered enemies, and the workmen of all countries are accounted friends. Regarding the war as the

product of capitalism, they aim to stop it and to establish a universal brotherhood of the working masses. Such is the theory. Unfortunately its application is not only impracticable but is also destructive. Instead of liberty, the Bolsheviks have only achieved license. Instead of international brotherhood, they have created civil war and, in place of peace, Russia now faces the threat of complete political and economic assimilation on the part of Germany.

Land as Well as Liberty is in Demand.

WILL the Bolsheviks see the day when the German proletariat will stretch forth his hand to them? Hardly. They are totally ignorant of the strength of the German labor party, and whether it will have the power to carry out its promise to oppose the war, made before the outbreak of hostilities, even should it still desire to do so. To foresee the future, it is necessary to know the basic demands of the Russian people. What is the desire of the majority? The overwhelming majority of the Russian nation constitutes the peasantry; and that eighty-five per cent. of the population has a definite desire and a clear goal in mind. The peasants demand land and liberty. That is the cry heard from all corners of Russia, repeated like an echo by all the peoples both small and great, from the Black Sea to the shores of the Baltic.

"The slavery of our times," wrote my father, who well knew the needs of the Russian peasant, "lies in the existence of big estates and in the lack of land among the peasants." This also has been recognized by the Russian socialist parties in making the land problem the basis of their successive programs. The Russian peasants have awaited liberation as a means of getting the land so sorely needed by them. Land has been and is being recklessly promised to the peasants by the Bolsheviks. In this lies the weakness of the Bolshevik régime since it is leading the party toward irretrievable ruin. Instead of a solidly-developed plan for accomplishing land reforms without undue trouble and loss to both private and government interests, the Bolsheviks have announced the right of confiscation, thus countenancing violence, robbery and terrorism. Having destroyed the right of private property without providing a legal substitute, they have abolished the right of ownership in itself, bringing a disorganization into the country which threatens Russia with terrifying consequences. The régime of the Bolsheviks is in fact the dictatorship of the proletariat and is only advantageous to the minority, to those who have nothing to lose. The majority, comprising the creative forces of the country, lose much under the Bolshevik program and have nothing to gain.



HE PROPHESIES THE EARLY DOWNFALL OF THE BOLSHEVIKI

Count Ilya Tolstoy also believes that the social revolutionists, under Chernov, will establish a responsible Government in Russia, and that a great opportunity lies ahead for America in the reconstruction of Russia.

Starving With Their Pockets Full of Money.

IT is true that large quantities of paper money have been placed in circulation. Every peasant, even among the lowest, feels himself to be rich, for he has never possessed as much money as he does to-day. The same is true of the workingman. But the money that is in Russia now is only a self-deception—a chimera. It has no value. Nothing can be bought with it at present. Those who were previously satisfied with fifty kopecks a day and had enough to eat and were warm, are now starving and freezing with their pockets full of paper money. Famine reigns in the cities. Nor is it much better in the smaller towns, where there is a universal dearth of clothing, shoes, kerosene, tea, sugar, and where hunger is already stalking. The village proletariat has gained nothing by the revolution. On the contrary, it has only lost. Moreover, the village bourgeoisie, if such a word can be applied to the more or less wealthy peasants, is on the verge of complete ruin, for it is plain that they are destined to lose even the little that approximated prosperity to them.

Clearly, such a situation cannot last long. The reaction against the despotism of the Bolsheviks is ripening and the day is not far when they will be displaced. In lieu of their destructive and extreme political aims will come more moderate plans together with a more coherent and constructive program.

I do not group the reactionaries among these new forces, for they have no chance of success; but I think that the next party in power will be that of the social revolutionists, the leader of which is Chernov, ex-Minister of Agriculture in the Kerensky Cabinet. At the present time this party is by far the most numerous, for its representatives formed the majority of the representatives to the Constituent Assembly which suffered failure. It was for this reason that the Bolsheviks were so antagonistic toward it. With a definitely developed land program, not admitting land ownership but closely resembling the system devised by Henry George, the social revolutionists stand for the socialization of land and for the guarantee to each agriculturist of the cultivation of such an area of land as shall be determined by his ability to work it successfully.

As to problems of foreign politics, this party, like all other socialistic parties, stands for the self-determination of nations and for the limitation of armaments by the abolition of standing armies. It would thus seem that between the Bolsheviks and their antagonists, the social revolutionists, there is little difference. But in truth the difference is marked. The chief point of divergence lies not in their programs but in the manner in which they are applied. The Bolsheviks are in favor of enforcing their ideas by might and main, whereas the social revolutionists believe in evolutionary methods. The Bolsheviks have given power to self-appointed Soviets of soldiers and working deputies, while the revolutionists are the upholders of the Constituent Assembly, where the will of the people would find free expression. The Bolsheviks wish for peace at any cost. The revolutionists do not wish to fall under the heel of Germany.

Russia to Rebuild on a Prodigious Scale.

THE ruin of all the constructive forces of the country has, of course, paralyzed industry for the time being in Russia. The lack of railroad facilities and the resul-

tant suffering will undoubtedly lead the people to a fresh revolt against their new oppressors. After a period of destruction there should come a time for constructive work on a prodigious scale. Russia, with her great natural resources, stretching across a continent that forms almost one-sixth of the earth's surface, offers to the manufacturing nations of the world an immense field for development. Russia emerging out of chaos will no longer suffer itself to be selfishly exploited by the Grand Dukes and the Germans. There will exist no longer those handicaps which caused America several years ago to refuse to draw up a treaty with Russia.

Tens of millions of people in Europe and America who are now employed either in making munitions or in using them will return to their normal ways of living and laboring. The time will soon come when the labor supply will exceed the demand and the world will face once more the problem of overproduction. The only country in which supply and demand will not clash will be Russia, for she will need much after the war. She will need first of all agricultural machinery, for her one hundred and fifty million people working the soil will need harrows, ploughs, tractors and harvesters. Who will furnish them? Germany? Inevitably, unless America grasps her opportunity. America is the only country in which agriculture faces the approximate conditions that exist in Russia, a country in which agriculture is conducted not in terms of square acres but on the basis of square miles. America, owing to her machine-making genius, has been able to develop her immense agricultural resources on a gigantic scale, and for this reason it is from her that Russia must learn and to which she will look for machinery. It is a great opportunity for America and it will be a great mistake if she does not take every possible advantage of it.

Germany Against America in the Race for Trade.

TOGETHER with agricultural machinery, Russia needs to develop her railroads. Here the possibilities are also without limit. Russia, under the Czar, was so retarded in her industrial development that there is no branch of it which will not be profitable. Nobody doubts this who is in the slightest degree familiar with conditions. The Germans, however, know it better than others, and there is no doubt that their attention is focused on Russia as a field for German exploitation. They are preparing to get her in their greedy clutches and are only seeking how to do it surely and as quickly as possible. If they have not yet concluded a separate peace with Russia it is not because they consider it disadvantageous to themselves. There is no need for them to hold in their power Courland, Poland and Lithuania when Russia stands open before them. The Germans would willingly return to Russia all that they have conquered if they could make peace with *all the Russian people*. They are not concluding it because the Bolsheviks are not Russia and because most of Russia will not recognize a peace made by the Bolsheviks any more than will the Allies.

In this case American initiative promises to have far-reaching results. Unfortunately the extremists in Russia, embittered by the struggle, only see the rule of capitalism in America and little understand the American conception of democracy. But this is only temporary and it will in time give room to a truer and healthier understanding of the situation. There is no

doubt that President Wilson's last speech created a great sensation in Russia. Clearly stating what America is fighting for and against, this notable declaration of principles has brought the two countries closer together. All in Russia understood the United States except the Bolsheviki. But any misunderstanding on the part of this group should not prevent the rapprochement between the two peoples. Aside from the economic advantages to be gained there is a great moral element involved. The oldest democracy of the world stretches forth her hand to young Russian liberty. Does not this resemble the aid given by France during

the War of the Revolution, when America was in approximately the same situation as Russia is to-day? America accepted the help proffered and she is still paying for it with her warm gratitude.

Russia will also be grateful. At present, however, she is in greatest need of moral support. Material aid is hardly to be expected at this writing, for Russia is on fire and all that is thrown to her will burn. Yet it is political wisdom on the part of America to look ahead. And ahead stretches the great rich field of peaceful co-operation between the two greatest democracies for the benefit of each and in the name of Liberty and Equality.

THE OPEN FORUM IN AMERICA AS A SAFE-GUARD AGAINST REVOLUTION

By the Rev. PERCY STICKNEY GRANT, D.D., Pres. International Forum Association

Gradually, during the last ten years, a new and important institution has developed on American soil. It is known as the Open Forum. In the last year or two it has reached the dignity of a national movement and it is now reaching out into the international field. In New York City alone there are sixty of these Forums, which year before last were organized into a Congress of Forums. The New England Congress of Forums was organized last year, and a little later the Open Forum National Council came into existence in Chicago. Last month the International Forum Association was incorporated, of which Rev. Dr. Percy S. Grant, of the Church of the Ascension, in New York City, is the President. Dr. Grant, in this article, tells of this new social service institution which has arisen and of the part it is likely to play in the reconstruction of America's social and political life. Next month a Forum department, to be conducted by Dr. Grant, will be inaugurated in CURRENT OPINION.—EDITORIAL NOTE.

IS there a possibility that America faces a Bolsheviki Revolution? Do the events in America to-day portend such a method of adjusting the problems between capital and labor? Mr. Schwab, the great iron-master, recently said: "The man who labors with his hands, who does not possess property, is the one who is going to dominate the affairs of this world, not merely in Russia, Germany, and the United States, but the whole world. This great change is going to be a social adjustment . . . but perhaps, in the end, it will work inevitably to the good of us all. I am not anxious to give away my wealth. The more wealth and power one acquires, the more one wants. But . . . changes in social conditions do not come by men alone, but because God decrees them."

Mr. Schwab's statement, tho challenged editorially by such great dailies as the *World* and the *Times* of New York, is significant chiefly because it is an acknowledgment of what many people of this country have long denied. One might very well ask the question, Is the American man of affairs going to help direct the social adjustment, or will he continue to solace himself with the thought that his own position is secure and refuse to do his part?

Since modern industry is based on the philosophy of the survival of the fittest, the capitalist is but a product of a competitive régime. He is usually beset by two great hindrances to constructive social effort. First, the opportunities for exploitation which this country has afforded have been so immense that, without desiring to be an oppressor, the capitalist has unconsciously been led into the habit of thinking that the right to build empires of wealth and power belongs to those who have the shrewdness and ability to take advantage of such opportunities. In the second place, his success has put him in line with social privileges which tempt him to dissipate his energies in the social functions that are so large a part of the lives of those who enjoy wealth and power. Instead of attending a

Forum where these things are discussed, an invitation to dinner, followed by a game of cards, is often the program of the evening. The consequence is that, instead of meeting a great industrial crisis sanely, he attempts either to avoid it or to repress it. One is continually reminded of Balfour Ker's painting, *The Hand of Fate*, which pictures a workingman's fist thrusting itself, to the consternation of the special privileged, through the crust which is upheld on the backs of the workers.

The Capitalist Must Not Evade Responsibility.

THE American capitalist is beginning to appreciate the fact that evasion and suppression are not only useless but that they are positively dangerous to the stability of American society.

In his address before the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held at Buffalo, President Wilson expressed the need for capitalists and labor to get together. He said: "A settlement is always hard to avoid when the parties can be brought face to face. I can differ from a man much more radically when he is not in the room than I can when he is in the room, because then the awkward thing is he can come back at me and answer what I say. It is always dangerous for a man to have the floor entirely to himself. Therefore we must insist in every instance that the parties come into each other's presence and there discuss the issues between them and not separately in places which have no communication with each other."

We must solve our problems "face to face." With the Bolsheviki menace upon us, we must realize the necessity of coming together instead of continuing to do those things which drive us apart. Force is going. It can no longer be used in the settlement of industrial crises. Would such a "social adjustment" as Mr. Schwab prophesies be premature in America? If labor should dominate the affairs of the world, as he predicts, would such a revolutionary change destroy our economic and industrial stability?

The Bolsheviki a Natural Reaction.

THE usual objection raised to the Bolsheviki is that it is a form of class government, or, rather, a government by the proletariat. The answer of the proletariat is, of course, that nations have for so long a time been governed and exploited by the capitalist class that such a government as the Bolsheviki stands for is a natural reaction and only affords those who do not possess property an opportunity for equalizing industrial and economic advantages, so that all men may actually enjoy equal privileges of life and happiness. Naturally, the capitalist feels that his supremacy will be challenged. But the answer of the proletariat is that he is not opposed to the creation of wealth but that he demands his just share in the advantages and privileges resulting from such wealth. And, without doubt, if the proletariat were made a participator and were given a just share of the wealth which a nation produces, the impetus to labor and consequent production would be far in excess of the present day.

What produced a Bolsheviki revolution? The most penetrating analysis of the Russian situation seems to be that presented by Colonel W. B. Thompson, who is considered one of the most successful and astute business men in this country, and who recently returned from Russia. Colonel Thompson was one of our western pioneers and he declared that "the 'Forty-niners' would have been the first to welcome the workingmen's government in Russia to-day." He says: "Kerensky was surrounded by a group who believed in working out the social problems by the Russian labor classes in conjunction with the property-owning class."

But, according to Colonel Thompson, the property-owning class would neither play fair nor play at all if it had to play with the proletariat. The result is the Bolsheviki Government. He further shows that the Bolsheviki propaganda carries the seeds of revolution, and that the threatened revolutions in Germany and Austria are the result of their proximity to Russia.

Averting a Recent Revolution in England.

IN the spring of 1917, England faced a great unrest.

But what threatened to be a serious revolution was resolved into greater contentment by a Parliamentary Commission which met in different sections of the country and listened to the grievances of the working class, and by the middle of July reported a plan of amelioration which, for the time, averted the disaster of a premature revolution. When the British Labor Commission was here, I asked them how they managed to get capital and labor to agree. They answered, "We put the leaders of both capital and labor into a room and told them to stay there until they had agreed."

The compulsion of proximity is illustrated in the development of the Liberty Motor in our own country. We were in the position where we must have the best results obtainable. The inventors of the best American motors, notwithstanding their jealousies and fears as to individual patent rights, were brought face to face with each other in Washington and shut up together and told to forget their differences and to produce the best motor in the world. If compulsory proximity will produce such excellent results upon suspicious and hostile groups as applied to our material necessities, will not such drawing together of our intellectual forces help us to solve some of the problems of government?

The Open Forum a Platform, Not a Propaganda.

AMERICA has, in the Open Forum, a well-trying and efficient method of bringing the contending forces of society together. The great value of the Open Forum is in the fact that it is an instrument which belongs to no one group. The Forum is not a propaganda, but at once a method and a platform. The practical thing for us to do, since we are beginning to recognize the needs of a great constructive force, is to look for and utilize such well-trying social inventions as the Forum. The statesmanship of President Wilson and the keen analysis of Colonel Thompson, based upon observations in a nation passing through the throes of a revolution, agree that the way to avoid a purely class government would be for capitalists to grasp hands with labor and to play fair. In other words, if America does not wish to risk the kind of government they have in Russia, the employing class and the working class will have to get together in harmonious effort.

But no matter what method of approach one makes toward the solution of the great industrial problems which every nation faces, and regardless of temperaments and situations peculiar to any nation, the supreme need seems to be that contending forces be made to forget their bitterness long enough to meet together and, under conditions that afford free and fair opportunities for frankness, come to an understanding. If the workman, feeling the sting of suppression, is not given a voice, and if the capitalist divides his time between business and social functions and refuses to listen to the voice of labor, only disaster can result.

The Open Forum as a Social Laboratory.

BUT a new spirit in America is spreading from east to west and from north to south. Abraham I. Elkus, former Ambassador to Turkey, on his return from the Pacific Coast, said at the Public Forum, New York, that he had recently discovered a new spirit in this country that did not exist a few years ago, namely, a spirit of inquiry and desire to learn as much as possible about problems and solutions. This new spirit can be traced in the great number of Open Forums which are being organized in all parts of the nation. J. P. Coughlin, president of the Central Labor Council, of Brooklyn, said this winter on the same platform that if there were more Forums there would not be so many wars.

A friend of mine, a prominent churchman and a large employer of labor, who, five years ago, believed that a Forum in a church was something of a disgrace, recently declared that if a church had no other excuse for existence than the maintenance of a Forum, where the contending forces of society might be brought into proximity and opportunities given them to resolve their differences, its appeal for the support of the community was justified. Twenty years of history of the Forum movement have removed it from the suspicion which always surrounds new and untried instruments of social progress. The Forum provides opportunities for courteous debate and discussion and for broadly-informed and competent instruction. A Forum could be considered almost as an isle of safety where national and international problems relating to the class-struggle are threshed out. It presents opportunities for information and discussion by which further eventualities can be provided for. In fact, it could be regarded as a laboratory of constructive industrial organization.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

A GERMAN-BORN MÆCENAS WHO IS MORE AMERICAN THAN MOST AMERICANS

MANY American mushroom millionaires affect art, but it is a question whether many understand it more than superficially or really love it. America, however, has one notable financier who does not need a tutor when he goes picture-hunting, not even when he spends half a million dollars for a Franz Hals. Nor when he attends the opera does he need an interpreter, be the production in French or Italian or German. He knows more about the fundamentals of grand opera and its production than most professionals. Incidentally, tho born in Ger-

many, he has a clearer understanding of what constitutes patriotism at this hour than have many native-born Americans. For he knows Germany like a libretto, does Otto H. Kahn, and he passionately prefers America, the oldest genuine republic, because "its past has been glorious, and the vista of its future is one of boundless opportunity, of splendid fruitfulness for its own people and the world, if it remains but true to its principles and traditions and rejects the teachings and temptations of false, tho plausible, prophets."

No man, says B. C. Forbes, in his "Men Who Are Making America"

Otto H. Kahn, Banker, Railroad Genius, Art Patron, a Suave Superman

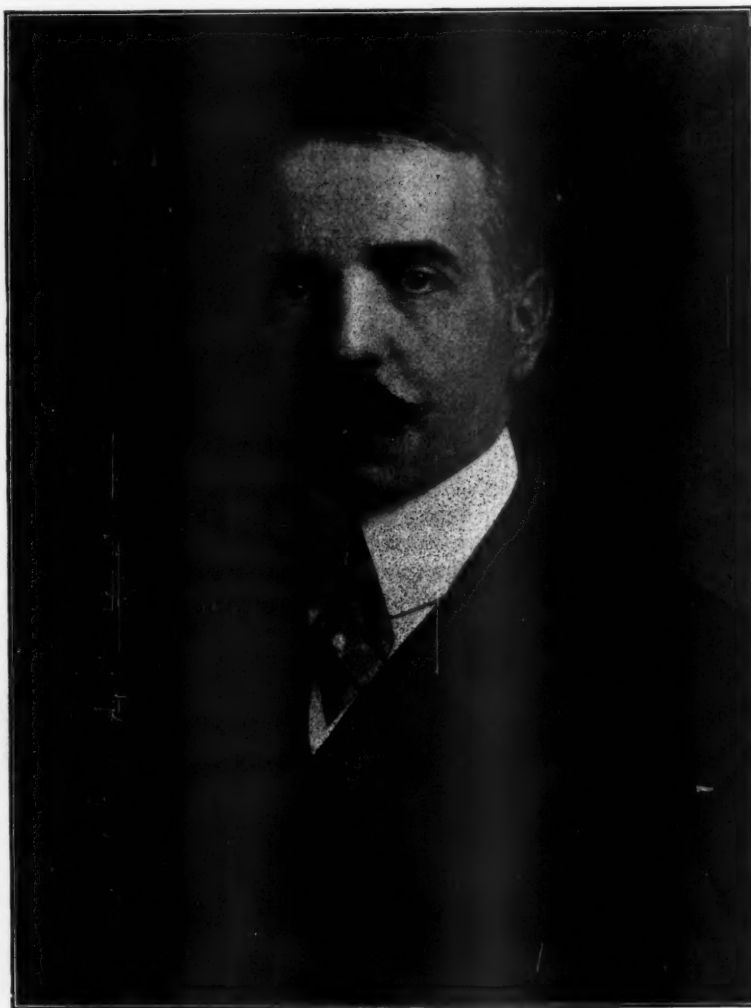
(Forbes Publishing Co., New York), has come more prominently to the front in finance during the past dozen years and no man has done half as much as Kahn not only to give America the finest operatic fare in the world, but also to bring art in its finest sense within reach of the public. Engaged during these years in the reorganization of more transportation systems than any other man in America has reorganized, yet he has found time to reorganize the Metropolitan Opera from top to bottom, to provide opera for other leading cities, to take a leading part in the Society of Friends of Young Artists, to arrange excellent summer concerts at popular prices, to be the main factor in the French Theater of America, to be at the head of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Committee and to bring into being what was destined to be a model playhouse where people of small means but artistic tastes could enjoy wholesome dramatic food. "For," he is quoted as saying, "art is democracy, is equality of opportunity—not the false democracy which, misunderstanding the purpose and meaning of the democratic conception, seeks or tends to establish a common level of mediocrity, but the true democracy which, guided by the star of the ideal and firm in its faith, strives to lead us all onward and upward."

When first these promptings took possession of him, shortly after settling in New York, whence he came from Mannheim, *via* London, in 1893, and before he had made his mark in the financial world, we are told that Kahn revealed his longings to the late Edward H. Harriman, half expecting that the railroad wizard, himself engrossed in business, would frown upon the ambition to mix music and art with money-making.

"Go ahead and do it," was the surprising Harriman counsel. "If you don't let it interfere with your application to business, if you keep it in its place, it will do you no harm, but good. It will be exercise for imagination. Don't you ever let your imagination get rusty."

It was in January, 1897, that Kahn joined the firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, whose prestige and influence he was destined to enhance extraordinarily. We read:

"He had the good fortune to be thrown



AN ART PATRON WHO IS THE ABLEST RAILROAD REORGANIZER IN THE UNITED STATES

Otto H. Kahn also finds time for patriotic speech-making and vehemently denounces "the militant Bolsheviki in our midst" who are the "foes of national unity."

into immediate contact with Harriman. The two, notwithstanding sharply-defined differences in temperament and method, became as brothers. Harriman in business was gruff, truculent, domineering, almost spoiling for a fight. Kahn, the traveled, cultured banker and diplomat, altho not possessed of the bonhomie or the captivating smile of a Schwab, had learned the value of suavity, of covering the iron fist with a velvet glove—of cultivating the cooperation and good-will of others rather than rousing their combativeness and their ill will. Altho only thirty years of age, Kahn almost immediately became Harriman's right-hand man in the gigantic task of reorganizing the Union Pacific. Harriman discovered in the young banker a mind as quick and fertile as his own, a depth and breadth of vision astonishing in a man so young, ability to analyze mathematically and scientifically not only financial but railroad problems with a thoroughness and accuracy which captivated the railroad wizard. That Kahn owes something of his subsequent success in railroad finance to his intimate association with Harriman he would be the last to deny. Indeed, he has preserved for the

memory of his great friend the most profound affection and reverence.

"To-day Otto H. Kahn is recognized as the ablest reorganizer of railroads in the United States. The systems which have been or are being treated by him, in addition to the Union Pacific, include the Baltimore & Ohio, Missouri Pacific, Wabash, Chicago & Eastern Illinois and the Texas & Pacific.

"It was Kahn who, after long-continued efforts to cure by conciliatory methods the inveterate mismanagement of the great Missouri Pacific system had failed to bring results, finally resorted to steel and gave the Gould dominion the *coup de grâce*. It was Kahn, also, who saved the financial world from what threatened to be a disaster of very dangerous potentialities by jumping forward and rescuing from collapse the famous Pearson-Farquhar syndicate which, with more ambition than solid judgment, had overextended itself in a daring attempt to weld together a transcontinental system out of a combination of existing lines controlled by powerful interests. It was Kahn, too, who played a leading rôle in the intricate, delicate negotiations which led to the open-

ing of the doors of the Paris Bourse to American securities and the listing there of \$50,000,000 Pennsylvania bonds, in 1906—the first official listing of an American security in Paris."

Also it was Kahn who finally succeeded in persuading Harriman to abandon his cast-iron mask of secrecy, to reveal himself, his methods and his aims with great frankness during the last two years of his life. Kahn's recent speeches on the duties and opportunities of German-born Americans and in denunciation of the "militant Bolsheviki in our midst" who are the "foes of national unity," are outstanding patriotic achievements. In them he agrees with President Wilson in declaring that "the taint of Germany is not in the blood but in the system of rulership," and that America is fighting Prussianism just as, in the War of the Revolution, "it fought not the people of Great Britain but the spirit of the ruling caste which held sway over them."

JOSEPH CAILLAUX: THE MAN OF MYSTERY IN FRENCH POLITICS

A PASSION for power is at the foundation of the character of Joseph Caillaux. The remark was made of him ten years ago by no less keen an observer than Raymond Poincaré, says the Paris *Figaro*, and it deems the observation pregnant. Caillaux, it affirms, thrills—"if so cold a nature can be said to thrill"—with a consciousness of secret power. He is, we are told, a figure out of a tragedy by Alfieri. The countenance is a mask. No photograph ever does it justice, according to the Paris organ, since no photographer can catch anything but the conspicuously bald head, the beautifully curled or groomed mustache, the well-shaven cheeks and chin and the extreme correctness of what the French call the "tenue." The one sinister detail in the Caillaux physiognomy is a drooping of the eyelids, with their long lashes, an index of emotion in the man. His barber works, is the significant verdict of the Paris *Intransigeant*, and the business of being valet to Caillaux, it adds, is obviously no sinecure. His only jewelry is the ring on the third finger of the left hand, unless a gold-headed cane be in that category. At one time Caillaux smoked innumerable cigarettes and carried them in a gold case. He never touched absinthe even in the days of its vogue, but he was always a high liver and once kept a Swiss cook. He had a pretty little flat off the Avenue d'Alma when Fallières was President, in which he dwelt elegantly with the wife who shot the *Figaro* editor.

In spite of his intimate relations with Austro-German finance, Caillaux seems never to have been rich. In his constituency at Mamers—he has long been a deputy for the Sarthe—Caillaux has a box of a house with a garage, and thither he retires at intervals "to read my Racine," as he puts it. He has a very correct taste in literature, says the *Gaulois*, but he could scarcely be called a student.

At the height of his power and prestige Caillaux lived in an exquisite house in the Rue de la Boétie. It was so richly carpeted that a horse could have walked the floors, the Paris paper suspects, without an audible footfall. The lights were shed from the ceiling in sheets with no apparent source. The piano is said to have cost fifty thousand francs. To this luxurious place Caillaux invited his cabinet for discussion, altho etiquette required deliberation in the official quarters on the Place Beauveau. Caillaux had a disconcerting habit of countermanding decisions reached by his ministry in the house of the Rue de la Boétie without letting his colleagues know what he had done. He is accused of secret interference with the Morocco negotiations between Sir Edward Grey and Ambassador Paul Cambon—an interference that played directly into the hands of the Wilhelmstrasse. Barrère, the famous French ambassador in Rome, once attended a little gathering in the house of the Rue de la Boétie. The Cambon brothers were of the party. The ambassadors compared notes and found that Caillaux, then Premier, was send-

ing them telegraphic instructions of which the Quai d'Orsay knew nothing. Suspicion of Caillaux as a pro-German in disguise was aroused seriously that night for the first time.

His origin did not indicate Joseph Caillaux as a man likely to become the head of a radical ministry at Paris, observes the well-informed M. Mermieux in his *Chronique de l'An*. The father of Joseph Caillaux, an active member of a conservative group during the Thiers and MacMahon presidencies, had been one of the representatives of the Bonapartist fraction in the Broglie cabinet that dissolved the chamber in a tremendous crisis of the third Republic's history. He had just accepted the portfolio of finance that was destined to fall in time to his son Joseph. The detail is important as suggesting that Joseph Caillaux can not have been reared in the cult of the Republic. He was not, as the political jargon runs, a "historical republican." If Joseph did become a republican, if he "rallied," to use the lingo again, it was the consequence of his own reflection or from ambition. Having quitted the monarchical camp in which he was reared, having "rallied," Joseph Caillaux, it is affirmed by his champions, was loyal, whatever may be said of charges that he was friendly now and then with legitimists, imperialists and other adherents of the pretenders to "the throne" of France.

Caillaux began his official career in the finance administration, as it is called by the French press. He was still quite a young man when he at-

The Grave Charge of Treason Against Him is a Last Straw

tained the enviable post of inspector—quite a bureaucratic distinction, this, in the French financial administration. Just twenty years ago he got elected to the chamber from the department of the Sarthe, for which his father sat before him. But the circumstances were abnormal. The Dreyfus affair was working political miracles. Hence there was no outburst of amazement when, a year after his entry into the chamber, Joseph Caillaux, the neophyte, was summoned by Premier Waldeck-Rousseau to a post ordinarily reserved for a veteran, the ministry of finance, one of the four grand departments of the French Government. "This youth piques me," explained Waldeck-Rousseau, "he is inscrutable—and he knows all about money." In effect, young Caillaux did well. He soon proved that he knew ever so much about money. He was a worker. He had what the French call an exact mind and the kind of eloquence they deem sober and clear. The budgets under Waldeck-Rousseau were of frightful proportions and the young finance minister had the gift of rendering them lucid and inconspicuous.

He was then, we read further, what he is now—silent, reserved, elegant, cool. He had the debater's art of turning the opposition into nothingness with a small remark. He had every detail in his head. His politeness was unflinching. The deputies were staggered first by the enormity of the budgets and next by the facility of the young man who explained them so well. He formed then his habit of going behind the scenes to congratulate actresses, of giving delightful dinners to people not in politics, of dressing with scrupulous accuracy in the latest fashion. When he followed Waldeck-Rousseau into opposition, the general opinion was that the young man would not be long in coming back. One divined a personality, a career, as the French say. Like M. Millerand, his robust colleague in the department of commerce, he had not given his full measure. Nevertheless there was about him that capacity to inspire distrust to which President Poincaré is said to have called attention first, a something secretive in his aspect, in his talk, in his political methods. It may be no more, says the *Chronique*, than those drooping lashes, or the coldness of the staccato voice or the want of glow in the eloquence—but Joseph Caillaux seems insincere.

The distrust he inspired kept him out of a ministry until Clemenceau—who now made his famous Napoleonic remark about Caillaux—placed him once more over the finances. He succeeded the man he most hates—Raymond Poincaré. Caillaux achieved this time the supreme triumph of his career—an income tax. It got through the cham-



THE FORMER FRENCH PRIME MINISTER NOW ACCUSED OF TREASON

Joseph Caillaux is the son of a statesman who like himself was one of the great finance ministers of his native land. The man now under suspicion is supposed to be actuated more by a desire for a monarchical restoration in France than by a feeling of friendship for Germany.

ber, to linger long in the Senate; but the bill effected a revolution in the finances of the republic. In the discussion of this fundamental departure from his country's practice, Caillaux exploited his peculiar gifts in debate. He was never taken by surprise, whatever the objection urged by a deputy. He had a ready answer always on the tip of his tongue. He knew how to keep discussion from wandering aimlessly to the irrelevant. He carried his bill. His confidence in himself, which nothing can shake, and the general confidence in his career, always great, were henceforth firmer. He was the coming man. Then, in the impetuosity of his rush upon Théophile Delcassé, Clemenceau went too far one day and his ministry fell. Caillaux was sure his turn had come. He had the chagrin of perceiving the general preference for Briand. Briand was sweet, affable, expansive, warm, rich in words, and he had done the heavy work in the separation of Church and State. He thus had—again to use the French expression—more "baggage" than Caillaux, who could have remained at the head of the finances. He sulked—that is, returned to the ranks as an ordinary deputy.

He waited two years, acquiring influence in the press, diving deep into finance, giving those wonderful dinners. Then there arose the first mysterious whispers of the intimacy of Joseph Caillaux with high German finance. The Morocco crisis was entering another of its many critical phases. Caillaux "understood Germany" and anticlericalism was spent. Briand went down and Caillaux came up. "The shadowy Joseph," as the *Figaro* used to say in those days, was

at the summit of his power. His dream was realized. The Caillaux ministry went in sensationally, for the Wilhelmstrasse rejoiced over a French statesman who notoriously took little stock in the "entente." The British foreign office was supposed, meanwhile, to be in panic. The Caillaux ministry presided over the most exciting diplomatic development up to that time since the fall of Bismarck—the Morocco conflict. There is high authority for the statement that the outcome of this conflict convinced William II. that a general war alone could save his imperial and militarist Germany from collapse. It might have had another history altogether but for the sensational resignation of the foreign minister in the Caillaux cabinet. What was behind the mysterious hints of treason which involved that sudden disruption of a government seemingly solid? The *Figaro* asked it then. No one has answered it since. It was the first occasion upon which Joseph Caillaux was accused of betraying his country to the Germans. He did not wish to retire before the storm. His combative instinct led him to prefer a tremendous fall in a great debate full of sensations to a mere accidental slip. He implored Raymond Poincaré to come to his aid by assuming that fatal portfolio of foreign affairs. Poincaré, not yet president of the Republic, refused—it is said with scorn. In a week Poincaré himself was Premier and the object, as all France knows, of the implacable hatred of Caillaux, quoted in the *Figaro* as saying to a friend of his at dinner that night: "It is his turn today. It will be mine to-morrow." The faith of Caillaux in himself is never shaken.

TWO BROTHERS WHO HAVE PERFORMED A WONDER OF THE MEDICAL WORLD

Drs. William and Charles Mayo Have Made the Town of Rochester, Minnesota, Famous

TWO brothers—two country doctors, as people like to call them—have made a little Minnesota town famous around the world. They are Drs. William J. and Charles H. Mayo and the town is Rochester. Nearly forty-five thousand persons registered as patients at their clinic last year. It is described as "the miracle of the prairies," "the wonder of the west," "the clinic in the corn fields." Great surgeons come half way around the globe to visit it and everybody goes away and talks about it—everybody except the Mayos. They can't prevent forty-five thousand visitors from talking; but they themselves are about as garrulous as sphinxes, in talking for publication. They are too busy thinking and working, altho, as Mary B. Mullett remarks in the *American Magazine*, disgruntled doctors accuse them of self-advertizing. One might as well accuse the Woolworth Building of self-advertizing, for the work they have done and are doing is simply too big to escape discussion.

Miss Mullett, on a recent visit to Rochester, began to realize why the Mayo clinic, with its hundred and forty doctors and assistants, is called "the wonder of the west" when she found that the railroad runs a special

sleeping car between Rochester and Chicago—a unique distinction for a town of less than fifteen thousand inhabitants. By reason of the clinic, however, the town has a floating population of about four thousand, its percentage in this respect exceeding even that of New York and Chicago.

What kind of men are these two brothers that they should have done something the world marvels at? How could they do it in a little town—one that they not only have put on the map but have made *worth* being there? We read:

"I talked perhaps fifteen minutes with one of the busiest men in the world, 'Dr. Will' Mayo. He is tall, straight, slender; direct of speech, keen and steady of eye; simple and straightforward; a man who commands instant respect because of his inherent power, and instant liking because of his simplicity and kindness. Later I met his brother—in the uniform of a major in the medical service of the army. Four years younger than Dr. Will, not so tall, not so slender, not so masterful; but with wonderful dark eyes and the curious look in them which one sometimes sees in the eyes of people with a peculiarly delicate sense of touch. It is as if—to be doubly paradoxical—they were *listening* for something they could feel. . . .

"They are at the hospital at seven o'clock every morning. They make their visits to patients and then begin operating by eight o'clock. Operate until noon, or even one o'clock. Then they talk over the morning's work and afterward spend the entire afternoon, until five o'clock or later, in consultations with new patients. Sometimes the evenings hold other demands: staff meetings, or things of that sort. Can any city surgeon show such a schedule? If a city man tried to work like that he would be a wreck. But the Mayos are as fit as if they did nothing but play golf and fool around all day. . . .

"Dr. Charlie gets his fun out of his big farm, twenty minutes by motor from Rochester; Dr. Will gets his from his motors and his steamboat. He keeps the boat over at Winona, and every weekend he and his wife and some of their friends go for a trip up or down the Mississippi. His private secretary always goes along, and Dr. Will takes the time to write the papers he reads at medical meetings. He has published more than two hundred of these scientific papers! And Charlie has published more than a hundred."

Why have the Mayo brothers chosen to remain in their native Minnesota town, instead of following the lead of thousands of able country doctors and migrating to one of the big cities? Neither brother would himself tell why, but a Rochester lawyer, more loquacious, told this magazine writer that, in his opinion, "it has been partly



HE IS BOTH A GREAT SURGEON AND A FARMER

Dr. Charles H. Mayo assists in directing some eight thousand operations a year and with his brother has published hundreds of scientific papers.



THEY CALL HIM "THE BOSS" IN ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA

Dr. William J. Mayo is the elder of the famous brother surgeons who, with their staff of assistants, treat forty-five thousand patients a year.

due to their inherited common sense and partly to that higher form of common sense known as genius." Their father, also a doctor, who died in Rochester at the age of ninety-two, had to consider the same question of staying or going, in his time, and stayed. He left them a substantial foundation, in the form of a big practice, to build upon. So it was just plain common sense for them to stay and build. But:

"They have something more than common sense. Dr. Will is a great organizer. He has what folks nowadays call 'vision.' He is like his father, who never talked about the past—always about the future. When Dr. Will gave the quotation that has been put on the monument erected to his father, he unconsciously chose one that can be applied to himself: '*A Man of Hope and Forward-Looking Mind.*' . . . But even that isn't what 'explains' them. One of the greatest factors in their success is the way they have worked together. There has never been a shred of jealousy between them. Each one thinks the other the bigger man. When you get team-work like that, your sum of one and one is ten times bigger than two."

Another and most important factor in their success, of course, is that they are great surgeons. But there are other great surgeons who have not

attained such marvelous results. The explanation of the famous Mayo clinic and its collateral institutions is that something more than marvelous surgery is involved. There is a spirit of achievement, we read, that permeates the whole organization. Its secret is the attitude of the Mayo brothers to

their associates. As one of those associates put it, "no two men alone could do what is being done in Rochester. It would be physically impossible. If they had been determined to be 'the whole thing' they could have had a big practice, but not much more. But they have wanted every member of the staff

to share in the glory. Some of it has gone to the Mayos that should have gone to others, but never because they took it. They are absolutely fair and generous to their associates." And that, we are assured, is the foundation on which is built this most remarkable institution of its kind in the world.

VON HEYDEBRAND: THE UNCROWNED KING OF PRUSSIA

AN idea of the greatness of a Heydebrand in Prussia, we read in the *Débats*, may be derived from the fact that the members of this ancient and princely house look down upon the Hohenzollerns as their social inferiors—precisely the attitude of the Ahenobarbi to the Caesars in ancient Rome. The Heydebrands were of the utmost importance in what is now Prussia long before the Hohenzollerns collected a tribute there. The present chief of the Heydebrands clings grimly to privileges, to estates, to feudalism. He is the leader of the conservatives not only in the Prussian Landtag but in the Reichstag of the empire. His attitude to things in general may be inferred from his approval of the judges who sent a sixteen-year-old boy to a penal institution recently to be cured of his Socialistic ideas. All Germany has been agitated over the affair. Heydebrand would not send Socialists alone to penal reformatories. Democrats should be sent as well. Nothing makes Herr Ernst von Heydebrand und der Lasa quite so sick as that word democracy. He has said so in the Prussian House of Lords. The Heydebrand family motto is "Forward with God for King and Fatherland," and the Hohenzollerns stole it. For centuries, according to the historians of the house, the Heydebrands have been despoiled by those Hohenzollerns. Speaking of William II., Herr von Heydebrand once observed that he had a very slight personal acquaintance with him. In Prussia a Hohenzollern must be deemed a mere Junker and among Junkers a Heydebrand is better than a Hohenzollern. All the Hohenzollerns in the land could not force democracy upon Prussia against the will of the Heydebrands.

Within a few years of seventy, Herr von Heydebrand is a vigorous orator, whose princely home is on a great estate called Klein-Tschunkave, not far from Gontkovitz in the Breslau district. No doubt, according to American standards, Herr von Heydebrand would seem a poor man, for his property is mortgaged, his crops are often deficient and much of his land is unproductive. He atones for his financial straits by the pride he takes in his

birth. The appointment of the son of a merchant to responsible rank in the regiment of the guard filled him with horror. He loathes the "bourgeoisie" with the fury of the Socialists. He deems the industrial magnates of the Rhenish provinces, with their commerce and their capital, the real authors of the miseries of modern Germany. He is agrarian to the fingertips. His social ideal is a land held by great territorial aristocrats ruling a population of tenants and laborers. The laborers must be well housed and well fed. The tenant farmers must be justly dealt with. Let there be no "nonsense," as he says, about "ideas," filling the heads of the masses with the spirit of rebellion, making them insolent to their superiors, who alone know what is good for them. In the Prussia of the Junkers, both before and after the Napoleonic wars, everybody was happy. Then came Socialism, democracy, the bourgeoisie. Germany ceased to be primarily an agricultural state. It is a factory hell. The result is world war, for all the nations of the earth are as mad as Germany.

In the elucidation of ideas like this, Herr von Heydebrand exploits a presence comparable, says the *Rome Avanti*, to that of the ghost in a Schiller tragedy and an eloquence like that of the biblical prophets he often cites. His specialty in the oratorical sense is gloom. Agriculture is in decay. Men won't plow and yet they insist upon bread. At this point the leader of the conservatives will extract a lump of some solid substance from a satchel, hold it up to the members of the Abgeordneten-kammer, and aver that he bought it at a baker's and that it is called bread. Next he will exhibit a sphere the size of a walnut and challenge denial of the claim that it is a twentieth-century potato. The decline in the size of the potato is to the Herr an unheeded social warning. No less terrible is the disappearance of the spinning-wheel from the home of the humble. The worst of all perils, however, is the cheap newspaper of the Berlin *Tageblatt* type, deluding the masses with false hopes. In his youth, the conservative leader confesses, he had hoped to see Prussia one large farm again. He is wiser

now, and, as he admits also, somewhat of a pessimist.

Herr von Heydebrand, however, is something more than the champion of the agrarian conservative "Weltanschauung," or view of the world. He is the statesman and diplomatist of his party. Men like Count Kanitz, Count Schwerin-Lowitz or Baron von Wangenheim might be considered specialists in agriculture and commerce. As a specialist, Herr von Heydebrand lets such things alone. They enter only into his "Weltanschauung." His calling is what the Germans call "big politics." In practice, this means a conservative Prussia, the one hope left for a return of the world to sanity. That is how the French daily interprets him. He is sweetness personified to roaring Socialists of the Herr Haase school. He shrugs his shoulders at what he is pleased to deem the vagaries of William II., upon whose financial friends he looks with distrust—Herr Gwinner, Herr Ballin and that sort. The business of a King of Prussia is to be a Junker and William II. is, all things considered, a poor Junker. Making no concealment of such ideas, Herr von Heydebrand is no such conspicuous figure at court as was his younger brother. He meets the Emperor only upon the plane of religion, the piety of each manifesting itself in a phraseology of the mystical kind. Herr von Heydebrand detests the Jews with a cordiality that makes him criticize the friends of his sovereign too candidly. "Think of it," cried the Herr at a conservative gathering, when the case of a Jew in command was brought up, "an unbaptized officer!"

No statesman of Heydebrand's importance, says the Paris *Temps*, is so little known personally in Berlin. He dislikes the gatherings at which stein after stein of beer will be consumed to promote good cheer. If his position requires his attendance, he sips the liquor and disappears for the rest of the evening. He never goes to the big clubs. He hates Berlin night-life. A big city is to him a sink of iniquity. He attires himself somewhat ostentatiously in the style fashionable when he was young. His most unexpected trait is personal magnetism.

Greatest of all Junkers, He Has an Unlimited Scorn for Democracy



"THE KARAMAZOV BROTHERS" —DOSTOEVSKY IN A DRAMA

ATTEMPTS to dramatize the novels of Feodor Dostoevsky have seldom been successful. The most notable Russian adaptation of "The Karamazov Brothers," perhaps his greatest work, was that of Alexander Stanislavsky, produced several years ago at the famous Art Theater in Moscow. This version was in ten acts, and the performance extended over two evenings. Parts of the original text were read while the actors took up the lines where the reader left off. Another Russian version of the famous novel was presented twelve or thirteen years ago in New York by the late Paul Orlenev, with the now famous Alla Nazimova as Grushenka. It was a performance notable for the acting opportunities it gave Orlenev and Nazimova, and was presented with a truly Muscovite savor.

If, as James Huneker declares in the *N. Y. Globe*, the French version of the novel, recently presented at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier by Jacques Copeau and his company, is lacking in the intense Muscovite coloring, it is, nevertheless, the most noteworthy play ever created out of a Dostoevsky novel. Moreover, as more than one New York critic has noted, it is one of the few truly memorable plays presented in New York for several seasons. The drama was recreated from the novel by MM. Jean Croué and Jacques Copeau. It was presented originally at the Théâtre des Arts in Paris in 1911. It had a significant and artistic success. Now presented at the new Vieux Colombier, it has proven to be the most powerful and interesting play M. Copeau has yet offered to the American public.

Scenically, this play revealed the full possibilities of the stage of the new theater. Two of the five acts are placed in the sinister house of the Karamazovs. There is one staircase leading to the second floor of the house; and above this balcony the audience can see still another staircase leading up to another floor. Down these stairs the repulsive old father comes to his death. Up them stumbles the lamentable valet Smerdiakov to his horrible suicide.

In an introduction printed in the theater program, M. Copeau explains his aim in dramatizing the most formidable novel of modern literature.

Dostoevsky's works, he explains, are fecund in incident and climax, directly and objectively expressed. Each psychological detail is expressed and made manifest in action. His novels partake of the drama. The characters are analyzed and portrayed peculiarly through dialog. To follow the original form of the novel, in the opinion of MM. Copeau and Croué, was to misprize altogether the work of the master and to betray his work more grievously than in an effort to *recreate* his art by means of a new mode of expression.

"This has been our single purpose: to *recompose*. We have not sought out the line of least resistance; we have reckoned with the necessary limitations of the dramatic form. We have accepted the traditional five-act frame, and we have hoped with the consequent tightening and speeding of the novel's action to make it gain in emphasis what it necessarily must lose in depth. In order to bring out in their true relief what seemed to us the essentials of the drama, we have eliminated certain minor episodes. And where, in the novel, certain vital factors are impressionistically sketched we have found it well to elaborate them to their full force in accord with the technique of the theater. In this way we have been constrained to knit together the divergent elements of the novel, guided always by the psychology of the characters as Dostoevsky describes them. And despite superficial divergence from the manifest contents of the novel, we believe that we have in no way falsified the substance and spirit of the creator. We are confident, indeed, that no element has crept into our play which does not exist, in fact or in potentiality, in the original work."

The first act, located in the hermitage of the monastery of the saint-like Father Zossima, near Moscow, serves admirably to introduce us to the strange members of the Karamazov family, all bound up in one way or another in the atavistic depravity of the family. Aliocha, the youngest, has sought refuge in the monastery, out of the innocence and purity of his soul. Dmitri, the eldest of the brothers, violent, intemperate, quarrelsome, but generous and impressionable, comes to discuss his unfortunate affairs, both of love and family, with the novice. Ivan is the radical, intellectual, cold and cynical, and, like the elder Dmitri, hates the disgusting old debauchee of a father with a hatred that threatens, from the very beginning of the play, to flame into patricide. Contrasted

A New York Production of a French Version of the Great Russian Novel

with these three legitimate sons, there is an illegitimate brother, the valet Smerdiakov, son of a wretched beggar woman. He has been brought up as his father's servant. He is a shrewd epileptic defective, often feigning fits to escape the consequences of his evil-doing. He is in reality the Mr. Hyde, the evil spirit, of the Karamazovs, the Caliban of the family, just as Aliocha is the saint.

But the most sinister figure is that of the father Feodor Pavlovich—gross, unrestrained, self-indulgent, whose innate sensuality stigmatizes and infects the entire stock. "A father without feeling or decency," exclaims Dmitri hopelessly, to Aliocha, "who made my mother die and then yours, of shame and chagrin. . . . We need a saint—to redeem us Karamazovs!"

Dmitri tells of his strange love for Katherina Ivanova Verkhovtseva, the daughter of an army officer. She had come to his rooms to obtain 4,500 roubles he had promised her to save her father from disgrace. He had not taken advantage of the girl. In consequence she has suffered from a curious sense of moral inferiority to the handsome and reckless Dmitri, despite his reputation. Now she has put him to another test. He explains to the young novice:

DMITRI. I have ferocious passions. I am violent and sensual. I love debauchery and its cruelty. But whatever I have done and whatever I may still do, nothing can equal the infamy that I carry here, now, in my heart. Would you believe that Dmitri Karamazov could be a thief, a dirty petty thief? . . . Day before yesterday Katherina asked me mysteriously, I don't know why, to take to her sister Agafia, in Moscow, three thousand roubles which she handed to me. . . . I was without a kopeck and Katherina knew it. And yet she has trusted me with this cursed money. She was smiling when she handed it over to me. Why did she smile? I took it. I went over to the post office. But I did not go in!

ALIOCHA. (*Breathless.*) What became of that money? Dmitri, what became of that money?

DMITRI. (*In a low voice, striking his breast.*) Here it is. . . . I haven't touched it. . . . Not yet! That is what is awful. 'Liocha, I am not yet a thief, because I haven't spent the money yet. But I can't prevent doing it. Unless a miracle happens, I can not help it!

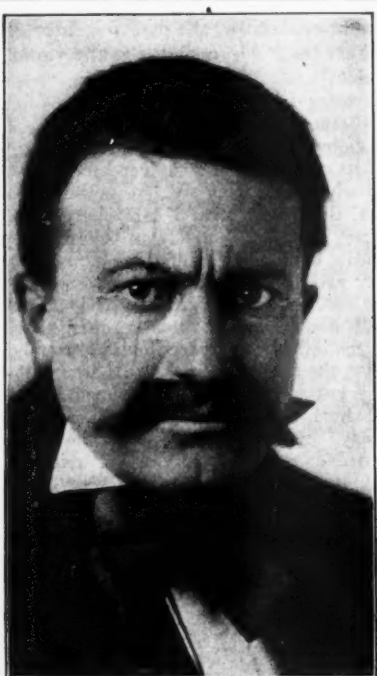
ALIOCHA. (*Violently.*) Give me that money!



THE FATHER

Louis Jouvet, who plays this part, is a young man who promises to become one of the greatest character actors of the French stage. He is one of the few outstanding stars of M. Copeau's troupe.

DMITRI. My father cheated me out of more than six thousand roubles when my mother died. Let him hand over three thousand and I'll call it quits. He's got to give them to me! If not, I'm lost! I can't get out of it in any other way. . . .



DMITRI

The soul of the Karamazovs, which is the veritable "hero" of the play, flows like turbulent lava through the veins of Dmitri, the eldest son.

Dmitri Karamazov has made this low calculation: three thousand roubles at any price! If the old man will give them to me, good! I'll remain an honest man. If he refuses, I must keep Katherina's money and be a thief. . . . I am hanging over that abyss. Am I going to be hurled into the night of shame, or am I going to rise up into light and joy? That's interesting, isn't it? Bah, I am already damned, since that thought has come into my head. . . .

ALIOCHA. Why has it entered your head? Why do you keep these three thousand roubles?

DMITRI. Why! Why! I have to! I'm a wicked insect, am I not, a son worthy of my father. In our family, sensuality stretches even into insanity. . . . Adieu! You will know everything later on—the abyss, the dark. It's useless to try to explain. The mud and the hell—don't ask more. Good-by. . . .

Smerdiakov, the valet, appears in the door, and we learn why Dmitri needs the money, the temptation he is facing. He is smitten with a rich adventuress and courtesan, Grushenka, whom the father is also shamelessly courting. Aliocha fails to persuade Dmitri to dispose honestly of the 3,000 roubles. But when at length the third brother Ivan enters the hermitage, Dmitri reveals his decision to spend the money on Grushenka, by giving Ivan a message for Katherina: he intends never to see her again. With this comes the amazing revelation that Ivan is also in love with Katherina.

Presently the father of the Karamazov brothers enters. He has arranged this meeting at the monastery, in order to settle his pecuniary difficulties with the impulsive Dmitri. A violent scene ensues. The old debauchee is a wily hypocrite. He has a profound fear of the two eldest sons. But he also has moments of remorse and self-pity which he exhibits in front of the venerable Father Zossima. Goaded into a fury, Dmitri accuses his father of attempts to cheat him out of his inheritance and designs on Grushenka. He declares that the epileptic servant Smerdiakov is also his brother:

DMITRI. Let him be my brother! I'm worth nothing myself! But you, Ivan, who have great aspirations. . . . You, Aliocha, who are searching for God: this Smerdiakov is your brother. Look at him! (He casts Smerdiakov aside, who, trembling violently, crouches in a corner.)

FEODOR. (Shaking his fist at Dmitri.) Drive him out! Send him away!

DMITRI. Oh! you are crowning your life prettily, father. Rather than give your son a kopeck, you would rather see me become a thief.

FEODOR. I owe you nothing at all, nothing!

DMITRI. And you are outraging the woman I love! You flatter yourself that you can steal Grushenka away from me, don't you? You expect her to-night, don't you?

FEODOR. (Recoiling.) She has chosen me. I'll marry her if I please.

DMITRI. Shut up!

FEODOR. Keep your Katherina! You'll find her complaisant to your caprices. . . . Pale tender young girls—they like only rakes and rogues. (Without answering, Dmitri throws himself on his father, his fist raised.) Help me, help me! He's going to kill me! (Screaming aloud in fright, the old man escapes. Dmitri runs after him.)

IVAN. (Stepping between them and stopping Dmitri.) Stop, you fool!

DMITRI. (Shuddering in the grasp of his brother.) Of what use is the life of such a person? (Everyone is standing. Dmitri's action has created general consternation. Dmitri himself stands as tho stunned. Slowly Father Zossima approaches him, and suddenly prostrates himself at the feet of Dmitri, his forehead touching the floor. Frightened, Dmitri covers his face with his hands, then looks all about himself.) Why? Why? . . . Now everything is finished. . . . everything is all over now. (He stops at the staircase, then comes back to Ivan.)

Ivan! Don't forget Katherina! This very day, you must go to her. You shall salute her. (He goes out quickly.)

FEODOR. (Explaining himself to the monks.) Very well, very well, I leave, I retire. Perhaps I am a buffoon, but I am a gentleman. . . . (He goes out.)

Why did Father Zossima prostrate himself before Dmitri? Aliocha asks him this question. The saint replies that it was before his great suffering to come. And he sends Aliocha away: "If ever you can take upon yourself the crime of another, suffer for him and let him go away without reproach."

The second act shows us the home of Katherina. Ivan brings her the farewell message of Dmitri. He tries to cure her of her love for Dmitri, detecting in it an element of pride. Aliocha reproaches her for tempting his brother with the 3,000 roubles. But the girl is ready to forgive all, even Dmitri's infatuation for Grushenka. She has even asked Grushenka to come and see her. Grushenka at first assures Katherina that she will see Dmitri no more. Her first lover has returned. She is going to join him at the Mokroye tavern. But then Katherina's sense of triumph angers the woman. She flouts, humiliates and insults the aristocratic lady. She takes back her promises and leaves. Then Aliocha tries to bring Ivan and Katherina to a mutual understanding:

ALIOCHA. (To Katherina.) You are torturing yourself, to make yourself love Dmitri. And you are making Ivan suffer because you love him. . . .

IVAN. You are mistaken. Katherina has never loved me. She does not even care for my friendship, for which she explored me a few moments ago. She had me there under her hand, don't you see, to get her revenge on me for the outrages Dmitri has inflicted upon her ever since their very first meeting. She has never stopped talking to me about that love!

KATHERINA. (Tortured, holding out her arms toward Ivan.) Ivan!

IVAN. No, I shall not take your hand, because I do not know how to pardon you just now: you have tortured me too consciously. Because you love Dmitri! That is necessary for you, as a proof of your spirit of sacrifice, of your moral strength. The more he is humiliated, the greater you feel yourself. Every one of his crimes is a profit for you. That is the way you love him—or rather the way you love yourself!

KATHERINA. (*Plaintively.*) Ivan. . .

IVAN. But you will overdo it—your own strength and his! And that will be my vengeance!

ALIOCHA. Oh! brother!

IVAN. Not a word. Come! (*He goes out.*)

ALIOCHA. Ah! Now he'll never come back for anything in the world. That's my fault. I aroused his anger. Pardon me. He has been unjust and wicked. Pardon him, Katherina! Pardon both my brothers! They have in them a mad savage spirit—the spirit of God is perhaps absent from them: theirs is the soul of the Karamazovs. . . . Don't revenge yourself! Don't do anything against them! I am going to find them and speak to them! I must keep despair from entering their hearts! Courage, Katherina, courage! (*He goes out.*)

Shortly after this departure, Dmitri rushes into the apartment of Katherina. He implores Katherina for news of Grushenka, having suspected that the latter has been here. "Where has she gone?" he asks. "To my father, to get the three thousand roubles he has promised her. . . . I know that he expects her to-night. . . ." Katherina remains obstinately silent. "Tell me, do you think that Grushenka is bad enough to go to the old man to get those three thousand roubles?"

KATHERINA. (*After an interior struggle, with an effort, but firmly.*) I believe that she is capable of anything. . . .

DMITRI. (*Jumping up.*) Thanks, I'm going there! (*He runs out, slamming the door after him.*)

KATHERINA. (*Suddenly coming to a realization of what she has just done.*) Dmitri! (*She opens the door and rushes out after her lover. We hear her crying, "Dmitri! Dmitri!" then she comes back, wringing her hands.*) Oh! He is going to kill! He is going to kill!

It is that same night in the house of dissolute old Feodor Pavlovitch Karamazov. The old man is looking forward to the coming of Grushenka. Aided by his valet Smerdiakov, he conceives the scheme of placing behind the ikon the 3,000 roubles he has promised the girl. Smerdiakov knows that Dmitri is prowling around in the garden outside the house. But he cannot understand the attitude and intention of the cynical Ivan. Patricide is lurking in the air. Smerdiakov, however, asks no questions. Is Ivan hoping that Dmitri will murder the old man, since that event will place him in possession of Katherina and her wealth? This and similar questions run through the

disordered mind of Smerdiakov. Instinctively Ivan is sensitive to the danger in the air. He remains to guard the prodigal father against the violence of the eldest brother. Old Karamazov indulges in a Gargantuan supper, served by the sinister Smerdiakov. Yet, he tells Ivan, religious questions trouble him:

FEODOR. Ivan, all that worries me—all these questions. . . . Don't laugh at a poor old man. You do not love me, and you have no reason to love me. . . . But now really, tell me, between ourselves, Ivan: Does God exist—yes or no? (*Ivan empties his glass of cognac without answering.*) I must know that, my son. . . .

IVAN. (*Leaning on his elbows and staring at his father.*) No. God does not exist.

FEODOR. Is that right? Aliocha claims that He does. . . . (*Noticing Smerdiakov, who, immobile, is not missing one word of their conversation.*) Be off, you Jesuit! (*Smerdiakov retires into a corner, but does not leave the hall.*) He would like to stay and listen to us. You probably interest him. What have you ever done for him?

IVAN. Nothing. It is merely his manner toward me.

FEODOR. . . . And immortality? Is there such a thing?

IVAN. No.

FEODOR. (*With heavy but contained relief.*) Are you sure, my little Ivan? You're not making fun of me? You're not trying to deceive a poor old man who hasn't much longer to live and who wants to live according to the truth, eh? . . . No immortality, not the least little scrap of immortality?

IVAN. Nothing!

FEODOR. That is to say—an absolute zero, or the least little fraction of unity, of something? Not even the fraction of a fraction?

IVAN. Absolute zero!

FEODOR. (*Unable to contain himself.*) But then . . . then . . . everything is permitted! Ivan, everything is allowable?

IVAN. Yes, father, everything is permitted.

FEODOR. Hush! . . . Let's not say that aloud. Let us keep that as our secret, my son. . . . Your health! (*They clink their glasses.*) Dear Ivan, I'm so glad to have you sitting here with me, drinking together like two friends.

IVAN. Yes!

FEODOR. (*A leg on the table.*) One could be so happy on this earth! . . .

IVAN. (*With an effort.*) Yes!

FEODOR. You know I'm still a man, old chap, and I'm still going to be one for twenty years longer. Only I shall grow old, I shall become more and more repugnant, and they won't come to my house as willingly as they do now, the little cats. . . . So I will need all of my kopecks.

IVAN. Naturally.

FEODOR. (*Completely drunk.*) That's why I want you to know, Ivan, my son, that I have saved money and am still saving it only for myself. I want to live in my sty, and as long as possible. It's very nice in the mud. . . . I for one never want to go into Aliocha's paradise, even supposing it did exist; it's no place for



SMERDIAKOV

All of the violent sins of the soul of the Karamazovs became incarnate in the figure of this epileptic servant in the house. François Gournac plays the part.

a man of spirit. . . . Let me tell you the strange adventure I had with Elisabeth Smerdiatchaya.

As he recounts the story of his bestial assault upon the mother of Smerdiakov, the servant gradually comes nearer and nearer to the table, with the steps of a wolf. Finally Ivan notices the valet. Following his gaze, Feodor turns slowly around with fright, and discovers Smerdiakov standing behind him—leaning over, with foam at his mouth, his limbs



IVAN

He denied the existence of God but his cynicism drove him mad. Jacques Copeau plays this part.

trembling on the verge of an epileptic crisis. The servant stops suddenly. An idiotic smile wanders over his face. There is a silence. "It is eleven o'clock, sir," whines Smerdiakov.

The shameless debauchery of his father overcomes Ivan. He decides to leave. Smerdiakov is full of the presentiment of approaching crime. He questions Ivan, and endeavors in advance to shield himself from accusation from the bloody business which he feels inevitably approaching. He decides to counterfeit an attack of epilepsy, to use as an alibi in the event of the death of old Karamazov. Ivan leaves. The prearranged knocks which were arranged for Grushenka's entrance to the house and which are known to Dmitri, are heard. Down the stairs comes the lecherous old man to his death—and the curtain falls.

The next act takes place a few hours later in the Mokroye tavern, whither Grushenka has gone to meet her first lover. She is horrified to discover that he is nothing but a low sharper. As she is about to leave the place, Dmitri rushes in. In a riot of mad pleasure, he flings about the stolen roubles of Katherina. Left alone with Grushenka, he confesses his overpowering love for her. He had waited for an hour hidden near the door of his father's house, expecting to see Grushenka knock there. But, despite the blood on his sleeve, he swears to her that he has not killed. "God saw me, Grushenka!" he tells her. Out of the debauchery and the wild dancing in the tavern, love arises. Their love scene is interrupted by the arrival of the police, who charge Dmitri with the

murder of his father. He swears to Grushenka that he is not guilty. As he is led away, she declares to the police that he has spoken the truth.

The last act is in the Karamazov home, two months later. Smerdiakov has been in the hospital ever since the murder of Feodor Pavlovitch, and has now returned to his old place. The crime is discussed. Dmitri has been convicted, and must serve his term in Siberia. Dmitri refuses to plan an escape. Both Aliocha and Grushenka have announced their intention of accompanying the condemned man to Siberia. Katherina undergoes a new fit of jealousy. She still resists Ivan, who has grown strangely morose and troubled. He does not believe that Dmitri is guilty. He sees that Katherina does not believe in Dmitri's guilt. Finally he drags Smerdiakov down from his room, and wrings a confession of guilt from him. Yet Smerdiakov accuses Ivan of being the one true criminal:

SMERDIAKOV. (*Smiling.*) You know I had my crisis.

IVAN. A real fit, or a feigned one?

SMERDIAKOV. A feigned one, surely. I went down into the cellar, and I stretched out quietly there until they came to pick me up, the following day.

IVAN. The following day you still simulated epilepsy?

SMERDIAKOV. Not at all. The very next morning, I had a real fit, the most severe I have had for years. For two days I was unconscious.

IVAN. Well? Well? Afterwards—

SMERDIAKOV. That's all!

IVAN. I cannot see why in all this business you say you needed my consent.

SMERDIAKOV. If by chance suspicion

had fallen upon me, you would have helped and defended me. . . .

IVAN. (*Through his teeth.*) You want to torture me all my life! And thus secure your own impunity! . . . Why have you made this confession of guilt to me? I am going to denounce you. . . . You might have stayed silent, or at least denied it!

SMERDIAKOV. My hate is stronger than I am, Ivan Feodorovitch. . . . I cannot resist it: it is the need for revenge. I have hated you for such a long time! You never understood my worth, because I am a servant. You insulted me! *Me!* And I used to admire you so much. . . . You forced me to appear worthy in your eyes, and I imitated you in everything. I could not bear it that you should escape. I hate the whole of Russia, sir, but I hate you more than everything else. . . .

IVAN. (*Holding up the bag containing the 3,000 roubles.*) You showed me this money to convince me?

SMERDIAKOV. (*In a trembling voice.*) Take that money! I no longer need it. . . . I thought that with this money I would be able to start a new life in Moscow. You were always talking about a "new life"—or even better, abroad, after completing my education. I too dreamed of seeing those beautiful countries of Europe. That was my idea. I told myself that "everything is permitted." (*Lifting his eyes to Ivan.*) You taught me that, for you have taught me many things. . . . If God does not exist, there is no such thing as virtue, for that would be useless. That seemed true to me. . . .

IVAN. And now, you do believe, since you give back this money?

SMERDIAKOV. No, I do not believe! (*His voice strangles. He makes a gesture of despair.*) Why then did you say that everything is permitted? And now why are you so pale? Why do your legs quaver? (*With an unspeakable scorn.*) You are not even strong enough to support the realization that I did what you did not dare to do. You would not even dare to kill me! You dare nothing, you—so bold! And maybe you will go and accuse yourself, to get rid of me. (*With anguish.*) No, don't do that, Ivan Feodorovitch. That must not be! You are too intelligent, too proud. You love women, independence, luxury. You must not ruin your life. Of all the children of Feodor Pavlovitch, you are most like him. It is the same soul! (*Ivan shudders with terror.*) Please, master, take this money!

IVAN. What money? Oh, yes— (*He takes the bag and puts it in his pocket.*)

SMERDIAKOV. Wait! Let me look at it once more! (*Ivan takes it out and hands it to Smerdiakov, who gazes greedily without touching it.*) All right! now—Ivan Feodorovitch, Adieu!

With a great effort he stumbles up the two flights of stairs to his room. Ivan's terror turns into a delirium. He continues his frenzied talk with an imaginary Smerdiakov. In this condition Katherina discovers him. "You recognized your own thoughts in my words—that's why you smile," he is saying. "You do not exist! No, you do not exist! You—you are I! You are my malady, my hallucination, the



PATRICIDE

One of the most dramatic moments in the French version of Dostoevsky's great novel is this, when the air is heavy with inevitable murder.

incarnation of my thoughts and my vilest sentiments—you are only I in a different form, the form of a servant! How could my spirit create you? Still, do sit down! You horrify me. No! I'll resist! They're going to take me to a madhouse."

But surely, he finally tells Katherina, Smerdiakov never would have had the

courage to commit the crime. A last gleam of hope comes to his darkened brain. He rushes up the stairs to ask Smerdiakov this question. He recoils in horror. The valet has hanged himself. Ivan's dementia increases. He experiences a sort of joy in the death of his sinister half-brother. He is rid of him. But "I don't want to serve a

God in whom I do not believe!" he cries. As the light of his mind flickers out, he is haunted with a fear of death, for the words of Smerdiakov have burnt upon his brain: "There is another one here beside you and me. . . . It is God. God is here near us!" He cannot face that God whose world he has refused to accept.

THE PLAYWRIGHT'S BOX OF TRICKS EXHIBITED BY AUGUSTUS THOMAS

YOU dig, and lift, and build, and ponder, and suddenly the attraction of gravitation seems overcome; the things and the people float, and flow, and drift, until you coax and shepherd them into the orderly walks and divisions that you've laid out for them, and which you call scenes and acts." Such is the way with the construction of a play, as revealed by one of our most expert craftsmen of the theater, Augustus Thomas. Four of his most famous plays are now published by Samuel French, and according to Hiram Kelly Moderwell, writing in the *Boston Transcript*, the four introductions to these plays are so wise and persuasive that they are bound to become classics in their particular field.

The four plays discussed were built or "carpentered" for real theaters and real actors. Mr. Thomas shows the process of development from some casual and often unimportant germ, shaped with hard logic toward a single controlling object—that of building a play which would make money for star and playwright. To follow the interpretation of Mr. Moderwell:

"There is the skeleton. Mr. Thomas then tells how casual experiences and memories provided him with some of the stuff of the plot. The skeleton is covered with a bit of flesh here and warmed with a gill or two of blood there. Materials begin to be abundant. Then enters one of those maxims—they are not many—by which Mr. Thomas professes to be guided. 'If you use a property once, use it again and again, if you can.' Or again: 'It is the visual thing that binds together your stuff of speech like a dowel in a mission table.' Or again: 'The difference between the novel and the play is the difference between 'was' and 'is.' Following, in this instance, the first maxim, Mr. Thomas begins to 'double up' on his properties—to make each character or thing perform two or more functions in his play. The sheriff became not one kind of a hero alone, but three. The 'need to free his sister's fiancé gave the sheriff-hero a third reason for getting the real robber; the other two being his official duty and the rivalry for Kate.' Almost gleefully the playwright records how he devised three separate love-stories, three ardent young couples to be united at the final curtain,

three distinct and valid reasons for the audience to exult and presumably to spend hard-earned money on the play. Yet the craftsman takes pains 'to make the work of each couple, even when apparently about their own personal affairs, really to forward the trend of the story.'"

One of the most interesting points in the whole process is when everything comes to a dead halt. The motives will not agree. Characters have been led into impossible behavior. They simply sit down and rebel against the autocratic authority of the playwright. He waits for days. Suddenly, according to Augustus Thomas, comes the dynamic idea that sets the machinery into motion again. This idea does more. Not only does it clear up the problem for which it was invoked but a handful of minor ones as well. In "The Witching Hour," it was the character of Brookfield, the telepathic, art-loving gambler, who solved these interlocking problems. Mr. Thomas writes:

"With the discovery of Brookfield, things everywhere began to click and drop into place. . . . And it so happens with most play-building; the various difficulties seem to point to a general center, seem to call for some facts or figures of extrication that more and more, as we go 'round them, condense to a single happening or personage; and suddenly that solvent takes on a principal importance; and our whole fabric is to be revised and adjusted to the newly-found situation or man. . . . A dramatist writing helpfully to beginners in his craft cannot point too often to the value of the delayed ingredient of this kind. Like a bit of soluble and vivid-colored pigment floated on an already compounded fluid, it not only adds its own individual local color spot, but particles drift from it and affect the motley of the whole compound. Yet of course, Brookfield was there all the time, waiting to be deduced, calculated and discovered like the planet Neptune."

The four plays discussed by Mr. Thomas are of widely divergent periods. "In Mizzoura" dates from 1891; "Oliver Goldsmith," 1899; "Mrs. Lefingwell's Boots," 1905; and "The Witching Hour," 1907. Yet in all this period, according to Mr. Moderwell, during all this period he has

"The Difference Between the Novel and the Play is the Difference Between Was and Is"

changed his technical modes of procedure very little.

"Unlike most successful playwrights he kept himself responsive to the new influences which came into our theater from the outside, first from England, later from Scandinavia and finally from France. He inherited willingly the benefits which the European pioneers had won for the craft of the playwright—the freedom to picture people honestly, to reveal the mingling of good and bad, to urge through plausible action belief in one or another 'theme' or view of life and its problems, to 'shepherd' characters in some measure after the dictates of their nature and circumstance instead of mangling them to fit the Procrustean bed of the Boucicault conventions. And so, altho Mr. Thomas has opened new paths to his American compeers, it has been not in the capacity of pioneer (a part which he does not claim for himself by the slightest intimation) but in the capacity of careful, resourceful and progressive craftsman."

It is always the craftsman, the practical playwright, who speaks in these introductions. The one blemish apparent to Mr. Moderwell is that Mr. Thomas makes this craft seem a bit too easy. Mr. Thomas unfortunately does not suggest or emphasize the truth that plays come not alone from craft and industry but from the whole man. Modestly, thinks the *Transcript* critic, Mr. Thomas does not suggest that the successful American dramatist must be not merely a master-craftsman, but a poet and humanist as well. Augustus Thomas has, however, revealed the whole box of technical tricks of his craft:

"It is the craftsman who speaks in all these little essays. Numberless phrases show it. The writing of historical plays is 'largely a scissors and paste-pot undertaking, . . . the least difficult and least commendable of a playwright's performances.' In this genre it is a 'weakness to be historically accurate, and historically cribbed, instead of bending the facts to one's purpose and inventing enough line to round out the indicated arc.' Farce, on the other hand, is extremely difficult, and one can do no better than follow the French formula: 'Act one, get your man up a tree; act two, throw stones at him; act three, get him down.' But whatever you do—and Mr. Thomas has

worked successfully in a greater variety of genres, probably, than any of his contemporaries—you cannot transcend the inherent limitations of the theater. For example, 'no material is useful for a play until it has been used as subject matter for all other literary forms, and made

familiar to the public through poetry, fiction, lectures and repertorial and editorial comment.' As playwright Mr. Thomas plans constantly with such limitations in mind. 'The characters, like overanxious litigants, are disposed to talk too much and must be controlled

and kept in bounds by a proportioned scenario, assigning order and respective and progressive values to them.' After this is done in outline the rest is 'as simple as reassembling a picture puzzle.' It remains only 'to tell about it, which is the easiest part of the business.'"

ARE DRAMATIC CRITICS MORE TO BE BLAMED THAN PITIED?

PETTIFOGGING "literary men," frank panderers to theater-owners and theatergoers, or, at best, men who abuse the commercial manager without understanding what makes him the worst business man, as well as the worst artist, in the world—such is Kenneth Macgowan's characterization of our American dramatic critics. The only vital service a dramatic critic can perform to-day, in the opinion of this critic of critics, who in the *Dial* indicts his colleagues as corrupt, is to attack the economic and industrial basis of the American theater. Our dramatic critics ought to understand society both behind and in front of the curtain. They ought to understand our economics and our industrialism. They ought to understand the "system," especially the economics of the American theater.

But the callousness of the critic, to Mr. Macgowan at least, has become peculiarly maddening. "It drives one to the desperate paradox of affirming that the critic is not familiar enough with the commercial methods of the playhouse because he is altogether too familiar with them—in a wholly subjective way." There are not more than half a dozen papers, Kenneth Macgowan specifies, on which a critic has a free hand and is protected from corruption by innuendo as well as intimidation. He explains why:

"To state only the most flagrant cases, in one of the four leading cities of the country the critic of the largest evening paper is also its advertizing solicitor, while a morning paper pays its critic a salary in which is figured a percentage on the receipts from theatrical advertizing. In another of these cities, one dramatic editor may be found on a Friday inspecting the list of Sunday advertizing before making up his theatrical page, while persons asking for advertizing rates on another page are referred to the dramatic editor for information; and in the same town a leading progressive paper requires its critic to write an absolutely fixed number of lines about each new opening paying for a corresponding side of advertizement."

"Dollar criticism" has been introduced, this indictment proceeds, into the dramatic columns of many of the most popular dailies of the country. Here a rigid adherence to "so much for so much" replaces the outworn

editorial motto, "hew to the line; let the chips fall where they may." More honest critics are forced to face this type of competition and the wiles of the commercial managers which these papers encourage. "In the end it is a moral drive that the honest critic has to face, and no offensive is harder to stop."

"It is the custom of the theaters to send their press agents round to the newspapers once a week with pictures and special articles, and they pick, of all days, Tuesdays. This means, in cities outside New York, that the day the critic's review appears, he knows he must face and talk to men who earn their bread by the thing that he may have to do his best to kill. Worse still, he knows that these men will come from other newspaper offices where their wares have been respectfully received.

"When the manager is not reminding the critic corporeally of the existence of himself and his fortunes, he is doing it by mail."

In the last analysis, the critic comes to the realization that the American newspapers "prefer tact to truth"; and "when he contemplates the caliber of the art over which all this pother is raised, he finds it easy to understand the newspaper proprietor's lack of interest in serious criticism." Also, there is a far worse evil, we read further. "It underlies both the American theater and the American newspaper."

"The long-run system of Broadway, with the touring system through the lesser cities, drives steadily towards the production of plays that are more and more broadly and obviously popular. The huge profits possible have made competition so keen that the costs of production have risen steadily as managers seek more costly casts and scenery to insure success. The increased costs have made only the most prosperous of runs possible. And the most prosperous of runs, first in New York and then on the road, must hinge on a play that has the broadest and most commonplace of appeals, and is bolstered up by criticism just as obvious. Our amusement gamble, calling for tremendously profitable successes to offset wasteful investments and big chances, calls just as loudly for startling, violent phrases of commendation to throw in the face of a public that has no other guide to what it may expect in any particular theater.

"The manager doesn't have to buy these phrases—if he only knew it. They are gladly supplied gratis by the man who

They Are as Corrupt as the Commercial Plays They Condemn, says Kenneth Macgowan

wants to see his name quoted on the billboards and in the electric lights. 'There's too much commercialism in the critics as well as the managers,' says George C. Tyler. It all means a pandering to managerial cupidity and to the public's taste for sensation. The result ranges from banalities like 'a happy hit' and 'scores a ripping success,' through extravagances like 'It bites. It stings. It hits!' to such a gem as 'Go and see the Barrie play if you have to pawn your socks.'"

All of this, says Kenneth Macgowan, reflects an unhealthy state of affairs. The theater has become a combination of eight-day race, gladiatorial contest and a great public disaster.

"People who are interested in such a theater want to 'collect' the successes—to be 'in on' all the 'events of the season.' They want the critic to help them—to tell them when to rush to this or that theater where a play is sure to be all the vogue. Naturally, the critic is soon trying quite as hard as the play to be a 'success.' In New York, where plays are unknown quantities on their first-nights, he conducts a guessing contest in popularity. On the road, where plays bring a record of Broadway success, he must rise to the still higher function of recording that success as capably and violently as possible.

"Of course the best thing that can be said of most critics is that they are no worse than the plays they have to write about; and the worst thing is that they do not see the system which brings them such plays, and how this system has corrupted their courage and reduced the quality of their work by capitalizing the obvious, the 'punchy,' in criticism as much as in plays."

Commenting in the *New Republic* on Kenneth Macgowan's indictment of American dramatic critics, Francis Hackett admits that out of the more than fifty new plays produced during the past season in New York, hardly five of them deserve to be seen. But Mr. Macgowan is really inviting nothing less than a social revolution in his desire to reform the American theater, declares Mr. Hackett.

"A revolution would help. The American theater would be an entirely different organization if no profit were to be derived from multiplying inferior road companies or oxygenating long runs. But how, without a new 'economic organization' of the United States, without a change in the system which is the parent of the theatrical system, does Mr. Mac-

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gowan see a radical reform in the theater? It is true that mediocrity is now deliberately fostered by the fact that repetition and reproduction are profitable. How can they be made unprofitable? By what organic change? Mr. Macgowan does not say the alternatives are Hartley Manners or social revolution. But I infer it. I infer his explanation is really deep. . . .

"When he insists on the evil of long runs and the touring system, who will dispute with him? The dispute arises when he suggests that the economic explanation is sufficient. The best plays to be seen in New York at present have been produced by managers who look for short runs and seek playwrights who address knowing audiences. An occasional broadly popular play like 'Business Before Pleasure' is worth considering, but the genuine triumphs of the theater are small-theater or small-manager productions that keep their eye on the dramatic object. A few of these, despite the economic organization of the theater, make a living. They show what can be done in the theater, on the fringes of profiteering Broadway. They indicate that a happy conjunction of manager and playwright and

public is possible regardless of the system. They even suggest that the system is the product of all three."

In reply to Mr. Macgowan's indictment, most of the dailies deigning to reply have expressed the opinion, like the *Washington Herald*, that "the purpose of the average play is to entertain, and . . . the people who go to the theater go there to be entertained." Even such a penetrating critic as George Jean Nathan, in the *Smart Set*, has come practically to the same conclusion:

"The discerning critic comes to realize that the place of the theater in the community is infinitely less the place of the university, the studio and the art gallery than the place of the circus, the rathskeller and the harem. The theater is no more to be appraised from the point of view of the casual college doctor who once in a while finds his alien way into it than the bar-room is to be appraised from the point of view of the prohibitionist. The theater is, simply, plainly—and in the soundest critical definition—a

place where a well-educated, well-bred, well-fed man may find something to divert him pleasantly for a couple of hours. And how is this well-educated, well-bred, well-fed man to be diverted? Certainly not by so-called intellectual drama, for if he desired intellectual stimulation he would go to a lecture chamber or a comradely ale clinic or stay at home and read. Certainly not by an ostentatious spectacle of good manners, for good manners are no novelty to him and did he crave an immediate pageant of them all he would need do is call upon one of his friends. Certainly not by fine literature, for fine literature is less a diversion to him than a regular habit. And certainly not by any analogous thing that is part and parcel of his routine. What he wants is the opposite of that to which he is accustomed. In brief, diversion by contrast, by esthetic shock. And this is what he looks to the theater to provide him. He wants horse-play, belly laughter, pretty women, insane melodrama, lovely limbs, lively tunes, bold colors, loud humors, farce, flippancy—life, color, movement and gaiety above problems, monotones, technique and authentic merit."

WAR-TIME ECONOMY IN THE NEW DRAMATURGY

"ALL I want is four trestles, four boards, two actors, and a passion." This simple formula of the elder Dumas has been almost literally accepted by a new English dramatist, Herbert Thomas, in one of the most original war-plays ever produced. "Out of Hell" is the title of this amazing feat of dramaturgy. It has been played with astonishing success at the Ambassadors in London, and introduces war-time economy with novel effect into the theater. There are but four characters in this four-act play, played by one actor and one actress, each "doubling." Shrewd critics point out that Mr. Thomas's play does not demand the exercise of any protean artistry, in the fact that both the double rôles demand that the characters portrayed bear a strong resemblance. The same mannerisms and identical facial and physical attributes are used in both the parts. Requiring the services of only two actors, "Out of Hell" can play to "comparatively small business at a handsome profit."

Even that veteran critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley, writing in the *London Times*, attests the merits of this patriotic piece. He writes:

"Mr. Herbert Thomas has produced a thrilling, amusing little play: thrilling in its emotional crises, amusing in the neat, geometrical symmetry of its plan. His two actors are Miss Frances Ivor and Mr. Brough Robertson. His passion is the passion of us all, love of country. His freak of nature is the venerable

stage-favorite, duplication of physique. Antipholus of Ephesus is a captain in the British army, Antipholus of Syracuse a captain in the German. Their mothers are twin sisters and as perfect duplicates as their sons.

"The Englishman having been taken prisoner, the German steals his khaki and papers and comes over to England to play the spy. There he is fool enough to play the piano as well, which promptly gives him away to the mother of his unmusical double. She is for denouncing him forthwith, but is checked by the remark that it will be a life for a life. If the German does not return to Berlin by an assigned date, his double will be shot. You have a 'situation' of extreme agony for the mother called upon to choose between her country and her son; in the end she chooses for country and hands over the German—who, however, is only sent to Donington Hall.

"Now for the twin sister, the German-married one. An English prisoner, escaped from interment, seeks refuge under her roof—her son's double, face to face with his mother's double. As English as ever at heart, she decides to risk her own life by helping him to escape, under his double's gray overcoat and *Pickelhaube*, and actually dies by the bullet intended for him. When at length he reaches home it is only to find his mother crazed by her troubles, believing him dead and taking him for his German double; but the curtain does not fall until she has recovered her senses and clasped her boy to her heart.

"It is all summed up, as you see, in the remark of Macbeth's Witches: 'Double, double, toil and trouble'; is played with brains, sincerity, and unflagging energy by both performers, and ought

"Out of Hell" is a Thrilling Four-Act Drama, Acted by One Man and One Woman

not to be missed by playgoers seeking whatever *katharsis* of their war-emotions theatrical ingenuity affords."

The critic of the *Daily Telegraph* characterizes this curious play as melodrama in the tragic manner—austere, grim, somber, desperately in earnest, "rather too steep" in places, but still striking craftsmanship:

"You have 'terrible things and drear' happening most of the time, your nerves are vigorously harrowed, your emotions are put through a severe course of exercise. Clever, vehement work it is, but, after all, rather noisy, and you come away thinking of its ingenuity, perhaps of its violence, perhaps of the queer tricks of the story, impressed once more, no doubt, with the horrors of war, but wondering whether all the woe was worth while. 'I know not what right you have to make your readers suffer so much,' said Johnson, wishing to pay one of his majestic compliments. Well, Mr. Herbert Thomas knows how to make his hearers suffer, and he has the right of a clever man in earnest. He does contrive to suggest for us something of the beauty and the nobility of the sacrifices which women and men are making every day. But his play is of situations and sensations, and his people are puppets of queer circumstance; in fine, it is melodrama.

"It is also a *tour de force*. To keep four acts going with only two players is an economy of means more than Greek. The two have indeed four parts to play, but that device requires all the more ingenuity. For ingenuity Mr. Thomas was never at a loss, and he brought off his old scheme without much awkwardness or creaking of machinery."

MOTION PICTURES

FILMING TINY-TAD PICTURES WITH THE AID OF A MICROSCOPE

A DROP of water taken from a stagnant pond is rich in motion-picture possibilities. To be sure, it does not present extraordinary possibilities when viewed with the naked eye, but under the critical gaze of the microscope a new world is thrown open to the camera. For, with the drop of water as the location and with the myriads of micro-organisms as the cast, there are comedies and tragedies and educational features without end for the motion-picture screen.

Prior to the war this class of cinematography was practically a French monopoly, writes Austin C. Lescarboua in the *Scientific American*; and from the splendidly-equipped laboratories of French producers there issued reel after reel of wonderful subjects depicting the activities of the invisible world. The American demand for such films was inconsiderable then, certainly out of all proportion to the expense and labor involved; but with increasing interest in popular scientific films conditions have changed.

One would suppose that the microphotoplay studio would be located in the country, with nature close at hand.

As a matter of fact, the majority of these films are being made in a glass-encased studio on the roof of a New York sky-scraper, far from all traces of nature excepting the sun and clouds above. To this studio are brought the various samples of stagnant water, insects and other subjects to be filmed. They arrive in small vials, test tubes, large bottles and pill boxes, the transportation problem being so simple that the studio can be located almost anywhere. Of course, however, the microphotoplay director must be a born naturalist and have such qualifications as Professor Horace D. Ashton, who, we read, is the American pioneer director in filming micro-organisms. Starting with the simplest form of life, namely, the amoeba or simple cell, he and his assistants, in cooperation with the American Museum of Natural History, have been progressing with a series of films which, when completed, will represent all stages of tiny animal life. Concerning their *modus operandi*, we are told:

"It is a long step from examining a specimen under the microscope to making a motion picture of it. The mechanical difficulties are manifold, tho in prin-

Micro-Photoplays Are the Newest Things Recorded in the Rapid Development of Cinemaphotography

ciple one simply replaces the human eye with the camera and the reflecting mirror with a powerful source of artificial light. In practice, the work is carried out in this fashion: The director, after preparing the microscope slide in the usual manner and placing it on the stage of the microscope which is then in position on the photographing stand, adjusts his instrument until the desired view is obtained. The slide, of course, is provided with a cover glass so that it can be tilted to any position. Then the microscope is turned horizontally, and its eye-piece and reflecting mirror are removed. The eye-piece is replaced by a motion-picture camera the lens of which has been removed, while the reflecting mirror is now represented by a powerful lantern fitted with condensers, supplementary condensers and special color filters.

"In his work Professor Ashton makes use of a camera provided with a peephole at the back through which the image can be seen on the film, in greatly magnified form. By providing his camera with a light-proof hood or cover it is possible for him to watch his subject while the pictures are being made, and to focus at any instant if conditions are altered. Also it is possible to follow a performer about the slide by the usual movements of the microscope stage, just as the outdoor cameraman can follow a player about the scene by turning the crank of his tripod. So sensitive are the animalculae that they can be left only for a short period in the strong light necessary to photograph them. As a general rule a film must be made in from forty to fifty seconds, and an extension of the period generally results in killing the performer. In one case, however, two hundred feet of film was made at a stretch, but this is exceptional. Obviously, this fact makes for quick action once the actual filming is started. . . . The French in some of their work have made use of a shutter which operates in synchronism with the camera shutter, so that the specimens have intervals of rest instead of being subjected to continuous light."

In justice to animalculae as a class it is said that usually they are willing enough to be filmed, and being slow of movement it is a simple matter to keep them in the field of the camera. Occasionally, however, the director is confronted with a frivolous performer—one that insists on scampering about in the most disconcerting manner. "A drop of water is not a very large area in the usual sense, but when the high-power microscope is applied to it the area then corresponds to a pond of respectable size." So when the tiny-tad actors acquire the wanderlust the



A MOVIE MASTERPIECE HAS BEEN MADE OF MAETERLINCK'S "BLUE BIRD"

Effects are obtained by the camera that it has been impossible to secure in the dramatic stage version of this classic allegory.

search is not unlike that of trying to locate a fish in a large pond. However:

"The director provides for just such an occasion by keeping on hand a number of thin aluminum strips in which he has punched a square or round hole. By placing an aluminum strip on a slide so as to box in the specimen, he effectively

limits the field of operation when the actual filming takes place. No matter where the performer's fancy may take him, he is still within range of the camera."

The micro-photoplay has a big field to draw upon, aside from studies of animal life. In chemistry may be exhibited the formation of crystals and

other marvels. As the French have already proven, among other unique demonstrations, it is possible to show various disease germs and how they affect the human system. The circulation of the blood can be filmed along with other functions of the human body that in performance are invisible to the naked eye.

HOW CAMERA MEN GAMBLE WITH DEATH IN FILMING THE THRILLERS

WHEN a movie audience sees an engineer jump from a rushing locomotive before it plunges to destruction, accompanying the thrill of excitement comes the thought that all danger is over. As a matter of fact, danger in many cases has just begun, in so far as the locomotive is leaping headlong toward a camera man at the bottom of the declivity. A. L. Ansbacher, who has been a target for such a death-racing train, relates his experiences in the *New York Tribune*. Nine camera men were taking the scene from different angles, and each man had been insured for \$10,000. Eight of the group, with cameras, were mounted on frail scaffolding twenty-eight feet in the air, and Ansbacher was stationed in a trench thirty-six feet below the embankment. His camera had to be worked by electricity from a position forty-five feet distant. On the track near-by had been chained a box-car loaded with ballast. The engineer in charge of the job had agreed that when the locomotive, racing at thirty-five miles an hour, struck the chained box-car it would whirl around and rush down the embankment. Several junkmen, who had assembled, decided that the train would make a satisfactory scrap heap, and one of them bid it in for \$1,400.

"There were five Pullmans, fully equipped, an express baggage, and a dining car. The engineer made his jump without accident. On rushed the train, uncontrolled. It hit the box-car according to schedule, but instead of smashing up and whirling down the embankment at the selected angle it jammed into the box-car, snapped its restraining chains and shoved it ahead, directly at the frail perch of the camera man. The picture-maker had not expected this. Out he jumped, twenty-eight feet, and saved his bones by landing in soft mud. The engine plunged into the mud, turned over on its side and came down the embankment with the wreckage, headed toward my trench.

"I could only see where the engine hit the box-car. My nerves were on edge to learn its destination. I heard our men cursing and shouting to me: 'Stay down! Stay down!' as they waited for the engine to explode. I rushed up

the ladder and poked out my head to ascertain the location of the train. The shouts were redoubled: 'Go down! Go down!' I knew that if the explosion came wreckage would crash through my roof timbers. A mental flash of that wreck, heaped on me in the mud, acted like a dynamo. I flew up my ladder and tore through the heavy muck, never heeding the yells until I reached a place of safety. Then I looked around.

"The overturned engine lay in the wreck, to the left of my dugout. A very disgruntled junkman was howling over the \$1,000 he would have to pay for labor to break it into scrap if it failed to blow up. The producers wanted an engine 'dying' in the picture; the junkman wanted an explosion. Nobody knew which it would be when we got the order from the producers to 'hurry up and get close-ups of the engine.' We got them. That's what our lives were insured for. The only humor afforded by the situation was the junkman's expression when the engine refused to explode.

"Because of the waywardness of that engine, and after we had spent seven days staging the picture, the whole scene, with its attendant perils and expenses, had to be enacted again.

"The railroad had been paid \$6,800 for the train and its full equipment, and in a play that cost \$121,000 that one scene

After the Picture is Taken the Real Danger Begins for Photographers of Wrecks and Explosions



A MOTION-PICTURE GLIMPSE OF THE MARINES AND THE TURRET GUNS ON AN AMERICAN DREADNOUGHT

Months were spent at the leading Training Schools, the Navy Yards, Fleet Bases and aboard the Superdreadnoughts and other warships to obtain the new Prizma color film of Our Navy. Thousands of men passed before the camera to furnish these pictures.

of wreckage cost \$8,100 on a gamble that it might turn out available. We bought another train, and finally secured the wreck we wanted."

In certain scenes the perils of the camera man are twofold—from explosion and concussion. The side of a mountain was to be blown out. The man who touched off the blast was stationed a mile or more away. Experts on explosions had planned every detail of this scene with reference to safety of life and property outside a prescribed area. The camera men, however, were necessarily in the danger zone and had to take chances. We read:

"Imagine how it feels to behold the side of a mountain hurled at one in great fragments! That is how we felt when two hundred pounds of dynamite, attached to blasting wires, were detonated and five of us stood grinding out the consequences within four hundred yards of leaping boulders. Our fifth man was stationed a little further back. We did not know at what moment nor in what form the blast would occur. We waited. Everything was still. Then explosion rent the mountain with an appalling roar. The earth trembled. Coincident with it

came a shock so great that I felt as tho my head were gripped in a vise and I were being crushed through solid earth and rock. We ground our pictures mechanically through the nerve-wrenching concussion, and then the rocks came at us so fast that we deserted our machines and raced for our lives. We reached the fifth man ahead of the hurtling rocks. As we passed him he abandoned his camera and fled also. But we got our pictures."

Occasionally a producer makes the cost of one peril help pay for another. For instance:

"The mountain selected for explosion formed an excellent scene for staging an automobile, with its passengers, rushing over a precipice, a thriller in another play. On this occasion five cameras focussed on the line of descent to be taken by the automobile as it went over the cliff. But the machine did not go over in the prescribed manner. It had gained such momentum for the plunge that it dashed out beyond the cliff against the sky-line and sprang directly at the camera man below. I was that man. I didn't pause to get any part of a picture, but grabbed my camera and ran. Neither did any other camera register a picture. The automobile rushed entirely out of the line of the film. Another had to



IN AN ENCHANTED GARDEN PIERROT AND PRUNELLA ARE DISCOVERED UNDER A PAPER MOON

Marguerite Clark makes a charming "Prunella" in this Paramount picture of the famous drolls who are no less interesting to grown-ups than to the little folks.

be purchased and the scene reenacted. Second-hand cars at \$250 to \$450 apiece were not to be wasted. As for the camera

man in the path of peril, he might sidestep, if he were quick enough, otherwise—good night!"

LEADING PHOTOPLAYS OF THE MONTH

[The following film productions are selected by CURRENT OPINION in consultation with the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures as being among the best new achievements of the photodrama in addition to those mentioned in the magazine previously.]

PRUNELLA. Paramount-Artcraft, 6 reels: This delightful pantomime comes as a relief after the many pictures of melodramatic love and equally melodramatic war that have almost monopolized the screen of late. It is the old but ever refreshing story of Pierrot told with a new accent, and it would be difficult to imagine a more exquisite Prunella than Marguerite Clark makes in the title rôle.

THE BLUE BIRD. Artcraft, 6 reels: Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian dramatist, had no thought of the movies when he wrote this classic allegory, but there is every indication that its immortality will depend as much on the screen as on the stage. Everything in our daily life, including Fire, Water, Bread, Sugar, Milk, etc., is personified, and a soul given to all. The thread of the story, in the picture as in the play, is carried by two children who go in quest of the Blue Bird of Happiness and who, in finding it, find how to make others happy.

STELLA MARIS. Artcraft, 6 reels: Superlatives are necessary in making note of this screen story, based on the novel by William J. Locke, in which Mary Pickford adds a new laurel to her large collection. As Stella Maris, Miss Pickford is seen as a crippled child shielded by rich relatives from the tragedies and sorrows of life until she gains the use of her limbs. It is a remarkable performance, strong in its appeal and in marked contrast to most of her previous work.

MY OWN UNITED STATES. Frohman Amusement, 8 reels: This intense patriotic picture begins with the story of the antagonism between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, and swiftly merges into the Edward Everett Hale classic, "The Man Without a Country." The acting of Arnold Daly, in the character of Philip Nolan, is outstanding in this portion of the picture. It comes down to the present world crisis

when a grandson of Nolan scornfully watches the American troops marching in Fifth Avenue on their way to France. His attitude is of course reminiscent of his grandfather, whose life is pictured to the young man, with the result that he hurriedly makes for a recruiting office.

FIELDS OF HONOR. Goldwyn, 5 reels: Mae Marsh, in this screen version of Irving Cobb's story of the same name, is more dramatic and convincing than the story itself. The author starts it with a bang but quickly resorts to fantasy in order to preserve the continuity and make the story arrive at its foregone conclusion. A number of European battle scenes are effectively developed.

A GRAIN OF DUST. Crest, 6 reels: Despite the fact that the original story by David Graham Phillips offered few possibilities to the adaptor, other than a single big situation, the result is a very distinctive photoplay. Its central characters are a powerful man of affairs, a human machine, in whom all finer emotions are buried under his ambition and lust for power; and the Grain of Dust, a stenographer in his office. Her influence over him is transfiguring in the end.

THE AUCTION BLOCK. Goldwyn, 7 reels: As a photoplay, this Rex Beach story is a good deal more human in its appeal than perfect as a production. Rubye De Remer, as Lorelei, the pretty country girl whose family sends her to the auction block of metropolitan life, the girl show, is a star in the making. A stronger impersonation is that of Florence Deshon as the daughter of a Pittsburgh mill worker gone astray in New York, where she learns the futility of vengeance after blackmailing and murdering her father's employer. The author adds a big element of zip to the presentation with his forceful and appropriate sub-titles.

THE PAWS OF THE BEAR. Kay Bee-Triangle, 5 reels: There is a message to be carried from the Austrian Government to that of the United States, and this photoplay, in telling how it was carried, fails as a first-rate picture by failing even to insinuate what was in the message. But for this oversight it would be a better picture by half. At the outbreak of the war an American traveler finds himself complicated with a Russian woman spy. They are about to be shot when an aeroplane drops a bomb and blows the shooting party to atoms. Aboard ship later on the traveler learns from the spy that she is pursuing an Austrian messenger, who happens to be an old classmate of the American and who intrusts the presumably important document to the latter. Plot and counterplot follow about the scrap of paper, but the fact that its contents are unknown to the audience seriously detracts from the suspense.

THE MARCELLINI MILLIONS. Morosco-Paramount, 5 reels: The producers of this picture have made the mistake of depending too much on the character-acting of George Beban and Helen Jerome Eddy in portraying the wonderment, joys and despairs of a poor Italian truck gardener and his wife who suddenly inherit millions. It begins with a dramatic situation, but forgets the story it opens with in laying bare the heart struggles of the couple. The intelligence of the audience is often underestimated.

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. Famous Players-Paramount, 6 reels: It is unfortunate that an attempt has been made in this picture to simplify the Gilbert Parker story. Situations, sometimes by-plots themselves, and characters more or less prominent in the link have been deprived of a corresponding position on the screen. The pruners meant well, but have not only shorn the plot of the unnecessary twigs, they have seriously wounded the trunk.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

FRENCH AND BRITISH ALARM OVER THE DECLINING BIRTH-RATE

A Peril That
May Reach The
United States

THE most urgent demand of civilization at this hour is for population. In recording this conviction, the *Paris Presse médicale* dwells with consternation upon the report by Professor Charles Richet about which the French Academy of Medicine is soon to formulate conclusions of a sensational nature. Professor Richet's report, adds the London *British Medical Journal*, is lucid, eloquent and courageous and he starts, as all population experts nowadays must, on the pessimistic note.

The number of births in France, like the number in England, is diminishing with the constancy and precision of the regular parabola described by a stone falling to the earth. There were over a million births in 1876 and less than three-quarters of a million in 1913. The decline in all nations of the western world since the war began is perhaps ascribable to the abnormal conditions; but the investigations of experts do not quite endorse that theory. The war has accentuated every tendency to failing fertility in the white race of the western world. The birth-rate in France had already fallen from 210 per 10,000 inhabitants in 1901 to 172 in 1911 and worse is yet to come. The mortality may diminish without helping much because the excess of births over deaths gets always smaller. The writer in the *British Medical Journal* proceeds:

"The birth-rate, as is well known, has been falling pretty steadily for about half a century in all the countries of the western civilization, but the fall began earlier in France than in the others, and has been steadier. Comparing the ten years 1841-50 with the ten years 1901-10 and taking the rate in the earlier period as 100 in the several countries, the fall was, according to the figures used by Professor Richet, in France to 74, in England and Sweden to 84, in Austria to 89, and in Germany to 92; comparing the periods 1871-80 and 1901-10, the birth-rate in France per 10,000 inhabitants fell from 254 to 206, in Sweden from 305 to 258, in England from 354 to 272, in Germany from 391 to 329, and in Austria from 390 to 347."

Professor Richet then examines in succession the various explanations suggested to account for the fall of the birth-rate in France, and we may follow him, says the organ of the British medical profession, for tho his facts

and conclusions apply to France they are of value to the Anglo-Saxon world if only as destructive criticism of some favorite theories:

"One suggestion of a cause more or less peculiar to France is the provision of the law compelling the division of property, land and houses, among a man's children. Professor Richet considered that tho this cause might be assumed to have some effect, its influence had been greatly exaggerated; his main argument is that tho the law dates from 1801 the fall of the birth-rate has been more rapid than ever since 1878, and that it has taken place not only among peasants directly affected by the legal provision as to the partition of property but also among the workmen who have no property to bequeath. He considered, further, that little weight can be attached to increased indifference to the injunctions of the Church; he admitted that in certain districts, as in Brittany, where the religious sentiment is strong, the birth-rate is high; but he pointed to others, equally religious, where it is very low. He was equally disinclined to attach much weight to the theory which would attribute any great influence to migration from country to town, for in France the birth-rate in rural districts is diminishing as rapidly as in the towns, and he quotes several instances of regions in which it is higher in the industrial parts than in the rural; but he appeared to admit that as it is chiefly the young who migrate, the migration must have some effect. With regard to alcoholism, he held that its effect is rather to cause a deterioration in the physique of children than to diminish their number, and points to certain districts in which, tho alcoholism is rare, the birth-rate is low. It seems to us a defect in Professor Richet's report that he did not examine fully the influence of venereal diseases on sterility and infecundity. He included it among the causes of complete sterility in the 15 per cent. of sterile marriages, but made only a passing and not very lucid reference to the effect of venereal disease contracted after marriage in preventing the birth of more children after the first one or two."

It would appear that half the families in France have only one or two living children and that only a third at most have more than three. Remembering that nearly a sixth of the families have no children, it is not surprising that even before the war the population had become almost stationary and included a large proportion of old persons. Not long ago Richet and Pinard came to the conclusion from the examination of the sta-

tistics of Berlin, Paris, Scotland and Rio de Janeiro, that the proportion of sterile marriages in these countries, so different in manners, customs, race and social condition, and experiencing such varied climates, was fifteen per cent.—practically the same as for the whole of France. Of the eighty-five per cent. of marriages remaining, they allowed that thirty-five per cent. might be infecund owing to physiological or pathological reasons. Professor Richet argues that the remaining marriages ought to result in large families. Taking the average age for a woman at marriage in France to be twenty-two, he assumes that she might have a child every second year up to the age of forty-four, so that families of ten children should be common. His general conclusion is that the decline of the birth-rate in France is to be found in a deliberate and voluntary restriction of families. Doctor Louis Parkes has arrived at much the same conclusions regarding the British Isles and the United States:

"He attributed the decline to a desire for a higher standard of social comfort, disinclination of women to give so much of their lives and energies to the rearing of the future race, and their desire for a larger share in the political and other privileges enjoyed by men, combined in the case of both parents with a doubt as to what the future may have in store for the offspring. Professor Richet attaches most weight to the actual cost of rearing a child; he estimates that in the working classes a child, up to the age of 15 years, costs every year a sixth of the father's earnings, and the main conclusion he recommended the Academy to adopt was that the only remedy is for the State to make an equivalent contribution to the family budget, payable to the mother; it seems probable that a recommendation in this sense will be made."

The British public is accustomed to the headline in the newspapers, "The Declining Birth-Rate," and to the announcement regularly made by the registrar-general that "this is the lowest rate since registration began." It may or may not be a good thing that, to quote from the recent report of the National Birth-Rate Commission in London, fewer children have been born to occupy vacant places, so that each has more elbow-room. It may or may not be true that the quality of human life has improved in consequence.

INFLUENCE OF GEOLOGY ON THE DESTINY OF THE WAR

VIOLATION of Belgian neutrality was predetermined by events which took place in western Europe several million years ago. Dr. Douglas Wilson Johnson, associate professor of physiography at Columbia, is authority for that statement. Long ages before mankind appeared on the world stage, he reminds us, Nature was fashioning the scenery which was not merely to serve as a setting for the European drama but was, in fact, to guide the current of the play into blackest tragedy. Had the land of Belgium been raised a few hundred feet higher above the sea, or had the rock layers of northeastern France not been given their uniform downward slope toward the west, Germany would not have been "tempted to commit one of the most revolting crimes of history." For it was, in the last analysis, the geological features of western Europe which determined the general plan of campaign against France and the detailed movements of the invading armies.

Military operations are controlled by a variety of factors, some of them economic, some strategic, others political in character. Many of these in turn have their ultimate basis in the physical features of the region involved, while the direct control of topography upon troop movements is profoundly important. Geological history had favored Belgium and northern France with valuable deposits of coal and iron; but at the same time it had so fashioned the topography of these areas as to facilitate the invasion of France through Belgium. The surface configuration of western Europe is thus the key to events in this theater of war.

"What is now the country of northern France was in time long past a part of the sea. When the sea bottom deposits were upraised to form land, the horizontal layers were unequally elevated. Around the margins the uplift was greatest, thus giving to the region the form of a gigantic saucer or basin. Because Paris to-day occupies the center of this basin-like structure, it is known to geologists and geographers as 'the Paris Basin.'"

"Since the basin was formed it has suffered extensive erosion from rain and rivers. In the central area where the rocks are flat, winding river trenches, like those of the Aisne, Marne, and Seine, are cut from three to five hundred feet below the flat upland surface. To the east and northeast the gently upturned margin of the basin exposes alternate layers of hard and soft rocks. As one would naturally expect, soft layers like shales have readily been eroded to form broad flat-floored lowlands, like the Woevre district east of Verdun. The harder limestone and chalk

beds are not worn so low, and form parallel belts of plateaus, the 'côtes' of the French."

The fact that the rock layers 'dip' towards the center of the basin has one result of profound military importance. Every plateau belt is bordered on one side by a steep, irregular escarpment representing the eroded edge of a hard rock layer, while the other side is a gentle slope having about the same inclination as the dip of the beds. The steep face is uniformly towards Germany, the gentle slope-back towards Paris, and the crest of the steep scarp always overlooks one of the broad, flat lowlands to the eastward. The military consequences arising from this peculiar topography are tremendous.

"It is but reasonable to expect that many of the rivers of northern France should flow down the dip of the rock layers and converge toward the center of the Paris Basin, where the beautiful city itself is located. . . .

"Most of the river gateways through the concentric lines of escarpments have been carved by these converging streams, or by streams which did so converge before they were deflected to other courses by drainage rearrangements resulting from the excavation of the parallel belts of broad lowlands. Of course these natural openings through the plateau barriers have great strategic value, and must figure prominently in any military operations in the Paris Basin. They constitute the only feasible routes along which armies and their impedimenta may cross the barriers, as elsewhere steep grades and poor roads are the rule. At each of them a town of greater or less importance has sprung up, and both town and gateway are protected either by permanent forts or hastily-constructed field fortifications. So great is the strategic value of the principal gateways, such as those near Toul and Verdun, that we find them marked by some of the most strongly-fortified cities in the world. The fortifications dominate the roads, canals, and railway lines which pass through the openings, and must be reduced before the cities can be occupied and the transportation lines freely used."

It was not political expediency alone which led the French to invade southern Alsace. The international boundary line follows the crest of the southern Vosges. It was much easier for the French to move up the gentle slope west of the Vosges, capture the passes, and then sweep down the steep eastern face upon the flat plains about Mülhausen than it was for them to cross the boundary further west (or rather northwest) where no such advantage was furnished by the topography:

* *TOPOGRAPHY AND STRATEGY IN THE WAR.* By Douglas Wilson Johnson. New York: Henry Holt and Co.

Factors Going Back to Prehistoric Times Shape the Hindenburg Line

"A French soldier, writing home from the battle line in the Vosges, described the influence of topography upon the fighting in that district in the following words: 'Our task has been much easier in the southern Vosges than farther north. In the south it is all downhill after we cross the border; but in the north we must fight uphill against the Germans after we have entered their territory, as there the boundary line lies west of the mountain crest.'"

"It has been stated in press reports that a commander of German forces at Mülhausen, ordered to lead his men across the Vosges Mountains into France, made three futile attempts to carry the heights of the range in the face of French artillery. Then came an urgent message from the Kaiser: 'The crest of the Vosges must be carried at any cost.' A fourth desperate assault by the intrepid commander ended in his defeat. Retiring to his quarters the unhappy general, according to the story, committed suicide, first sending to his Kaiser this message: 'The Vosges cannot be crossed. Come and try it yourself.' I would not care to vouch for the truth of the story; but it serves to illustrate the peculiar surface features of the Vosges which render their ascent comparatively easy from the French side of the border but very difficult from the German side. This is the key to the significant fact that after three years of desperate offensives the only place where the German troops have been unable to expel the French from German soil is on the steep eastern face of the Vosges Mountains."

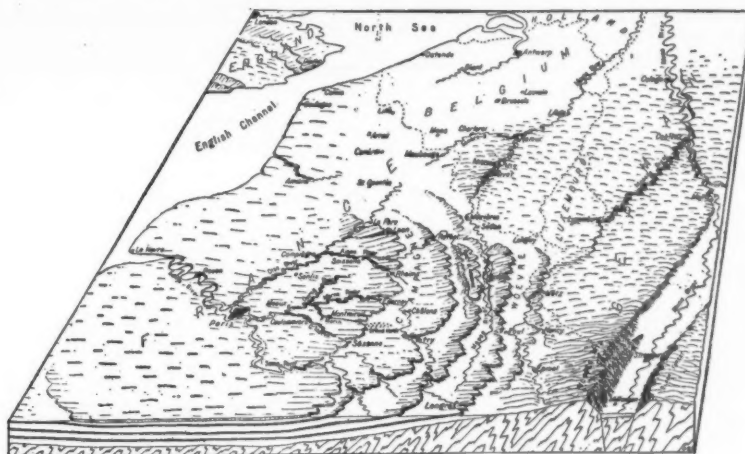
North and west of the Vosges Mountains the older series of folded rocks, exposed at the surface around the margin of the Paris Basin, have not been raised so high as in the Vosges. Instead they form an upland of moderate elevation, which was once a nearly level erosion plane, but which, since the uplift, has been cut into hills and valleys by many branching streams. This hilly country is known by various names in Germany and as the Ardennes in Belgium. Altho usually described as mountainous, the most striking feature of the area is the remarkably even sky-line which appears in every distant landscape view, and which is proof that the much folded rocks were once worn down to a surface of faint relief, after which warping raised the surface to its present position and permitted its dissection by river erosion. The upland is now so badly cut up by streams that cross-country travel is difficult and transportation lines tend to follow the valleys.

"Two main rivers cut deep trenches across this upland from southwest to northeast—the Moselle and the Meuse; while the lower Rhine transects it from southeast to northwest. Despite its excessively meandering course, the Moselle gorge has been, from time immemorial,

one of the chief pathways through the broad mountain barrier, and the strongly fortified city at its junction with the Rhine bears a name, Coblenz, which reminds us of the fact that in Roman times this was recognized as an important 'confluence.' In the present war the Moselle has served as the chief line of communication for one of the German armies of invasion, but if the Allies succeed in driving the invaders out of Belgium and back toward the Rhine, the great natural moat of the Moselle trench would change its rôle and become a military barrier of the first importance behind which the Germans might hope to check the Allied advance.

"The gorge of the Meuse is the second great natural highway through the upland barrier, and cleaves its way through the heart of the Ardennes Mountains. Less winding than the Moselle, it is scarcely less important, especially if we include the branch gorge of the Sambre, which joins the main trench at Namur. For the Sambre leads one southwestward to a low divide whence the headwaters of the Oise may be entered and followed directly to Paris. The combined Meuse-Sambre-Oise valley route is followed by a through railway line from Berlin to Paris, and for this reason was heavily guarded by the fortifications of Liège, Huy, Namur, and Maubeuge. Commanding the main gorge of the Meuse southward from Namur were the forts at Dinant and Givet.

"Both the Meuse and the Sambre trenches, now serving as principal lines of communication and supply for the German armies, were utilized by the Allied armies in August, 1914, as protective



THE GEOLOGICAL DILEMMA OF HINDENBURG AT A GLANCE

This diagram, taken from the interesting study of the topic by Professor Douglas Wilson Johnson, illustrates the dependence of events to-day in this theater of war upon events that occurred some million or more years ago.

barriers behind which they waited to receive the first great shock of the German onslaught. The main Allied front faced north, and between Namur and Charleroi was protected by the lesser gorge of the Sambre; while the right flank enjoyed the admirable protection of the deep, steep-sided canyon of the Meuse. Those familiar with the steep rocky walls of this larger trench will readily appreciate what a high defensive value it must have possessed."

The German plan for the invasion of France was confronted with the geological consideration—no route was practicable which would impose on the

advance any appreciable delay. German and Austrian heavy artillery might account for the permanent fortifications of Belfort within reasonable time once they were fairly under fire; but the topography favored a long and obstinate defense from field works, which would perhaps prevent big guns from coming within effective range of their objectives. The Belfort gateway might become the scene of important subsidiary operations, but German necessities required a route topographically more favorable for the main invasion.

THE SANE AND THE INSANE AMONG MEN OF GENIUS

THE creation of the genius is the intellectual parallel to childbirth and is preceded by intellectual pregnancy. We are told so by the psychologist, Professor Osias L. Schwarz. He points out in an elaborate study of this whole subject that bodily pregnancy and childbirth cause bodily disturbances, and sometimes almost brain and mind disturbances.* Likewise, he argues, incubation and creation or elaboration of original ideas produce brain and mind disorders and sometimes even bodily derangements. If the body and the mind are by heredity less resistant or degenerate, the disturbances do not remain confined to transient, slight, minor ill-being, perversions, or confusions, but assume the persistent character of chronic disease, hallucinations or death.

To say with the illustrious Lombroso that degeneration and insanity are causes, conditions or mere stimuli of genius, or of creation, is as erroneous as to affirm that puerperal fever and such ailments ending perhaps in in-

sanity or death are productive or helping causes of childbirth. Now, Lombroso, answering Nordau's objection that some geniuses are typically sane, brings forward instances of geniuses who were insane. This insanity is due, according to Schwarz, to "early intellectual pregnancy" or incubation of original ideas and to physical degeneration—inherited feeble resistivity to mental strains caused by intellectual pregnancy.

If, in some distant future, science will be able to prevent conception of original ideas, especially in degenerate geniuses, by protecting them from too early contact with Nature or with the fertilizing ideas of others—just as conception and pregnancy can be avoided in women—then these geniuses will be given immunity from insanity and death. Just as, presumably, our first female ancestors were unable to stand the strain caused by childbirth, and for many generations died after the birth of the first child, many in intellectual creation became insane. They perish with the incubation of their original or creative ideas. They become sterile, at the best, after a first

Normality and Abnormality Sustain a Direct Relation to Results in Thought and Deed

original creation. Few indeed are the sane geniuses who to the end of their lives remain fertile, capable of resisting the mental strain involved in creation—capable of overcoming the illness caused thereby. Few are the men of genius who can resist the temptation to conceive ideas too big, ideas which stretch their mental faculties to the breaking point. It will require many a generation yet to render genius sane, intellectually fertile for life. Says Professor Schwarz:

"Most pseudo-superior men, the graphomaniacs, the pseudo-active men, the nebulous, mystic, verbose writers, the loquacious individuals, are abnormally creative or aborted thinkers. They give birth to shapeless, amorphous, non-viable, fragmentary, unripe or monstrous, impracticable mock ideas. Conscious of their inability to offer quality, completeness, originality, results, they draw attention to their mock prolificness, quantity, efforts, voluminousness. Instead of patiently producing and rearing a certain number of clear, practicable, harmoniously developing ideas, they give birth to innumerable aborted, dismembered, mock ideas and pseudo-generalizations which, altho looking different from one another, are in

* GENERAL TYPES OF SUPERIOR MEN. By Osias L. Schwarz. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

reality abortive attempts at grasping and expressing the same few, but to them unattainable, thoughts. What drives these unripe thinkers to seek relief in morbid, incessant, aimless activity, in abortion, in the premature expulsion of their intellectual fetus, and to thrust their sham ideas upon an unwilling audience, is their horror of the lonely, secluded life of inner meditation entailed by the growing spiritual embryos, their inability to get over the inner disturbances, dislocations and readjustments caused by the expansion of the new ideas, their fear of an impending mental breakdown in consequence of the disturbances caused by this state of intellectual pregnancy, as well as their vanity or morbid craving for fame and impatience to boast of their original ideas. And the poor devils whose minds are thrown in contact with these still-born, miscarried, pestiferous, decadent pseudo-ideas, become intellectually poisoned for life."

Leisure is not such an important condition for the manifestation of

genius, of intellectual originality, as is psychical isolation, psychical independence. In fact, there arise just as few geniuses among the idle social classes as among the paupers. In villages, in small, compact communities, where every individual is known and watched by the others, a sane-minded individual can not air his peculiarities without inspiring antipathy. He can not afford to differ too openly from his fellows. He can not refuse to share common ideas or customs, no matter how absurd, how false to reality and truth:

"In a small, undifferentiated community economic dependence goes together with intellectual dependence or, rather, stagnation, for public opinion rules there despotically. In such primitive communities the only original individuals are the insane and the semi-insane, whose impulsiveness prevents them from taking into consideration the risk which they run by showing themselves different from their

fellow-men. With the increase of cities, of the division of labor, of the anonymous ways of earning a livelihood, the community splits up horizontally and vertically into many classes and sub-classes; one and the same individual may belong economically to one sub-class, intellectually to another one, or to many simultaneously, or to none, emotionally to others; the psychical isolation or freedom of thought increases; sane geniuses get many opportunities of expressing their thoughts and carrying out their ideals, altho not in the sub-class where they belong and on which they depend economically. We see, therefore, that genius and insanity will part company in a more civilized, more differentiated, more tolerant human society. The few cases, however, which Lombroso cites of non-gregarious animals (domestic dogs, monkeys, . . .) which showed genius and nervousity at the same time prove that the physiological causes of insane genius are more important than the social."

WHERE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE LIVING AND THE LIFELESS ENDS

IF we pass without a break from the study of inorganic bodies to that of the higher types of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, we do not see how the former could produce the latter, affirms the illustrious Emile Boutroux. We refuse, he says, to believe that the physical and chemical laws suffice to explain the order of facts called physiological. When, on the other hand, descending the scale of living beings, we gradually find functions becoming blended, organisms simpler, and conformation more fluctuating or uniting with geometrical figures—what then? When, finally, we come to those rudimentary beings intermediary between animal and vegetable, wherein life is manifested only through the process of nutrition, when we see the most diverse organs originate in parts almost exactly alike, and these very parts become identified with and finally reduced to a microscopic element, then we may ask ourselves whether the living world, in its inferior extremity, at all events, is not connected with the inorganic world of the lifeless, and whether the simple play of physical and chemical elements or rather forces is incapable of producing complex organisms—perhaps not immediately, but first the elementary living matter and then, through that matter, the entire hierarchy of organic forms.* Says the French scientist:

"Moreover, on analyzing the principles of life, we appear to find therein no single element which does not already exist in the inorganic world.

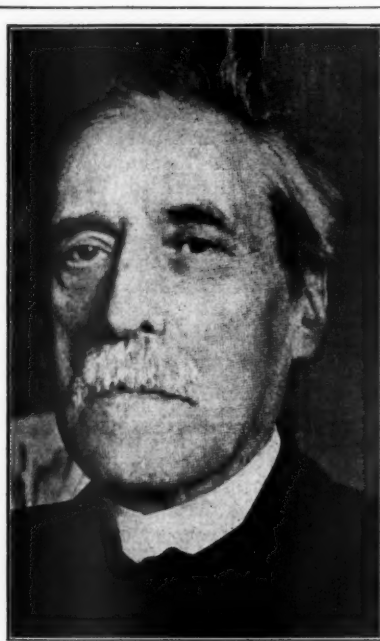
"The albuminoid matter of the cells consists mainly of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen. As regards the manner in which these elements combine and the extreme instability of the organized body, these characteristics may be explained by relations of number, weight, form and position, by the mode of molecular motion, or even by some physical property of one of the components, carbon, for instance, a property which, usually latent, would here manifest itself by reason of the special conditions in which it is placed. In inorganic chemistry, do we not find

that the most varied compounds result from a combination of the same elements, in different proportions?

"The functions of the cells also have their analogs in the inorganic world. They produce new cells by converting elementary substances into protoplasm."

At first, in the cells that are not yet supplied with membranes, this conversion takes place without complexity. A crystal placed in a solution of a chemical nature identical with its own, in the state of supersaturation, causes the salt contained in this liquid to crystallize. The cells assume fixed forms and thus become differentiated. It is the same with the crystals, which may differ in form without differing in chemical composition. We find some of them which, when slightly impaired, regain their form if placed in the proper saline solution, tho at the expense of this solution itself. Finally the cells combine and form systems. It would therefore seem as tho, between the living world and the physical world, there were only a difference of degree—a greater diversity in the elements, a greater power of differentiation, more complex combinations.

Does the observation of living beings, considered from the standpoint of their actual nature, wholly confirm these deductions? One thing is to be noted. While, in the mathematical world, movable matter at first seems posited anterior to motion, and in the physical world simultaneously with motion, in the world we are considering appearances show themselves to us as motion prior to the corresponding matter. Change precedes being. Organizing work goes before organism. The word "life" signifies "automatic



ARE YOU AN INDIVIDUAL?

That is the supreme question of biology, declares the famed Emile Boutroux, whose strong, characteristic and subtly overwhelming features in this portrait proclaim an affirmative to his unusual query.

* THE CONTINGENCY OF THE LAWS OF NATURE. By Emile Boutroux. Translated from the French by Fred Rothwell. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

motion" above all else. The living being is in a state of continual transformation. It feeds itself, develops, produces other beings.

"A drop of water threatens its existence; it is modified in every way; it employs innumerable devices to enable it to pass unimpeded, if possible, through the numerous shoals with which its path is strewn. There is a striking disproportion, in the living being, between the rôle of function and that of matter, whatever be the origin of function. Life, even with a more restricted number of elements than that used by physical force, produces far more powerful results, seeing that a blade of grass can find its way through a rock.

"In what does the vital act, organization, consist? Evidently it is not sufficiently defined by the term combination. It does not consist in the formation of an aggregate analogous to a piece of sulphur or a drop of mercury, but rather in the creation of a system wherein certain parts are subordinated to certain others. In a living being there are agent and organs, a hierarchy.

"Is there adequate reason for this hierarchical order in the property, possessed by the anatomical elements, of acquiring forms different from one another? Undoubtedly not, for differentiation must not take place by chance, if certain parts are to be subordinate to the rest; the cell must act differently from purely chemical matter, which matter, in all the various

forms it assumes, does not succeed in creating hierarchical systems.

"But perhaps this appropriate differentiation is explained by the different conditions of production and existence of the different cells."

Still, the cells must be capable of appearing and subsisting in the exact conditions demanded for determining differences of value. Such flexibility is not found in inorganic nature. Can we say that the principles which explain all organization are the inner conditions—the chemical composition of elementary materials, that is of cells?

The cell, supposing every living element to be reduced thereto, is a being which actually possesses, to some extent, the very characters which have to be resolved into physical properties—the hierarchy of the parts and the power to create new cells, between whose parts the same hierarchy will be set up. In the cell, protoplasm is a controlling part. It creates the liquid nucleus and the rigid membrane, and so gives birth to a distinct being, until, in its development, it produces other beings which also will make for themselves a separate existence. The reduction of organisms to cells simply postpones the difficulty:

"In a word, vital function seems to be

a creation, without either beginning or end, of systems whose parts show not only heterogeneity but even a hierarchical order. The living being is an individual, or rather, by continual action, it creates for itself an individuality and produces beings themselves capable of individuality. Organization is individualization.

"Now this function does not seem to exist in inorganic matter. Chemical substances, however compound they may be, offer only similar parts for mechanical division, and consequently do not admit of differentiation, division of work, and a hierarchical order. There are no individuals in the inorganic world, nor is there any individualization. The atom, if it exists, is not an individual, for it is homogeneous. A crystal is not an individual, for it is divisible, perhaps indefinitely, into similar crystals actually existing. Will it be said that the heavenly systems, consisting of a central star and planets dependent thereon, offer us the analogy of individuality? True, these systems admit of a kind of apparent hierarchy; they are not, however, like living beings, decomposable, as regards their ultimate elements, into systems capable of individuality. Physical force would seem to be attempting, in the infinitely great, what life realizes even in the infinitely small. It can, however, attain only to an external resemblance.

"Thus the living being contains a new element, one incapable of being reduced to physical properties: progress towards a hierarchical order, individualization."

THE PATH TO CANCER THROUGH THE PLANT

The Vegetable Aspect of an Old Scourge May Betray its Secret at Last

IT is now the belief of the student of plant pathology, Doctor Erwin F. Smith, that a diligent study of tumors in plants will help to solve the cancer problem. Expressed in the simplest words, his view is this: Cancer occurs in many kinds of plants, in which it passes through an essentially parallel course of development to that of cancer in man and animals—allowance, of course, being made for differences in the structure and development of plants. His conception is that fundamentally plants and animals are alike, that physical and chemical laws apply equally, that is, uniformly, to all living things, and hence that discoveries relative to the basic cell-mechanics of animals apply equally to plants. If cancer is found to occur in plants and is due to a parasite, as Doctor Erwin F. Smith maintains, then cancer in man must be due likewise to a parasite. Since Doctor Smith shows that several kinds of plant cancer are due to the same organism—the differences being due solely to different tissue reactions—we may anticipate the same thing to be true in man and search for one parasite rather than many.

Human and animal tumors for which no cause has been discovered

fall readily into two groups which "intergrade" more or less. These are encapsuled benign tumors and free-growing malignant tumors or cancers. From a careful study, into the technicalities of which it is needless to enter, Doctor Smith obtains evidence that crown-gall of plants is cancer and that cancer in plants, because of its variable form and bacterial origin, offers strong presumptive evidence both of the parasitic origin and of the essential unity of the various forms of cancer occurring in man. Crown-gall as here understood is a plant disease, tumor-like in nature, which is produced by a bacterial organism. It is a growth very common in many parts of the world on a great variety of cultivated plants and on some wild ones. It is known by many names but generally in the United States as "crown-gall," because it occurs very often on what gardeners call the crown of the plant—on that part where stem and root join, altho it may occur on any part of the plant.*

A common distemper of various cultivated plants which had been for years under observation and for which different causes have long been as-

signed has turned out recently to be due to a bacterium hitherto unknown. This was first cultivated from tumors on the Paris daisy but afterwards it was obtained from various other plants and shown to be cross-inoculable on a variety of plants with resultant tumors. In these tumors no bacterial cavities could be seen altho from them the causal organism was readily cultivable in small numbers by the common methods of the bacteriologist. It has still more recently been ascertained—Doctor Smith's labors being the preliminary—that secondary leaf tumors developed in the leaves follow the law of cancer in man. The bearing of these discoveries on the cancer problem is obvious. If one set of plant tissues is inoculated, sarcoma develops. If another set is inoculated, carcinoma develops. If a third set is inoculated, what is called an embryoma develops. To a biologist the conclusion from all the evidence, says Doctor Smith, is irresistible. Human cancer must be due to a parasite. One parasite may well be the cause of diverse forms, as is the case in plants. Those who consider plants and animals so different that no conclusion can be drawn from the one to the other, will see no interrelation. The recorded facts, however,

* PROCEEDINGS OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. Washington.

will make a strong appeal to those who know something about cell metabolism. The mystery of cancer is about to be unveiled. At least it seems so. In the words of Doctor Smith:

"No claim is made that the organisms which we have isolated, and with which we can reproduce these plant tumors at will, are the cause of human cancer. On the other hand, evidence is advanced that they induce a set of phenomena which, allowing for the differences between the higher plants and animals, follow a strikingly parallel course. No broadly inclusive definition of cancer can be drawn that will not, along with the human and animal neoplasms, include also these plant tumors as true cancers. Like animal cancers these crown-gall tumors behave exactly as if the cell itself were the parasite. Indeed, Jensen in 1910 called special attention to them as likely to be of as much service in throwing light on the etiology of neoplasms as were his mouse cancer, inasmuch as they could be inoculated, and were, moreover, not complicated by or due to the presence of any organism! But such is not the case, and there lies the gist of the whole matter. The cell itself is not the parasite, as Jensen thought, because we have proved these tumors to be due to a specific micro-organism, a feeble, intracellular, schizomycetous parasite, which has no power to kill the cells but only the power to set them growing. Therefore, 'the cell is the parasite' only in the sense that it is urged on by a schizomycete. As to the cause of animal cancers nothing is yet definitely proved beyond the very iconoclastic and suggestive fact brought out in recent years by Rous of the Rockefeller Institute that sarcoma in fowls is due to a filterable virus, i. e., to something separable from the cell itself, which can persist after the death of the cell. This may be regarded as having advanced the subject a great way in the direction of the contention that human and animal cancer is due to an intracellu-

lar parasite, since we know of no chemical substance, enzyme or other, capable

of multiplying itself indefinitely. Only a living organism can do this."



A GROWTH ON PLANTS THAT MAY BE FOUND ON MAN
Teratoid crown-galls produced in *Pelargonium* by inoculating *Bacterium tumefaciens* (hop organism through sunflower) into upper leaf axils. Photographed at the end of 74 days. At X the top of the shoot bearing five or six leaves was removed to show the tumor more distinctly. All of the leafy shoots here shown and many others too small to be seen distinctly are outgrowths from the tumor. The upper shoot (L) was also flattened and fasciated (several shoots fused together) and the front leaves (PP) were turning yellow and dying.

MEMORIES OF THE DRUNK THAT GO WHEN THEY ARE SOBER

CAN an inebriate or a person under the influence of alcohol lose consciousness of his surroundings and of the nature of his acts and go on automatically, giving no impression of his real condition? In other words, is it possible for an inebriate, not intoxicated in the general sense, to be unconscious of the nature and consequences of his acts? Yes, affirms the eminent alienist, Doctor T. D. Crothers, in *The Medical Record* (New York), altho the courts and many experts would deny it. Their answers to the queries are certainly so vague as to suggest a strange lack of knowledge. Thus in one case a man who had used spirits continuously while conducting his farm work and giving no evidence of defective consciousness by the nature and consequences of his acts, shot

a near friend who was crossing his farm. He was arrested, placed in jail, and a few hours later awoke claiming not to have any consciousness of his conduct from a point of time a day before the homicide up to the minute he awoke in jail. The physicians treated this statement as fiction and declared it impossible. A third one thought it might possibly be a pathological state but could give no reason or explanation. The man was executed but up to the last protested that he had no recollection of the crime or of the events occurring during this period, and there was no reason or motive for his act.

A second case in which a will was contested brought out the following facts:

"A man of middle life, actively engaged in manufacturing, died suddenly and left a strange will, which was contested on

A Kind of Crime that Exists Despite Our Skepticism

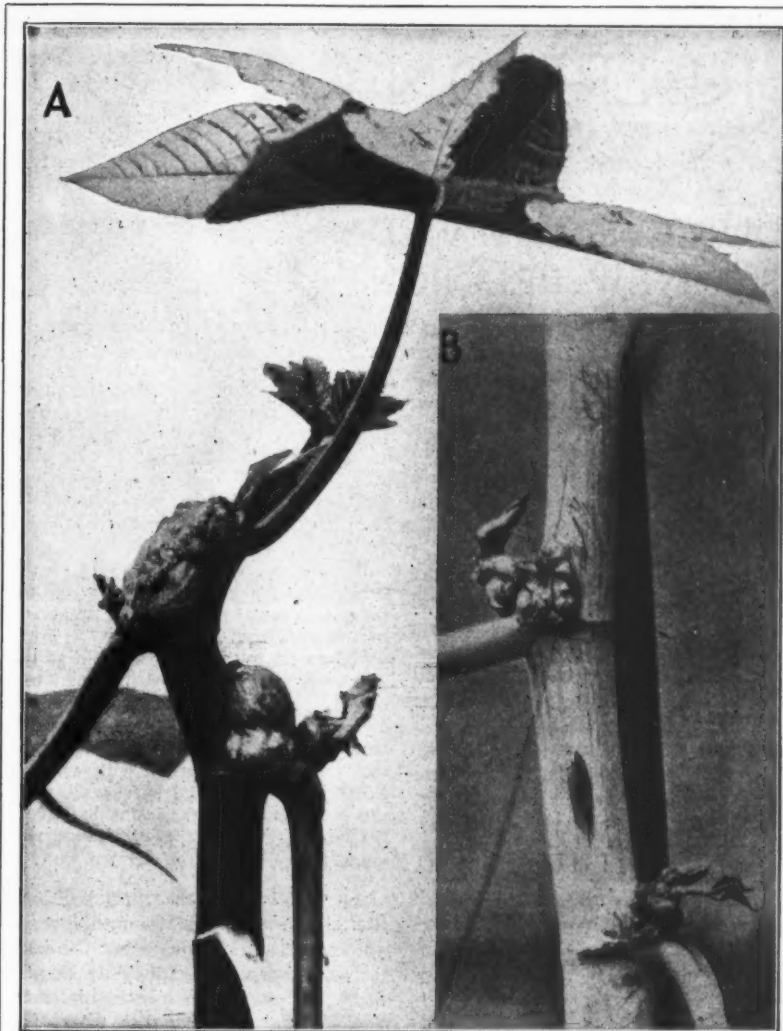
the ground of alcoholic blanks, or loss of consciousness of his conviction at the time the will was written. It appeared that he came from a neuralgic family, in which several members, both in the direct and indirect line of heredity, had been insane or paranoiac. He had lived a regular, temperate life up to forty years of age, when, after the death of an only son, he began to drink spirits. For the following fifteen years up to the time of his death he drank regularly, altho never intoxicated or apparently unable to transact ordinary business. It was his custom to visit his agent in New York monthly and go over the accounts and arrange for the purchase of materials and the sale of the manufactured product. On all these occasions he showed judgment and clear discrimination of the conditions and the requirements necessary. At one of these periods, after finishing the business, he called in a lawyer and had an elaborate will drawn up, which contained details and disposition of his property, that seemed

foreign to his usual thought and conduct. On several occasions, during the year this will was written, he had persisted in manufacturing a greater quantity of a certain product than ever. This overproduction proved to be a loss; on another occasion it was a gain. He became interested in a mine, investing money in it, which was a very unusual thing for him. He had, while in New York, purchased expensive diamonds for his wife, and when chided about this claimed he had no recollection of it and seemed annoyed. The family physician had been frequently called to treat him for imaginary conditions which seemed of an hysterical character. The next day when seen he did not remember to have asked advice from the physician. When advised to give up the use of spirits he promised to do so, signing the pledge and showing great interest to carry out the advice, but continued to use spirits as before, and claimed that he did not remember to have made any promises of total abstinence."

On the trial the medical testimony, as usual, notes Doctor Crothers, differed widely, but the will was finally set aside. The physicians hesitated about the possibility of the paralyzing effects of alcohol. The increased heart action following its use was considered a stimulant and injury to the mind thought impossible unless it was manifested in pronounced insane acts and thoughts. Recent modern researches into the action of alcohol on the higher brain centers show that its continuous use even in small doses not only diminishes mental activity but lowers the memory powers and that its accumulative effect shows unconsciousness and loss of memory of events with more or less certainty in all cases. We can not tell how far this damage to the memory extends, but the frequent cases of amnesia and of acts which show this condition confirm it.

"The central fact is of extraordinary interest, that normal consciousness and memory of events should be clearly obliterated for a time and then return again. It is a very common experience among moderate or excessive drinkers to have periods of amnesia or blanks of memory which later clear up, and the acts committed during this period are recalled. This occurs in the pronounced toxic states of alcohol, thus: a man who is intoxicated may not recall what he said or did just before and during the period of stupor and delirium. Some time afterward his memory returns and the acts which soon after were not recalled later become clear to him. In these conditions the blank period was associated with stupor, delirium, and strange conduct so that the real condition could not be mistaken. But in these particular cases that I am describing there was no marked unusual conduct or indications that the victim was not conscious of all the events of his surroundings and their relation to him.

"In one of the cases which I reported, a traveling man who drank steadily ceased to remember after a certain point in his journey and awakened eight days later in a distant city. The interval to him seemed



HOW CROWN-GALL TUMORS BEHAVE

Teratoid crown-galls produced in castor-oil plant by inoculating *Bacterium tumefaciens* (hop strain), the inoculations being made in the upper leaf axils of young, vigorous, unbranched plants.

Fig. A.—A red-stem variety. Leaves reflexed; axis distorted; and feeble shoots developing out of the axillary tumors.

Fig. B.—A green-stem glaucous variety. Here also internal growths are pushing up the tissues of the stem below the lower leaf. A few days later these roots appeared on the surface, both of this internode and of the one above it. This phenomenon has been recorded previously as sometimes occurring on inoculated stems of the Paris daisy and other plants in the vicinity of developing tumors.

only as a single night or a few hours. During this time he had pursued his customary work, soliciting orders for goods, talking with customers in a rational way, and no doubt thinking with them, but his real condition was not apparent to anyone. He was literally acting automatically, doing accustomed work, but entirely unconscious of it, altho writing letters daily to his firm and giving accounts of the business of the day. On recovery all this interval was a blank and only by memorandum on his daily notebook was he able to determine how long he had been thus, where he had been, and what he had done."

In a number of studies which Doctor Crothers has made of this peculiar condition there appeared to be three groups or divisions—one in which the mind acted along accustomed lines of thought, a second group in which the mind displayed unusual ranges of thought and acts quite different from

those customary, and, third, a class of cases in which the criminal or homicidal impulse was prominent at the time. The first group, by the way, includes persons who go about accustomed work and later seem to have no recollection of it:

"A prominent case of this class was that of a railroad conductor, who drank at night before retiring and frequently had no recollection of waking up in the morning, taking his train to its destination and sometimes returning before he became conscious of what he was doing. He would then ask the brakeman what had happened and be unable to recall anything of the ordinary duties of his work. I have met a number of cases of this class who lost all recollection after a certain time, for indefinite periods, during which they seemed conscious, but on awakening and being told what they did became greatly excited and were placed under my care for treatment."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

BOLSHEVISM VIEWED AS A NEW RELIGION

MUCH that has puzzled and bewildered Americans in connection with the upheaval of the Bolsheviks in Petrograd is attributed by a Russian commentator (quoted in the New York Times) to a certain religious quality in the movement. The association of the idea of religion with Bolshevism may seem incongruous in view of the pronounced secularism of Lenin, Trotzky and their followers, and in view of the economic nature of their demands. Yet the theory finds support in the correspondence of Harold Williams in the Times and in an article that Charles Edward Russell, member of the American Commission to Russia, has written for *Hearst's*. There are signs of millennial hope and of intense social idealism in some of the Bolshevik manifestoes. The same spirit finds expression in Trotzky's book, "The Bolsheviks and World Peace" (Boni and Liveright), now published in English for the first time. "Wild, impossible, anti-social as Bolshevism is," comments Frederic Harrison in the *Fortnightly Review*, "remember that it is the delirious orgy of a passion which is very real, very wide, very deep—which has many forms, and in some form has an inevitable future." The same writer continues:

"The Revolution of 1789 broke out into the Terror, sans-culottic saturnalia: it was but the bloody froth on the wave of a revolution which swept round the world and made a new heaven and a new earth. So underneath Bolshevism there lies a vast social evolution. Italy, France, Portugal, Ireland, Britain throb with vague spasms of revolutionary change. It has brought disaster in Lombardy and Venice; France, too, passes from one crisis to another; Sinn Fein spouts rank treason; even British Socialists still hold out hands to their Scandinavian, German, Russian 'brothers'!

"When 150 millions of men have flung off a mighty autocracy, have sunk into a new social, industrial, moral chaos, have put in motion a civic earthquake on a scale such as never before was seen amongst men, this sends a thrill through the masses which the world has never yet known."

Fanatical sectarianism and marked apocalyptic tendency are two points of resemblance noted by Mr. Williams in a comparison of Bolshevism, as a mass

movement, with early Christianity. He says:

"It is certainly true that Bolshevism as a mass movement has an almost religious quality. I remembered a little railway man who assured me in almost Biblical phrase that Bolshevism made glad the soul, tho he was doubtful of the ultimate results, and none who knows the history of Russian dissent can have failed to notice that many of the emotional tendencies of the extreme sects seem to have combined with great force in this new movement.

"Given the idea of Bolshevism as good tidings to the poor, as a short cut to an earthly paradise, its infectious character and the power that lies in its childish irrationalism become intelligible. Even that extraordinary jargon with which the Bolshevik writers and speakers disfigure the Russian language, seems to have on the masses the effect of a strange ritual language in the church service."

The Bolshevik, as Charles Edward Russell sees him, is first and foremost a dreamer. "He thinks that the whole world is wrong but can easily be made right. All it needs is a little application of the Grand Rejuvenating Elixir, and he knows the formula for the mixture and is ready to apply it."

The most peculiar thing about the Bolshevik, Mr. Russell continues, is that he believes the world, or the greater part of it, already converted to his dreams and needing only a signal to arise and make them a reality for all mankind. The argument proceeds:

"You might imagine from this the Bolshevik to be an ignorant man. That would be a grievous error. He is often amazingly well-informed—about everything except the world's attitude toward the hobby-horse that so gallantly and persistently he rides. I have passed many pleasant hours with typical Bolsheviks. Invariably I have found them abounding in courtesy and well equipped with culture and information, but once mounted upon the facile hobby-horse, flashing far away like the elfin rider that to tell the truth they considerably resembled.

"For what is the new structure of society that at one o'clock the enlightened proletariat is to erect upon the ruins of the old, fallen to pieces at noon? Why, so nearly as I could gather, a temple of universal joy built upon these foundations:

"1. All men and women should work.

"2. All men and women that work should be organized into unions.

The Fanatical Sectarianism and Apocalyptic Tendency of the Russian Revolutionaries Have Suggested a Comparison with Early Christianity

"3. Each union should have its central governing council.

"4. These central councils should constitute all the government there is in this world. No congresses, no presidents, no parliaments, no prime-ministers, no cabinets, no legislatures, no governors, nothing but the councils of the trade-unions, and they to settle everything.

"5. All businesses to be owned by the men and women that work in them and no other ownership allowed.

"A simple little thing like that to be slipped over in an hour or so and then see happiness descend upon the earth."

The Bolshevik dream, as Mr. Russell interprets it, is typically Russian, and it has a kind of altruistic basis that is not half so amusing as it is fine and high. The Bolshevik does not want things for himself so much as for others. "He is fired with a grand, dreamy, golden, hazy conception of the workers of all the world about to sweep into power and plenty, peace and joy, and he would be perfectly willing to die any minute to help along that transformation." Mr. Russell concludes:

"It is plain as day that you could never have this peculiar flowering if you did not have exactly the right soil for it; you could never have Bolsheviks as a great power in Russia if the Russian nature wasn't especially adapted for this manifestation. This is a world full of contradictions and anomalies, but the philosopher will not find any of them better food for meditation than the fact that the nation that has produced the most appalling cruelties has also produced men of the most extraordinary kindness, unselfishness, and broad, altruistic inspiration."

The impression that Trotzky's book, "The Bolsheviks and World Peace," leaves on the reader is one of impassioned earnestness and intensity. It is keyed to the motive of Revolution, international and world-wide. Economic activities, in Trotzky's view, have outgrown national boundaries. "The real objective significance of the war is the breakdown of the present national economic centers and the substitution of a world economy in its stead. But the way the governments propose to solve this problem of imperialism is not through the intelligent, organized cooperation of all of humanity's producers, but through the exploitation of the world's economic sys-

tem by the capitalist class of the victorious country; which country is by this war to be transformed from a great power into the world power."

To Trotzky the Russian Revolution is but one of many revolutions which together will produce what he yearns for and prophesies. The World Revolution is what has his undivided allegiance. If he attacks the German Socialists, it is because they have betrayed the Revolution. If he turns his gaze to the Balkans, to Austria-Hungary, it is that he may see the evidences of an uprising of the people. The constructive aim of the working class is thus defined by Trotzky: "The proletariat can have no interest in defending the outlived and antiquated national 'fatherland' which has become the main obstacle to economic development. The task of the proletariat is to create a far more powerful fatherland, with far greater power of resistance—the republican United States of Europe, as the foundation of the United States of the world."

Trotzky tells us that his entire book, from the first to the last page, was written "with the idea of the New



FOR HIM SALVATION AND SOCIAL
REVOLUTION MEAN THE SAME
THING

Leon Trotzky, the Russian Revolutionary Foreign Minister, summons his followers to a "holy war" that has some of the characteristics of religious millennialism.

International constantly in mind, the New International which must rise up out of the present world cataclysm, the International of the last conflict and final victory." He continues:

"We revolutionary Socialists did not want the War. But we do not fear it. We do not give up in despair over the fact that the War broke up the International. History had already disposed of the International."

"The revolutionary epoch will create new forms of organization out of the inexhaustible resources of proletarian Socialism, new forms that will be equal to the greatness of the new tasks. To this work we will apply ourselves at once, amid the mad roaring of the machine-guns, the crashing of cathedrals, and the patriotic howling of the capitalist jackals. We will keep our clear minds amid this hellish death music, our undimmed vision. We feel ourselves to be the only creative force of the future. Already there are many of us, more than it may seem. Tomorrow there will be more of us than to-day. And the day after to-morrow, millions will rise up under our banner, millions who even now, sixty-seven years after the Communist Manifesto, have nothing to lose but their chains."

EXAGGERATED REPORTS OF THE DEPRAVITY OF OUR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

ALIVELY controversy was precipitated recently by a "Clip Sheet" prepared and published by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country. The sheet was headed "Appalling Drunkenness Among Troops Imperils the Safety of the Army Abroad," and contained the following statements:

"Drink and the devil of syphilis are whipping American soldiers, who have reached France, into the guard-houses and hospitals by the thousands.

"Conditions are horrifying and have made me a prohibitionist for life," writes the son of America's most distinguished private citizen. He declares that the drunkenness, immediately upon landing, among both officers and men is appalling, that the guard-houses are overflowing with drunken men and the hospitals filled to capacity with drink-made patients.

"And all because the government which is protecting our soldiers at home, which has established and maintained camps, that are the marvel of history, has abandoned these same men when they cross the seas.

"Ten hundred forty-six men from one suburban community in the northeastern section of the United States were under guard for drunkenness after their first pay-day in France.

"Nearly all the officers of the last lot of men landing got drunk their first night ashore," writes a lady from a French seaport. "What can they expect of their men?"

These statements were published broadcast in American newspapers and aroused intense indignation. Theodore Roosevelt, to whom the phrase, "America's most distinguished private citizen," seems to apply, says: "If the allusion is to me, the statement is absolutely without foundation. My son wrote me no such letter, and there is nothing in any of the letters I have received to bear out the statements quoted." Against the charge that 1,046 men "from one suburban community in the northeastern section of the United States" were in the guard-house after their first pay-day, the *New York Evening Sun* sets a statement signed by its correspondent at Army Headquarters in France, Thomas M. Johnson, that "the total of men locked in the guard-house for all offenses has been exactly 134." This covers the entire time since the troops arrived in France. Mr. Johnson continues:

"It is impossible to say how long these troops have been in France or the exact number of men involved, but the originators of the charge know both the date of arrival and the strength of the troops, so they are well acquainted with this remarkable record. As a matter of fact, just one-eighth of the total number of men alleged to have been imprisoned for drunkenness in one day have been imprisoned for all offences in many days, including insubordination and various infractions of the rules as well as drunkenness.

Replying to Critics, General Pershing Says That American Soldiers are Leading Clean Lives

"It may further interest anxious ones to know that the following is quoted from the report of the chaplain attached to these same troops which are obviously referred to in the statement: 'In performing my priestly functions it has been my privilege to travel considerably among the troops. It pleases me immensely to be able to state that I find the moral conditions most satisfactory. The military authorities are vigilant in removing temptation and we have a clean army.

"I am honestly convinced that the men in France are in less danger morally than they would be in service in their own country."

"The last sentence should be especially noted, also that this report has been written by a man who has been serving as an army chaplain a very short time and is considered probably the most exacting. The troops concerned know him. Home people can write to him or other chaplains if they do not believe the statements in this despatch and get their own confirmation."

The same correspondent gives these further facts:

"The Catholic chaplains attached to the same troops corroborated the statement of chaplains previously quoted. While the health record of the same troops is as good as any in the army it is difficult to see how drunkenness could be prevalent among the soldiers at any time, for they are absolutely ordered to be off the streets by 8 o'clock at night, which order is rigidly enforced by the military police.

"The program for training calls for hard work in fields and trenches beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning and last-

ing until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, after which the men are dog-tired and about ready to sleep.

"As it happens, the *Evening Sun's* correspondent was in the only town of any size of the whole area previously referred to on the night when they were first paid off in France. The majority of these men received two or three months' pay, totaling often \$100 or more. The streets of this particular town were crowded with soldiers buying everything in sight, from chocolate and candy to clothing, but it is absolutely the truth the correspondent did not see a single drunken soldier while the provost guards' records show a very small number of arrests.

"Since then the correspondent has seen a good deal of the troops referred to as 'northeastern' as a result of which he unhesitatingly asserts that if the troops training in the United States conduct themselves in a similar way they are doing well. In fact, the commanding officer says he never knew an army garrison in the United States before the war which had anything like so good a record."

Secretary of War Baker declares that the charge that our soldiers abroad are not protected with the same care they receive in camps here is "wholly unwarranted"; and General Pershing asserts:

"There has never been a similar body

of men who have led as clean lives as our American soldiers in France. They have entered this war with the highest devotion to duty and with no other idea than to perform their duties in the most efficient manner possible. . . . Forbidden the use of strong drink and protected by stringent regulations against sexual evils, and supported by their own moral courage, their good behavior is the subject of most favorable comment, especially by our allies."

On all of which the *Chicago Evening Post* comments:

"It is time a halt was called to the circulation of exaggerated stories concerning the prevalence of drunkenness among American soldiers in Europe.

"From well-informed and unbiased sources comes convincing testimony that such reports are a shameful libel, calculated to occasion needless anxiety to loved ones at home and to bring into general disrepute the men who are giving themselves so bravely for their flag and its cause.

"Certain preachers and church organizations have been specially busy in spreading tales of this kind, and tales of worse conduct than intemperance. Sweeping generalizations have been made from a few incidents, and all the adjectives in the moralist's vocabulary have been marshaled to depict conditions that have no actual existence.

"One of the offenders is Dr. Fort Newton, who went from an obscure western town to the pulpit of the famous City Temple in London. Dr. Newton stamps himself as a sensationalist, careless of the country's good name, cruelly careless of the feelings of thousands of mothers and wives in America, by lending the influence of his position to charges of this sort.

"It is granted that our men are not angels. It is granted that some of them may get drunk, and some indulge in other excesses; but we doubt greatly if a higher average of sobriety and decent living is to be found in any body of men than may be found in those of the American army.

"Let us discourage this kind of campaigning and give our energy to the constructive work of providing so well for the comfort and entertainment of our soldiers that temptation to seek illicit or demoralizing pleasures will be reduced to a minimum. The moral perils of army life are no greater than those of civilian life; the weak man will act the fool wherever you may put him, and for one of our boys who misses the strict path that some would have him travel there will be hundreds who will develop a stronger, finer manhood under the discipline of military life and in the face of tasks and dangers that test them to the utmost and that call for the best they have to give."

JOHN FISKE'S LONG STRUGGLE FOR RECOGNITION

THE conflict between orthodox Christianity and the evolutionary doctrines of half a century ago is vividly recalled by a new biography* of John Fiske written by John Spencer Clark. In its pages we can trace the early defeats and the ultimate victory of a young man who was destined to become one of America's foremost thinkers and historians. Fiske, it is clear, was like Tennyson's Ulysses in having a "hungry heart," and in desiring

To follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

At the age of seventeen, he stopped going to church in Middletown, Conn., because he resented the preacher's abuse of men of science. A few years later, as a student at Harvard, he was detected reading a volume of Comte in church, and for this offense, nominally, but really on account of the reprehensible views attributed to him concerning science and dogmatic Christianity, he was disciplined by the faculty and subjected to a public admonition. The President of the University wrote to his mother a letter threatening the in-

The Story of a Student of Genius whose "Mischievous Opinions" stood in the Way of His Advancement



A MEMORIAL SYMBOLIZING THE EVOLUTION OF SPIRIT

John Fiske's gravestone at Petersham, Mass., consists of a mass of granite symbolizing inorganic phenomena. Out of the mass emerges a sphere, the symbol of life in its development from protoplasm to conscious mind. This mind is still further symbolized by a torch which lights the onward path of man.

stant expulsion of young Fiske if he should attempt to undermine the faith of his associates by spreading "the mischievous opinions which he fancies he has established in his own mind." Eight years later, in 1869, when the President who had admonished Fiske gave way to Charles W. Eliot and Fiske was invited with Ralph Waldo Emerson to lecture at Harvard University, it looked as tho the tide had turned. The lectures, which were entitled "The Positive Philosophy," but which actually dealt with "The Evolutionary Philosophy *versus* the Positive Philosophy," were well received. When newspapers talked of "Harvard's Raid on Religion," President Eliot stood firm. It soon became apparent, however, that Fiske's enemies were only biding their time. In 1870, strong opposition developed against his holding, even temporarily, the chair of history. His friends' hope that his position would be strengthened by a better understanding of his philosophical views and by the demonstration of his rare gifts as a teacher, was not fulfilled. "It should be considered," Mr. Clark remarks, "that the controversy over Darwinism and Evolution was at its height, and that Positivism, Darwinism and Evolution were jumbled to-

* THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN FISKE. By John Spencer Clark. Two volumes. Houghton Mifflin Company.

gether by the theological folk as the latest form of scientific infidelity, which not only antagonized common sense, but also insulted a divinely revealed religion by presenting man with his rational mind as descended (we should now say ascended) from a Simian ancestry." It must also be remembered that the theological dogma of man's special creation by Divine fiat was affirmed within the college as an ultimate truth of science by Agassiz, with all the weight of his great influence. Fiske's pronounced Darwinism and evolutionary view had the effect, therefore, of uniting all these influences into a bitter opposition to his holding any permanent position in the instruction at the college; and the opposition was so pronounced that President Eliot did not again nominate him.

The verdict of Fiske's contemporaries was, according to his biographer, as unintelligent as it was unjust. If they had only known it, Fiske was com-

ing to fulfil and not to destroy their faith. He cherished the deepest respect for both Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer and carried on a voluminous correspondence with them, but he differed from them in certain essential points. "He felt," Mr. Clark tells us, "that Spencer was making a grave mistake in minimizing the religious implications of his great doctrine." We read further:

"In Fiske's mind these implications, with their bearing on the religious faith and social well-being of Christendom, were by no means unimportant considerations, in that, rightly interpreted, they enlarged the Christian conception of God from a purely finite anthropomorphic conception to that of an Infinite Eternal Being incapable of being conceived by the human mind; a Being of whom the cosmos is but a phenomenal manifestation. And the subjective implications of the doctrine were no less ennobling, inasmuch as he found deeply implanted in the human consciousness a feeling of depen-

dence upon, and aspiration toward, a Being or Power transcending finite experience, together with certain innate ideas of ethical conduct in social relations—the whole conditioning man's fullness of life, whereof his various civilizations are but the evidences of his progressive development.

"And further, these philosophico-religious implications were of supreme importance in Fiske's mind; not only because they formed the highest aspect of Spencer's profound definition of life—the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations; but also because they were intellectually constructive in their nature, and prepared the way for higher and purer religious and social ideals than had obtained in any previous system of philosophy."

It was not until years later, and after repeated humiliations, that John Fiske came into recognition as the chief representative in America of a school of thought which made for the reconciliation of science and religion.

A REINTERPRETATION OF THEOLOGY IN SOCIAL TERMS

Professor Walter Rauschenbusch Stresses the Social Gospel as The Burning Spiritual Issue

STUDENTS of theological literature in this country will not need to be told that during recent years there has been a marked disposition on the part of influential writers to emphasize the social aspects of religion. Henry C. King, Shailer Mathews, Francis G. Peabody, William H. P. Faunce and George Albert Coe are some of the names that may be mentioned in this connection. Now comes Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, of the Rochester Theological Seminary, carrying forward the social tendency with which these names are associated and supplementing his two earlier books, "Christianity and the Social Crisis" and "Christianizing the Social Order" with a work entitled "A Theology for the Social Gospel" (Macmillan), in which he attempts to give to theology a definite social foundation.

Our systematic theology, Dr. Rauschenbusch points out, has come down from an individualistic age and gives no adequate support to those who want to put the power of religion behind the teachings of social righteousness. Theology is, in fact, often a spiritual obstacle. It needs readjustment and enlargement. With this as his viewpoint, Dr. Rauschenbusch takes up the principal doctrines of the Christian faith, and shows how they can be reinterpreted from the modern social point of view.

An illustration of Dr. Rauschenbusch's method is found in the chapters in which he deals with the doctrines of sin and redemption. The old conception of sin centered mainly in in-



HE WANTS TO DEMOCRATIZE OUR CONCEPTION OF GOD

Professor Rauschenbusch says: "The worst thing that could happen to God would be to remain an autocrat while the world is moving toward democracy."

dividual conduct. A man was "good" if he attended church, read the Bible and contributed to the support of public worship. He was "bad" if he drank, danced and played cards. Dr. Rauschenbusch urges the importance of transferring emphasis from individual to social conduct. How is it, he asks, that the exponents of the old theology have been blind and dumb on the master iniquities of human history? Why have they not spoken, in unmistakable terms, regarding the exploitation of peasants and wage-workers? Why have they not condemned war? The need of the hour, as Dr. Rauschenbusch sees it, is that attention should be concentrated on questions of

public morality, on wrongs done by whole classes or professions of men, on sins which enervate and submerge entire mill-towns or agricultural states. He continues:

"Sin is essentially selfishness. That definition is more in harmony with the social gospel than with any individualistic type of religion. The sinful mind, then, is the unsocial and anti-social mind. To find the climax of sin we must not linger over a man who swears, or sneers at religion, or denies the mystery of the trinity, but put our hands on social groups who have turned the patrimony of a nation into the private property of a small class, or have left the peasant laborers cowed, degraded, demoralized, and without rights in the land. When we find such in history, or in present-day life, we shall know we have struck real rebellion against God on the higher levels of sin."

Redemption of the sinner, as Dr. Rauschenbusch understands the words, comes when one renounces not only individual, but social sins, and dedicates himself to the realization of large social ideals. Dr. Rauschenbusch would like to harness the sacraments of the church to the social ideal, and he deals in this spirit with both Baptism and the Lord's Supper. He visualizes a minister and a group of candidates who unite in feeling the evil of the present world-order and the promise and claims of the impending Christian world-order, "together using baptism to express their solemn dedication to the tasks of the Kingdom of God, and accepting their rights as children of God within that Kingdom." He speaks of the Lord's Supper as an act of

fraternity, reaffirming "our supreme allegiance to our Lord who taught us to know God as our common father and to realize that all men are brethren."

If the God of Rauschenbusch's theology is preeminently a social God, He is also a democratic God. "Those whose religious life has been influenced by the social gospel," we are told, "are instinctively out of sympathy with autocratic conceptions of God." The argument proceeds:

"The worst thing that could happen to God would be to remain an autocrat while the world is moving toward democracy. He would be dethroned with the rest. For one man who has forsaken religion through scientific doubt, ten have forsaken it in our time because it seemed the spiritual opponent of liberty and the working people. This feeling will deepen as democracy takes hold and becomes more than a theory of government. We have heard only the political overture of democracy, played by fifes; the economic numbers of the program are yet to come, and they will be performed with trumpets and trombones.

"The Kingdom of God is the necessary background for the Christian idea of God. The social movement is one of the chief ways in which God is revealing that he lives and rules as a God that loves righteousness and hates iniquity. A theological God who has no interest in the conquest of justice and fraternity is not a Christian. It is not enough for theology to eliminate this or that autocratic trait. Its God must join the social movement. The real God has been in it long ago. The development of a Christian social order would be the highest proof of God's saving power. The failure of the social movement would impugn his existence."

Enough has been quoted to show how Dr. Rauschenbusch's mind confronts the task of "socializing" Christianity. His book is probably the most thorough and the most detailed treatment of its theme yet published. It finds a friendly welcome in the religious press and is hailed by at least

one commentator, in the Baptist *Standard* (Chicago), as epochal. *Zion's Herald*, the Boston Methodist weekly, editorially characterizes the book as "a work which will prove of inestimable value to multitudes of people who have been searching after the truth, if haply they might find it, amid the tremendous social upheaval of these opening years of the twentieth century." It continues:

"A Theology for the Social Gospel' is certain to find a wide and profitable reading. It will come near being one of the determining works in the period of intellectual groping through which we are passing in connection with the social application of the religion of Jesus Christ. They are wrong who imagine that in order to meet the needs of to-day's unrest the Church must break with its past. They are wrong who imagine that the Gospel for a social age is different from the Gospel that has met the needs of every other age in the long history of the world. The only thing needed for to-day, with its social upheaval, its unrest among the masses, is the honest application of the truths which have been in Christianity from the day when first the Master spoke them amid the hills and valleys of Judea. It is essential, however, that there should be a restatement, if we may use that term, of the fundamental truths of Christianity in the language that will meet the demands of the present age.

"We shall not be less positive in preaching the Gospel with its transforming power for the individual, but we shall be equally positive that it can also save the social group. We shall not ignore individual sin, but we shall be very clear that there is also such a thing as social sin. We shall not insist any less upon reaching for the individual outcast, but we shall go out with greater avidity for society, to do away with its plague-spots and its sinfulness.

"The new age, realizing all this, asks of its religious leaders that they shall help the Church to think clearly upon these fundamental truths, fitting the great teachings of the Master as interpreted from the very beginning into the needs of the present. It is a theology for the social

gospel, in fact, that we must have to-day. And many will be thankful that Professor Rauschenbusch has blazed the way into this virgin field and given such an admirable work as a systematic interpretation of the basic teachings of religion in their application to the social crisis."

George Ferry Morris, in the *Universalist Leader*, suggests that the time has come to "democratize" religion to the extent of abandoning the term "Kingdom of God" in favor of "Republic of God." He says in part:

"Central in the thought of the social gospel of Jesus was the ideal of the Kingdom of God, and it must be so in the theology of the future, if the 'Queen of Sciences' is to regain her prestige in a steadily growing anti-autocratic, non-monarchical world. So contends Professor Rauschenbusch. But why not a Republic of God, to use Elisha Mulford's memorable title to a germinal book? If a minor criticism of the author may be permitted, here, as elsewhere, he has not stressed as clearly as some other thinkers of his school have, the changes, both in terminology and imagery, which are indispensable for the future grip of religion upon the masses. The monarchical God departing must take with him the monarchical ideal of a kingdom; and it is illogical to eject the one and cling to the other. An immanent, struggling, achieving Deity is a concept that admits of a cooperative democratic relation between God and man; and the modernist, if he is to be consistent, should not talk in terms of heavenly dynasts when hoping for terrestrial democracy. Moreover, if God is rightly conceived of as a Father of mankind, why not hope for and strive for a 'Family of God'? After the war the terminology of monarchy will handicap every cause or agency that uses it. And this whether the Kaiser wins or loses, or the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs stay or go.

"Nor is this strange, for, as Professor Rauschenbusch has no difficulty in showing, speaking as a church historian, the God concept is not a deposit but a growth, not an unchanging objective truth, but an evolving reflection of personal or racial experience."

THE LIBERALISM THAT INSPIRES JOHN MORLEY

THE autobiographical papers that Viscount Morley has lately published under the title "Recollections" (Macmillan) are much more than an account of a great writer and a great statesman. They trace the spiritual history of an epoch, and they utter the faith by which Morley has lived. The period in which Morley found himself as a youth was one of inquiry and criticism. Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared in 1859, Herbert Spencer began with "Social Statics" in 1850, George Eliot began to write in 1857, Ruskin started to pour

out his critical writing a little earlier, Carlyle's urgent and passionate voice dominated all others, Charles Reade, Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell were drawing concrete pictures of the life of the disinherited classes under the new industrialism, Huxley and Tyndall were undermining the bases of the Mosaic cosmogony, a host of competent critics were at work on the Bible. Lord Morley remarks that some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The age in which he began to work, and of which he is in some senses the most significant survivor, combined sentiment and

He Says That "Agitators," Together With "Philanthropists," Have Done Most of What is Decently Good in the World

reason "into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat and supported by the right reasons." The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another."

It was, in a word, the age of Liberalism. Lord Morley's summary of the principles of Liberalism gives the clue to the spirit of his time:

"Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual is at its root. It stands

for the pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest. It stands for the subjection to human judgment of all claims of external authority, whether in an organized church or in more loosely gathered societies of believers or in books held sacred. In law-making it does not neglect the higher characteristics of human nature; it attends to them first. In executive administration the judge, gaoler, and perhaps the hangman will be indispensable; still, mercy is counted a wise supplement to terror. General Gordon spoke a noble word for Liberalist ideas when he upheld the sovereign duty of trying to creep under men's skins—only another way of putting the Golden Rule."

Something of the spirit expressed in this paragraph was in all Morley's endeavor as he passed from the position of publisher's reader, through successful journalism, to the editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*. He was ever fascinated by the great liberal thinkers of France, and wrote the best lives that have yet been written of Voltaire, Diderot and Rousseau. His sympathies were for a time with Positivism, tho

he never embraced Comte's doctrine in its hierarchical aspects. When he went into politics, it was as a sympathizer with the Irish Nationalist movement and as a friend of Gladstone, whose biography he subsequently wrote. He became Chief Secretary for Ireland and, later, Secretary of State for India, yet he never ceased to believe in the value of agitation, and he once remarked that "agitators," together with "philanthropists," have done "most of what is decently good in the world."

As he looks back now, Lord Morley tells us that the age of Liberalism was stirring, hopeful, generous, and really did believe in right, justice, equality, fraternity, progress. These five "eternally noble, vibrating, far-sounding words" meant something real and inspiring. "Only those whose minds are numbed by the suspicion that all times are tolerably alike, and men and women much of a muchness, will deny that it was a generation of intrepid effort forward." It was a generation that believed in progress. To Lord Morley the word stands for a working belief

that the modern world will never consent to do without.

"It may be true that the telephone and the miracle of Marconi are not the last words of civilization, nor are mechanical inventions of its essence. Let us look beyond. The outcast and the poor are better tended. The prisoner knows more of mercy, and has better chances of a new start. Duelling has been transformed from folly to crime. The end of the greatest of civil wars—always the bitterest of wars—was followed by the widest of amnesties. Slavery has gone, or is going. The creatures below man may have souls or not—a question that brings us into dangerous dispute with churches and philosophies—either way, the spirit of compassion, justice, understanding is more steadily extending to those dumb friends and oppressed servitors of ours, who have such strange resemblance to us in form, faculty, and feeling."

The Lord Morley of these "Recollections" is far removed from the John Morley who, as a youth, shocked his friends by insisting on spelling God with a little "g." His agnosticism persists, but does not obtrude itself.

BILLY SUNDAY AS A PEACE-MAKER BETWEEN THE RACES

IN his latest campaign in Atlanta, Georgia, the evangelist William A. (Billy) Sunday has appeared in a new rôle—that of promoter of interracial harmony. The methods adopted have been sensational, yet in no respect antagonistic to existing prejudices. More than one Southern commentator sees a new religious era opening up as a result of Mr. Sunday's successful strategy.

The difficulties of the race-problem kept Billy Sunday for a long while from visiting the South. The matter came up in Baltimore, but was not really faced until the Atlanta campaign. It was tacitly agreed, we learn from an article by the Rev. Dr. H. H. Proctor, of Atlanta, in the *Boston Congregationalist*, that the practical workers of both races in the city should refrain from putting upon the evangelistic meetings the burden of the solution of this problem. Accordingly, the meetings began with no provision for the attendance of the colored people, save the ministers. It was felt that for black and white penitents to come down together would be an impossible undertaking under the circumstances.

At length, Mr. Sunday decided to give an extra service to the colored people exclusively. The tabernacle seated 12,000, and was full to overflowing. One of the features of the meeting was the singing, which for strength and sweetness, Dr. Proctor tells us, was indescribable. Mr. Sunday was

at his best. More than five hundred "hit the trail." This is unquestionably the greatest number of black people that ever gave their hands to a white man on a similar occasion.

But perhaps the most significant thing about the meeting was the prelude to the sermon. It was an appeal on the part of the evangelist for co-operation between the races. He preached the doctrine of Booker Washington, whom he highly praised, and seemed to be answering the plea of Henry Grady in Boston for confidence in the South. The *Atlanta Constitution* pronounced the address epochal, and leaders among the colored people were convinced that a better feeling had been engendered between the races. This was manifest in practical intercourse between the races in daily life.

The most striking proof of the good effect of Mr. Sunday's efforts was manifested a few nights later, when colored singers from churches and schools were invited to form the choir in the tabernacle. The announcement of this invitation attracted the largest and most representative audience of the campaign. It was a remarkable situation—an audience of Southern white people, a choir of Southern colored people and a Northern man standing between. "The very air," Dr. Proctor says, "was tense with excitement." The choir consisted of a thousand voices under the direction of a skilled leader. Picked voices from

How the Famous Evangelist Brought the Colored People of Atlanta into His Tabernacle

colleges led the group and gave volume and strength to the singing. Haunting melodies, the cry of the negro heart, resounded through the tabernacle. They were a revelation to the people of Atlanta.

Nothing of this kind had ever before taken place on so vast a scale, and both races felt that an important step had been made in the right direction. Dr. Proctor says:

"Unconsciously, perhaps, Mr. Sunday has pointed to the true method of promoting harmony between the races in the South. Already the Colored Music Festival Association organized by the First Congregational Church had discovered this, and the more progressive white people of Atlanta had recognized it. But it was left to Mr. Sunday to emphasize it in a popular way, and bring it to the attention of the masses of the people of Atlanta, and perhaps the South. The next day after the meeting Negro melodies were being hummed in every home in Atlanta. This brought master and man, mistress and maid closer together. Who knows but that in the present revolt against German music Mr. Sunday has opened the way for the development of the true American music and has forged the link that will eventually bind the races together in the South? Just as David charmed Saul with his music and drove away his madness, even so the African may charm the Saxon with his songs and assuage racial asperities. At any rate, it was highly significant that the most popular melody of the evening proved to be the one whose refrain ran, 'Goin' to study war no more!'"

THE TYRANNY THAT THE "AVERAGE MAN" LAYS ON SOCIETY

THE tyrant, so John M. Mecklin, of the University of Pittsburgh, points out, is an ever-recurrent phenomenon in human society. The bearded figures of the Euphrates valley, holding in leash the necks of kneeling captives, are grim witnesses to the conditions in the beginning of civilization. The archaic group of Harmodius and Aristogeiton that adorned the winding approach to the Athenian Acropolis was the plastic embodiment of ancient Greek protest against tyranny. Capri with its blue grotto serves to remind the traveler of the unhappy Roman despot who there passed his later years in misanthropic seclusion. Machiavelli's "Prince" long remained the classic description of the medieval tyrant. But with the growth of modern democracy men have become aware of another form of tyranny, more powerful, more insidious, perhaps, than any other. "Our modern tyrant is hydra-headed, myriad-handed, and we call him Demos, borrowing the term from that ancient disgruntled aristocrat, Aristophanes."

The French writer De Tocqueville has portrayed, in a notable passage, this new form of despotism which he thought he saw illustrated in American democracy.

"It is a despotism, he tells us, not of the body but of the mind. The instruments of ancient tyrants were the thumbscrew and the faggot, fetters and headmen. But they attacked the body only and were not able to subdue the spirit. Demos, the modern tyrant, extends to his victim physical freedom while seeking to enslave his soul. Death was the penalty for revolt against ancient forms of tyranny. To the modern rebel Demos says, 'You are free to think differently from me and retain your life, your property and all that you possess. But if such be your course you must be content to live the life of an alien and outcast among your own people. Civil rights to be sure are yours, in name at least, but they will lack that sympathy and sanction of your fellows without which they are otiose privileges. Honors and emoluments you may indeed seek at the hands of your fellow-citizens, but they will most assuredly be denied you since you have dared to set your feeble will in opposition to theirs. Physical life is yours but it is not at the hands of the community.' The social, political or religious assassinations daily witnessed under free democratic rule are none the less tragic because they are bloodless."

De Tocqueville's observations were based upon the American democracy of the third decade of the last century, but they are still, Mr. Mecklin remarks, timely. There are, speaking broadly, he continues, three main strata

in our society. At the higher levels we have a small group composed of genius and talent, the elements which make for leadership in every community. At the lower levels are found the unskilled, the illiterate, the proletariat. Midway between these lie the masses which compose the rank and file of society. "In a democracy," Mr. Mecklin points out, "it is this numerically dominant mediocrity that controls the situation. The typical representative of this group is the 'average man.'" Mr. Mecklin continues (in the *International Journal of Ethics*):

"The characteristics of the 'average man' are thoroughly familiar to us. He is dominated by routine and tradition. His philosophy of life consists for the most part of conventional principles that are provided by pulpit, party or counting-house. . . . It is for the 'average man' that our democratic institutions exist; they are supposed to be most ideal in fact when they best reflect his view of life. In literature, art, morals and religion he is the final arbiter; hence the questionable exploitation of elemental human instincts in the photoplay, the glorification of obscurantism in the pulpit, the tawdry and commonplace sentimentality of the cheap novel, the impossible wit of the pink Sunday supplement, the utterly inane songs of the popular vaudeville. No Oriental despot ever exercised a tithe of his sway, for he rules the minds, not the bodies, of men, and there is no appeal from his arbitrament. The choicest products of literary or plastic art await his sovereign decision for the right to live. Preacher, politician, advertiser, teacher, philosopher, study to know and do his will. He is the incarnation of modern humanity."

The psychological effects of the regard felt for the opinions of the multitude on American thought and life are represented by Mr. Mecklin as incalculable in their subtlety and power. The deliverances of the majority, he says, have gradually taken on for us much of the indefectible character of the laws of nature. A man would as soon think of arguing against the principle of gravitation as against the will of a majority. The argument proceeds:

"Theoretically we have a free press, dedicated to the untrammelled expression of the opinions of a free people. But in industrial centers where the controlling forces are largely economic our great dailies either voice the mind of the prevailing economic interests or are content for the most part to play the rôle of simple purveyors of the news. If we wish critical enlightenment upon these questions we must seek it in scientific journals or in the columns of the independent weekly and monthly periodicals. In strongly Protestant communities objection is often raised to the appointment

Our Modern Tyrant is Hydra-Headed, Myriad-Handed, and is Named Demos

of Catholics as instructors in high schools and State institutions. The popular revivalist in a community mainly Protestant and Roman Catholic pours out his religious billingsgate upon the higher critic on the one hand and the outcast Unitarian on the other, knowing full well that both are *personae non gratae* to the majority of his hearers. Educators are familiar with the protest against the teaching of evolution and similar 'heretical' doctrines in state institutions of learning on the ground that they are contrary to the prevailing religious convictions of the community. Respect for the belief of the majority is thus allowed to tyrannize over the thought of the minority, violating our most precious traditions of spiritual freedom."

It is a part of Mr. Mecklin's contention that the "average man" is suspicious of ideas, and especially of new ideas. He may perhaps be able to stretch his conception of tolerance to the extent of listening to arguments against immortality or woman's rights, but the like free speech in regard to the monogamous family, birth-control, the rights of private property, protective tariff, trade-unions, or the "color line," depending upon the section concerned, may precipitate a torrent of disapproval and intolerant abuse. Intellectual freedom, it seems, suffers from certain disabilities which are inseparable from democracy itself. The "average man" is hampered by the narrow margin that is always found between thought and action in the shifting uncertain conditions of American democracy. We have few or no social habits or traditions that encourage the life of reflection. The average American, especially in the great industrial centers, is catapulted from the cradle to the grave in the mad hurly-burly of a headlong civilization that never pauses to get its bearings or to ask the meaning of life. Having neither the time nor the inclination to think, the "average man" is repelled by reflection. To him every thinker is a potential rebel, a possible disturber of the peace. Since reflection alone gives to men a grasp of values, it is not surprising that the "average man" who possesses neither is lacking in poise.

"We need as never before," Mr. Mecklin concludes, "a philosophy of values. Not a philosophy that moons over the eternal puzzles of metaphysics, that tries to catch the drift of the cosmic weather, but a philosophy that will give us a trustworthy evaluation of the immediate and insistent facts of experience. Perhaps we may adapt to the 'average man' and his problems Bernard Shaw's somewhat irreverent remark as to the deity and say 'Don't pity him. Help him.'"

LITERATURE · AND · ART

THE VISIONARY ADVENTURES OF MR. ARTHUR B. DAVIES

NO severer test of an artist's quality can be devised, as the critic of the *N. Y. Times* points out, in reviewing the recent loan exhibition of the works of Arthur B. Davies, than presenting his pictures from his beginnings to his maturity. This exhibition was organized in the Macbeth Galleries in New York for the benefit of the Allied soldiers blinded in action. Paintings, drawings, etchings and sculpture filled the galleries; one spent years with Arthur B. Davies inside the space of an afternoon, says the *Times* critic, and yet throughout there is a unity in all this variety of his artistic adventure. This integrating and personal unity is also evident to Henry McBride, who writes in the *N. Y. Sun*:

"Now that the whole sequence of the artist's work is stretched before us it is seen that there is no such break in it as the timid had imagined. Some of the mildest accusations made at the time that Mr. Davies appeared to burst into cubism insinuated that he 'was laboring under an aberration. He had been a poet,' they said, 'and, now what a pity! he's a charlatan.' But in the present exhibition one begins with the now approved poetry of the early paintings—the Academy, tho never approved of that poetry in the early days—and saunters by the flashing, scintillating modern paintings and sees that they are equally the work of Arthur B. Davies, and one ends by suspecting that they, too, are poetic."

Certain connoisseurs and collectors have for a long time acclaimed Mr. Davies as the greatest painter of America. Yet, as more than one critic has pointed out, there is nothing characteristically American in his art. From the first, as Royal Cortissoz has pointed out in the *N. Y. Tribune*, Davies seemed in some strange way a child of the Italian Renaissance, a descendant of Piero di Cosimo, who lacked Botticelli's gift for composition, yet who illustrated to perfection "the charm of the painter artlessly seeking after glimpses that would make him less forlorn."

James Huneker's essay on Unicorns is used as a preface in the catalog of the retrospective exhibition of the Davies collection. It is appropriate; for, as Mr. Huneker eloquently states, with Unicorns and with the pictures of Arthur B. Davies "we feel the

nostalgia of the infinite, the sorcery of dolls, the salt of sex, the vertigo of them that skirt the edge of perilous ravines, or straddle the rim of finer issues. He dwells in equivocal twilights; and he can stare the sun out of countenance." The art of Arthur B. Davies is surely not of America American. We must accept its beauty, says Guy Pène du Bois in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, as we accept the beauty of hot-house plants. Little of it has been motivated by those obvious objective impulses that come of health. "And

A Retrospective Exhibition of His Pictures—Melodies in Line and Color from a Mystic World

yet amid the general sterility of our art, as a sensitive man, as an artist, he is a giant in health." Further:

"Greater health, armed with great crudity and deterred by less feline or feminine sensitiveness, might sweep a lot of this away with a balestick or a hearty laugh. Its weakness, which may be its strength, is in its exoticism, in its super-refinement. Daylight dissipates the languor of most of our midnight moments. Mr. Davies would seem not to know of daylight, of the sharp revealing edges that the sun cuts, of the bite of a zero wind. He hangs grimly on to his equatorial refine-



THE THRONE

Here is one of the earlier canvases of our most enigmatic American artist, painted in a period when he was more in harmony with the spirit of the Italian Renaissance than he is to-day.



DWELLER ON THE THRESHOLD

Here is an example of Arthur B. Davies's mysticism in full bloom, a fine specimen of an art as personal as handwriting.

ments. He becomes more and more effete until we shall find him trembling in every finely strung fiber at the notion, the merest notion, of the commonplace; rushing hatless, thoughtless, through rare, exotic, secret lanes in a mad scramble to avoid the ordinary, which, perhaps because of its much-vaunted common sense or because of prudery, must ever remain a stranger to such lanes; going ever ahead of the big policeman and always hearing with tensely pitched ears or over-strained imagination the patter of pursuing feet.

"But hang the policeman! He will be an individual anyway; he will lead him a rare race, multiply the mystic barriers, sail in a leaden air charged with perfumes likely to stifle the poor policeman, put on classic, intellectual, and spiritual disguises that in their aloofness, which is akin to sacredness, shall keep his entirety inviolate. The mad race will lead up to

such refinements as 'The Wine Press,' a nude, neither male nor female, of petulant lips and thin nose, which brings us back through Beardsley and all the preciosities of art and literature to Mantegna or some German primitive of perfervid asceticism. Lead to this or to such intellectual flights as the big decoration entitled *The Dawning*, or the *Great Mother*, where the mysticism, even the beloved mysticism, fears to intrude and where there are no potent results—only barrenness."

Yet, says the same critic in *Arts and Decoration*, there seems little doubt that in expressive power Arthur B. Davies is probably our greatest American painter. In the presence of such an array of his work as was recently presented at the Macbeth Gallery one

must realize his tremendous capability to make his thoughts known. Yet with this reservation:

"We see that the thoughts themselves are colored with a type of maladive preciosity, which removes them quite a little from the comprehension and even the forbearance of the majority. This is pure individualistic or pure egotistic art, despotic and isolated. Other painters breathing a fresh and invigorating air, happy in just being alive, create pictures in which is as much evidence of paint as of nature and more photography than individualism. Mr. Davies, by contrast, would make us think of Franz Hals or Edward W. Redfield: two honest craftsmen interested in the power of their brushes and the objective aspects of their subjects. Mr. Davies is forever routing interior thoughts, secrets that would seem to rule his life and that come into ours in a rare moment which the next one will dissipate."

Leo Stein becomes almost rhapsodic in reviewing the Davies exhibition in the *New Republic*. "One is half inclined," he writes, "to eschew prose in writing a critique and to let singing lines of verse prolong the penciled melodies of line and color."

"The heart, says Pascal, has its reasons that the intellect does not know. The modern artist, and sometimes also the modern critic, reverses this, and tells us that the intellect has its emotions that the heart does not feel, and even as Pascal with his great intellect was just the man to recognize the former truth, so it is precisely the emotional artists like Picasso and Davies that are like to provide the opposite. This might be cited in their justification as presumption of their greater insight, if there were not unfortunately a relevant difference. Pascal wrought his way to his own truth, while neither Picasso nor Davies would have discovered theirs for themselves in a thousand years. Pascal's intellect and his religious intuition were one another's



CLOTHED IN DOMINION

Some of the titles Arthur B. Davies has given to his strangely fascinating pictures are scarcely less puzzling than the pictures themselves. Yet despite the title, there is in his figures a note of impetuous hesitancy, an arrest of movement balanced on the toe of expectation, as Mr. Leo Stein, brother of the insurgent Gertrude Stein, so eloquently expresses it.



UNICORNS

In this picture, as in so many of Mr. Davies's poems in paint, the trees, the hills, the water, the sky, and those charmingly mythical beasts, all throb together in happy unison.

peers, while Picasso, I know, and Davies, I suspect, tho both finely intelligent, are intellectually inconsiderable.

"The distinctive value of form in Davies's pictures comes from their balance and their unity."

In recent years Arthur B. Davies has flirted a bit too openly with futurism and concerned himself too consciously with cubism to please his earlier champions and those critics who have finally come to the point of appreciating the works of his earlier periods. Mr. Cortisoz regrets to see Mr. Davies enmeshed in the theories of a modernistic, cubistic hypothesis. "At the heart of his primitivism the canker of sophistication has been gnawing away."

"Mr. Davies begins to harbor that maleficent thing—a purpose. We do not know just what it is. We only know that the old naive scenes, peopled with creatures of faery, give place to what we suppose are to be called, in the jargon of the modernist, 'arabesques of form.' Instead of the fantom images which ravish us in 'Unicorns,' we are introduced to swarms of nude figures, as in 'The Great Mother,' or 'Freshness of the Wounded,' signifying some recondite, esoteric aim, and the painter's original charm completely disappears. Sophistication has crept in and knocked his primitivism into a cocked hat. The more he thinks, where once he was evidently satisfied to dream and to feel, the more *outré* he becomes, and, what is worse, ugliness usurps the rule of beauty."

"This, of course, is the tragic loss his art has sustained. No one in his senses could grudge a painter the fun of making new experiments, but it becomes an exasperating business when they lead him to the production of garish, banal things. We shall hear, no doubt, in the course of this exhibition, which is bound to make a good deal of talk, much about the 'evolution' of the painter's art, how

he was drawn from the naive delineation of his poetic fancies to a more and more abstract consideration of form and design, and so on *ad nauseam*. Evolutionary fiddlesticks! Mr. Davies, who bore a wand of enchantment in his hand when he exercised his brush in his first period, and went on wielding it to exquisite purpose for years, has capriciously exchanged it for some queer 'scientific' instrument and paints preposterous decorations like 'The Dawning.' For the beautiful impressions of form which he gives us in his 'Flume of Destiny' he substitutes the grotesque stencilings of 'The Dancers.' Once he painted out of sheer inspiration. Now, if we may judge by the deplorable results, he is painting out of formula.

He is searching after a new rhythm, no longer the rhythm of nature but that of a cubistic laboratory."

And yet, in the opinion of Mr. McBride: "It is almost impossible to resist using musical terms in speaking of the 'Persian Panel,' the 'Sleep,' 'Out of the Dew' and the others, and it certainly seems but a slight change to confront the purer music of the cubistic works. The part that artists loved in the first things reappears in the modern works. What is missing is the thing that Philistines hung too heavily upon and which confused them from getting the real thing."



THE FLUME OF DESTINY

These figures strike us as mystically musical, but Mr. Guy Pène du Bois, who is an authority, refers to them as "creeping nudes . . . flaccid crawling slaves, all of them preys of an undefeated listlessness." He discovers in such pictures as this an "insidious languor, a still and leaden atmosphere, a romantic sensuousness."

IS AMERICAN LIFE DIVORCED FROM AMERICAN LITERATURE?

Abraham Cahan Says It Is. Some Critics Agree With Him. Robert W. Chambers Says It Makes No Difference

AMERICANS do not want life in their literature. They want "heroes" and "heroines"—perfect creatures who never do wrong! In real life the American will not stand for the lies of convention. He accepts as partner, clubmate or friend a man who has been unfortunate in some love affair; but he will not stand for him in a novel. His "hero" must be a fine fellow, one hundred per cent. pure; and he must win out or the book is a failure. It must be that Americans are still children and want fairy tales. These are the opinions of Abraham Cahan concerning "our divorced life and literature." They were expressed a short time ago in an interview published in the New York *Evening Post*. For a quarter of a century Mr. Cahan, as editor of the New York daily *Forward*, has been a student and interpreter of American life and literature. Last fall his novel, "The Rise of David Levinsky" (Harper's), gave us the story of the continental Jew in the new world, and, in the opinion of discriminating critics, opened a new chapter in our literature. Abraham Cahan is heralded as "the first continental who is also an American novelist, the first American novelist who comes from the Continent."

Americans, Mr. Cahan thinks, are slaves of the "happy ending." We want "happy endings" and "pleasant reading," and what we Americans want we get:

"I have never seen in European criticism the phrase 'pleasant reading.' With us if a book isn't 'pleasant reading,' it is damned. Then, we are all so crazy for clever workmanship. No nation on earth has so much genius for doing. Engineering, dentistry, shoemaking—in knowing how to do, Americans lead. But in knowing why and wherefore—no! 'I don't know what I want, but I know how to get it!' is our formula. So in writing. Next to the French, Americans are the cleverest writers. But what do they write about? Fluff! When an American of culture wants to read of American life, he turns to the newspaper. It is there that the real literature in this country is being written. The American reporter, at a murder trial, a convention, a strike, a catastrophe, gets the human element of his story shrewdly. Writing at white-hot speed, as he has to, he turns out the real stuff. He has no time to think of phrases, 'plots,' prettifications. I tell you, I read even in our yellow journals the stuff the Continentals puts into his novels. But does that reporter put the same stuff into a book? No; he goes home at night and writes a 'story' for some magazine. What does he put into that story? Stuff about some impossibly victorious boy who wins an impossibly perfect girl. He

may or may not know that he has thrown away most wonderful material in what he has seen to write the flimsiest fiction. But he writes it most cleverly. He is Tolstoy reversed. Tolstoy put life into his writing, but no style. Our magazine writers put style into their writing and leave out life.

"What's the matter with us, anyhow! Why can't we see how fascinating actual life is? Here is a woman, a clever, high-paid magazine writer. She has lived. She has observed. She puts her best work before me. All right, I am eager to read it. I want to learn. I want to know what life has taught her. I open the book, I read and read—and she feeds me, chokes me, with nothing but words, damn it!"

But Mr. Cahan is by no means a pessimist concerning the future of American literature. We must absorb what he calls the Continentals' passion for the real in literature just as we must awaken our Continental citizens to the reality of life:

"Americans face life squarely in business, in their homes, in politics, whereas the Continentals, especially the Russians, is more often a dreamer. The American by waking the dreamer to life makes the more important contribution to the melting-pot. But the other has his sense of reality in literature to contribute. And when America assimilates that taste I think it will produce the greatest literature in the world. Just now we aren't doing that—except, as I have said, in newspapers. It seems to me that we have gone back a bit. I remember thirty-five years ago, when I came to this country, I turned to its literature. I found Henry James, William Dean Howells, the whole Boston school of writers. Boston was the real center of culture—an American Athens. Then the Athens moved to New York, the great world-market. And literature became a market commodity, commercialized. The merit of a book is now measured by the hundred thousands it has sold. Almost everybody can afford to buy a book, a two-dollar seat in a theater. And Mr. Everybody had to be written for, played to. Which means that quality, truth, has had to go!"

Mr. Cahan's remarks concerning the seeming incompatibility of American life and literature have given rise to an interesting tho almost interminable and inconclusive "symposium" of opinion. One of the most stimulating expressions has come from Henry L. Mencken, an insurgent literary critic and coeditor of the *Smart Set*. Mr. Cahan, says this critic, has borrowed the formula of George Bernard Shaw and has put the obvious in terms of the scandalous. "What he says is substantially true." Mencken explains why:

"The trouble with our fiction-writing is the trouble with all our thinking: it labors

under a moral purpose, a Messianic delusion. The general aim of it is not to depict what actually exists but what might be or ought to be. Hence its naive exaltation of romantic passion—a transient sentimentality, of little more genuine influence upon the life of the average man than his recurrent colds in the head. Hence, too, its eager covering up of all that is harsh, disagreeable and disquieting; its general avoidance of the 'horrible, hairy, human.' Let an indiscreet novelist slip the news that his hero is a mammal, and he is put to the torture forthwith for his offence against the International Sunday-School Lessons. Let him utter the same libel upon his heroine—but this, unfortunately, has never happened.

"The novelists are not altogether to blame. The critics must shoulder some of it. . . . The critical atmosphere in America is an atmosphere of Chopin, raffia work, and the college pump. On the one hand, we have a crowd of grown-up sophomores, full of academic certainty and useless, inaccurate learning. And, on the other hand (chiefly on the newspapers), we have a crowd of elderly virgins, male and female. Between the two arises the Chautauqua theory of representative art; that its purpose is to safeguard Presbyterian theology and protect 'female readers of immature mind' (I quote the Comstock Society) from the snares of the devil.

"It seems to me that this theory is unsound. I may be wrong, but so it seems to me. This belief, however, by no means implies that I have a remedy to propose. On the contrary, I deny that there is any remedy. Such is the American mind, such is America. God hath made them so, and I am too old to be criticizing God. But what are the judicious to do? The judicious are to do what they have always done—read the literatures of less pious countries. Why should I bawl and beat my breast because Dr. Howells has written nothing comparable to Anatole France's 'The Revolt of the Angels' or Joseph Conrad's 'The Nigger of the Narcissus'? It is much more polite and comfortable to heave Howells at the cat—and read France and Conrad.

"A great nation must have its weaknesses, as you and I must have our baldness, our stiff knees, and our warts."

Our literature reflects us admirably and quite completely for precisely what we are, writes John Cotton Dana, in reply to the Jewish critic; but it does not reflect "American Life" because there is no such thing. Many people live in America and they write many books. "But they do not lead an 'American' life or produce an 'American Literature.'"

The reason for the decline of our literature, in the opinion of Henry Holt, is that most vulgar form of our chase for the dollar—advertising. He elucidates:

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"The fiction-producing brains are worked to their limit to get circulation for a mass of periodicals, and these further stimulate circulation by selling themselves below cost in order that the circulation may bring in advertizing. This wide advertizing is not of the sort that in any way stimulates literature; that is mainly restricted to organs of comparatively limited circulation.

"One more point I am tempted to touch, even if it extends my comments unduly, and even tho it does not directly touch the fidelity of our fiction to our life. It is the tendency of some of our writers—some pretty good ones, perhaps more especially in the drama—to exploit the carnal side of sex for the sake of making money. The carnal side of sex is a very small part of normal and useful life, and no artist who concentrates himself upon it can adequately represent life as a whole."

In the opinion of Professor O. W. Firkins, distinguished as a critic of contemporary poetry, Mr. Cahan's views demand curtailment and amendment. Conceding that there is a minority of truth-tellers among American writers, is that minority, asks Professor Firkins, smaller than in any of the continental countries? "The best are few everywhere," he replies:

"Has the truth-teller among writers, the truth-lover among readers, his fair measure of opportunity? Our realism is, so to speak, unincorporated. We lack a *corps*, a *gens*, of realists in fiction, who by cohesion, as well as privacy, might give sanction and dignity to the cult of truth. We lack a compact body of truth-loving readers to whom tradition and common consent allow eminence, if not dominance, in the mottled world of letters.

"On these scores America may be vulnerable. But we have questions still for Mr. Cahan. If Europeans—notably Russians—are dreamers, and their life is depicted in their literature, how is an incisive literature begotten of the exact portrayal of this dreamy life? Again,

what is truth for Mr. Cahan? He finds it in the febrile journalistic report of the murder trial and in Mr. Masters's 'Anthology'—products of undoubted affinity, since 'Spoon River' is little more than a series of headlines articulated with unusual skill. I think Mr. Cahan gets at his 'truth' without the menial necessity of comparing the recital with the fact. He knows truth, as he knows camphor and olives—organically. Truth is ranti-pole and swashing—bluffly contemptuous of the spinster-like diversion of mating victory in the youth with perfection in the maiden. Mr. Cahan wants truth served with pepper; the average American prefers to sugar his truth: both modify the edible. Mr. Cahan's error begins when, in his passion for the condiment and his abhorrence of the sweet, he insists that truth peppered is truth absolute, and truth sugared is pure lie."

Professor William Lyon Phelps be-



A FOE OF FAKE FICTION

Americans, says Abraham Cahan, seem to be opposed to the real thing in literature. In "The Rise of David Levinsky" he shows us the type of novel we ought to want.

lieves that American life is truly and adequately reflected in the pages of such writers as Hamlin Garland, Booth Tarkington, Dorothy Canfield, Rupert Hughes, William Allen White, Mary Watts, and Mary Wilkins, all of whom, he claims, have given us "veridical chronicles."

Lest the discussion become too heated and the strictures of Abraham Cahan concerning our American life and literature be taken too seriously, Robert W. Chambers attempts to drench the debate with the cold water of cynical common sense. "There is very little American literature," he declares. "Some of it reflects our life. Some of it does not. What passes for American literature, what is read and criticized as such, reflects nothing except the self-consciousness, ignorance and impotency of those who diligently produce it." The trouble with our writers, says Mr. Chambers, is that they are not professional. They have not been educated to the profession.

"Literature in Europe is seldom produced by salesmen, brokers, cab-drivers, physicians, janitors, or by a mass of half-baked young men and women equipped only with a high-school or a college education.

"That American literature should reflect American life, or, in fact, any life at all, does not seem necessary to me. There is plenty of good literature reflecting nothing except a writer's imagination; altho that imagination ought to be founded upon a vast and deep knowledge of actuality.

"A dreary recital of local or national details is not necessarily a reflection of national life. But it is often mistaken for this by those among our writers who take themselves solemnly.

"To be one's self is to be American. The writer who, without affectation, observes the behavior of his fellow-Americans is pretty sure to reflect in his work sufficient Americanism to label both him and his effusions."

THE NEWEST STYLES IN GHOSTS AND DEMONS

GHOSTS and devils, disembodied spirits, the supernatural in many forms, all permeate modern fiction. Unearthly beings meet us in all guises and answer our every mood, whether it be serious or awed, satiric or humoresque. Ghosts "came in" with the Gothic romance, with such writers as Charles Brockden Brown or Anne Radcliffe; but our most modern writers, our Theodore Dreisers no less than our Edith Whartons, still study their haunts and habits. The new ghosts and the new devils are now studied in detail, in the first volume*

* The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction. By Dorothy Scarborough, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ever published about the supernatural in English fiction, by Dr. Dorothy Scarborough, of Columbia University. A specialist and a lover of ghosts, Miss Scarborough has contributed not merely erudition and scholarship to this investigation but, as the N. Y. *Sun* takes care to point out, humor and irony and colloquial cleverness of phrase. In her introduction she reveals her own attitude in interpreting the latest styles in ghosts:

"I deal with ghosts and devils, by and large, in an impressionistic way. I don't know much about them; I have no learned theories of causation. I only love them. I only marvel at their infinite variety and am touched by their humanity, their likeness to mortals. I am fond of them all,

Dr. Dorothy Scarborough Reports that the Spirit-World has been Made Safe for Democracy

even the dejected, dog-eared ghosts that look as if they were wraiths of poor relations left out in the rain all night, or devils whose own mothers wouldn't care for them. It gives me no holier-than-thou feeling of horror to sit beside a vampire in the subway, no panic to hear a banshee shut up in a hurdy-gurdy box. I give a cordial how-do-you-do when a dragon glides up and puts his paw in mine, and in every stray dog I recognize a Gladsome Beast. Like us mortals, they all need sympathy, none more so than the poor wizards and bogles that are on their own, as the Scotch say."

There is a new democracy, a new freedom, in the realm of the supernatural, if we may accept the authority of Dr. Dorothy Scarborough. Ghosts

and demons, it seems, no longer take themselves quite as seriously as they did a century ago. The grand manner among the wraiths is now *passé*. Even the seraphs are democratic, and angels have developed a sense of humor that renders them more interesting than they used to be. "They care little for harps and crowns, grow fidgety under excess of rest, and engage in all sorts of activities, retaining their individual tastes. James Stephens's archangel, seraph and cherub are chatty, cordial souls with an avidity for cold potatoes and Irish companionship." The demons have felt the same leveling influence. "Only in their case the thing is reversed, and they are raised to the grade of humanity. We are coming to see, in modern fiction at least, that the devil is not really black, only a pleasant mottled gray like ourselves."

"Ghosts, angels, witches, devils, werewolves, and so forth, are now made more human, more like to man, yet without losing any of their ancient power to thrill. Ghosts in late literature have more of the mortal characteristics than ever before. They look more human, more normal, they are clad in every-day garments of varied colors, from red shirts and khaki riding-habits to ball-gowns,—the gray seems the favored shade for shades as well as witches,—and they have lost that look of pallor that distinguished early phantoms. Now they are more than merely vaporous projections, as they used to be, more than merely phantasmogenic apparitions,—but are healthy, red-blooded spooks. They are not tongue-tied as their ancestors were, but are very chatty, giving forth views on everything they are interested in, from Socialism to the present war.* And their range of interests has widened immeasurably. It would seem that the literacy test has been applied to ghosts in recent fiction. Modern specters are so normal in appearance that often no one recognizes them as ghosts,—as in Edith Wharton's story 'Afterwards,' where the peculiar thing about the apparition haunting a certain house is that it is not till long afterwards that one knows it was a ghost. The man in the gray suit whom the wife thinks a chance caller is the spirit of a man not yet dead, a terrible living revenge-ghost, who finally takes his victim mysteriously away with him. Modern ghosts have both motions and emotions like men, hence mortals are coming to regard them more sympathetically, to have more of a fellow-feeling for them."

The new philosophy, the new science, the new psychology, have all aided in increasing interest in supernatural subjects. Fictioneers have not hesitated in using the suggestions from these fields for their own purposes. Some have given to their supernatural beings more cumulative and terrible power. In the work of Ambrose Bierce, Arthur Machen, Algernon Blackwood, Bram Stoker and others, supernaturalism is raised to the *n*th power and every possible thrill is employed. "The carrion

ghosts of Bierce, animated by malignant foreign spirits, surpass the charnal shudders produced by the Gothic." Ghosts, angels, devils, witches, werewolves, are humanized in modern fiction, made like to man in appearance, passions, and powers.

"Another aspect of the leveling influence is seen in the more than natural power of motion, feeling, and intelligence given to inanimate objects, machinery, plants, and animals, in late literature. The idea of endowing inanimate figures with life and personality is seen several times in Hawthorne's stories, as his snow image, Drowne's wooden image, the vivified scarecrow, Feathertop, that the witch makes. The clay figures that Satan in Mark Twain's novel models, endues with life, then destroys with the fine, casual



SHE KEEPS PET GHOSTS

Dr. Dorothy Scarborough declares that she is not in the least afraid of them. She comes from Texas, teaches short-story writing at Columbia University, and is a sister of George Scarborough, the playwright.

carelessness of a god, remind one of an incident from mythology. The statue in Edith Wharton's 'The Duchess at Prayer' that changes its expression, showing on its marble face through a century the loathing and horror that the living countenance wore, or Lord Dunsany's jade idol that comes with stony steps across the desolate moor to exact vengeance on four men helpless in its presence, has a more intense thrill than Otranto's peripatetic statue. Lord Dunsany's 'The Gods of the Mountain,' of which Frank Harris says, 'It is the only play which has meant anything to me in twenty years,' shows an inexorable fatality as in the Greek drama.

"Science is revealing wonderful facts and fiction is quick to realize the possibilities for startling situations in every field. So diabolic botanical specimens, animals endowed with human or more

than human craft—sometimes gifted with immortality as well—add a new interest to uncanny fiction. And the new machines that make all impossibilities come to pass inspire a significant class of supernatural stories. In general, a new force is given to all things, to raise them to the level of the human."

Modern supernaturalism is, perhaps, more complex, more psychological, than terroristic, Miss Scarborough suggests, because we have become more intellectual, our thought-processes more subtle. Humanity still wants ghosts, but they must be cleverly presented to be convincing. It is a more difficult feat to thrill readers than it formerly was. "Yet when it is attained it is more poignant and lasting in its effects because more subtle in its art." The sense of the unearthly persists. As Lafcadio Hearn suggested, there is something ghostly in all great art, whether of literature, music, sculpture or architecture. But the outstanding fact to this erudite ghost-hunter is the new democracy in the world of spirits:

"We go a-ghosting now in public places, and a specter may glide up to give us an *apologia pro vita sua* any day in Grand Central or on Main Street of Our-Town. We chat with fetches across the garden fence and pass the time of day with demons by way of the dumb-waiter. That gray-furred creature that glooms suddenly before us in the winter street is not a chauffeur, but a were-wolf questing for his prey. Yon whirring thing in the far blue is not an aeroplane but a hippogriff that will presently alight on the pavement beside us with thundering golden hoofs to bear us away to distant lovely lands where we shall be untroubled by the price of butter or the articles lost in last week's wash. That sedate middle-aged ferry that transports us from Staten Island is a magic Sending Boat if only we knew its potent runes! The old woman with the too-pink cheeks and glittering eye that presses August bargains upon us with the argument that they will be in style for early fall wear is a witch wishful to lure away our souls. We may pass at will by the guardian of the narrow gate and traverse the regions of the Underworld. True, the materialist may argue that the actual is more marvelous than the imagined, that the aeroplane is more a thing of wonder than was the hippogriff, that the ferry is really the enchanted boat, after all, and that Dante would write a new 'Inferno' if he could see the subway at the rush hour; but that is another issue.

"We might have more psychical experiences than we do if we would only keep our eyes open; but most of us do have more than we admit to the neighbors. We have an early-Victorian reticence concerning ghostly things as if it were scandalous to be associated with them. But that is all wrong. We should be proud of being singled out for spectral confidences and should report our ghost-guests to the society columns of the newspaper. It is hoped that this discussion of comparative ghost-lore may help to establish a better sense of values."

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DOSTOEVSKY AS THE GREATEST MODERN TRAGIC ARTIST

IN contemporary art Dostoevsky is the greatest and perhaps the only true tragedian, and his whole art can best be summed up as tragic art *par excellence*. This is the challenge of Janko Lavrin in the first of a series of illuminating studies of the abnormal Russian, published in the *London New Age*. He defends this claim by contrasting the novels of Dostoevsky with those of lesser writers. With others, mainly of occidental Europe, artistic creation becomes game, a spiritual Hedonism or Epicureanism, the creation of beautiful illusions. "The artist takes refuge in the new reality created by himself, bathing in it, toying with its combinations, like a child with soap-bubbles." This art usually ends in estheticism, which obliterates one's whole self and reality. Art becomes a beautiful game, a fine lying. Tragic art, on the other hand, is not Epicurean, but a cruel torture, "an unending Golgotha, an unceasing struggle against their own downfall. Thus did Nietzsche create. Thus did Baudelaire, in part, create (alho his tragical utterances are often artificial). Thus, and thus only, did Dostoevsky create his chief works." Janko Lavrin elaborates:

"This art we may define as tragic. It is always the result of an inner spiritual necessity. It is very seldom 'pleasant' as this word is applied to 'art for entertainment's sake'; it often attaches little importance to formal prettiness; but, in place of this, it has another quality which is peculiar to itself—it can be majestic and elemental. An example of this is seen in Dostoevsky's art, which bursts forth beyond the bounds of all plastic form, as a river overflows its banks during a flood. It bursts forth also beyond the bounds of all conventional esthetics, because it is stronger than esthetics: it is not to be dragged along by esthetics, but *vice versa* . . .

"Turgenev's esthetic and sentimental writings bear the same relation to Dostoevsky's novels as a beautiful and graceful rocket to the majestic chaos of a volcano, when an ocean of fire is mingled with lava, with smoke and ashes, with howling and thunder, at which the earth seems to be rent asunder, bringing forth apocalyptic monsters. Only in tragic art is a great synthesis possible between beauty and ethics, between esthetics, psychology, religion and philosophy—and this synthesis we find in the works of Dostoevsky.

"Being pervaded by the profoundest ideas, this art is beyond any moral or utilitarian tendency, just as it is beyond all rules of commonplace esthetics. Nay, more—commonplace esthetics so far possess no standard by which to estimate this art; for this purpose it would rather be necessary to create a new and less dogmatic type of esthetics, which might be termed psycho-esthetics."

Dostoevsky took the vertical rather than the horizontal path of creation. He was not concerned with the surface of reality, the diversity of its forms, its odd complications, or its external conflicts. He tried "to penetrate even to the very essence of the real," as he himself expressed it. He sought the depths of reality, its mysteries and transcendental essence. Dostoevsky, asserts Mr. Lavrin, was a giant because "without the slightest attempt to symbolize in the conventional manner he achieves symbolistic revelations in his purely realistic works. By means of external and commonplace reality, and almost entirely within the limits of this reality, he has revealed to us the greatest, the most tragic mysteries of internal and transcendental reality." The author described himself not as a psychologist, but as a realist "in the higher meaning of the word." The morbid pathology of his characters is thus explained by Mr. Lavrin:

"Dostoevsky is very far from concerning himself with pathology for pathology's sake, as some of his critics allege. His pathology is not the end but the means. It is through exaggeration, by straining the 'normal' to its utmost limits, or perhaps through the abnormal, that he seeks to fathom the essence, the secret of the 'normal' itself.

"As soon as man falls ill, as soon as the normal, earthly order of his organism becomes disturbed, immediately the possibility of another world begins to reveal itself, and the more ill man is, the more he feels the proximity of our world to another," says Svidrigailov in 'Crime and Punishment.' And the illness of Prince Myshkin in 'The Idiot' is characterized by Dostoevsky thus: 'He (Myshkin) often told himself that those fugitive moments which are marked by the most intense self-realization, and, consequently, by the most exalted vitality, are due to nothing but sickness, to a rupture of normal conditions, and, that if it is so, then there is no superior life there (i. e., in normal life) but, on the contrary, a life of the lowest order, an inferior life. . . .

"This explains sufficiently why Dostoevsky, that 'Shakespeare of the madhouse,' is not even capable of taking any interest in the normal as such; reality begins to interest him only when it becomes abnormal and irrational. . . . Exterior or normal man is in Dostoevsky's eyes only the cipher of irrational man, who has to be deciphered. And in the manner of an inquisitor he devises the cruellest experiments, the most unheard-of tortures to decipher him, to drag from him his secret, his 'essence.'

"For this reason his main heroes are always in conflict, not with their 'environment,' not with 'social conditions,' but with 'irrational forces' revealing themselves in their consciousness, of which they become victims and martyrs. Raskolnikov, Svidrigailov, Stavrogin, Ivan

He Plunged into the Darkest Labyrinths of the Soul to Describe the Mysteries of Those Depths

Karamazov do not fall beneath the burden of external conditions (as victims of an external complication) but rather beneath the oppression of internal necessity. Rational man falls overwhelmed by the irrational man, whom he bears in his own consciousness. That is why each of Dostoevsky's novels is rather a majestic internal tragedy, a spiritual tragedy."

Further confirmation of Janko Lavrin's high estimate of Dostoevsky is given by Charles Gray Shaw, in an essay presented in the *North American Review*. "It is only by relating the Russian to Job, Ezekiel, and the author of the Apocalypse that we are able to make headway in reading Dostoevsky. . . . Style is swallowed up in significance, technique surrenders to subject; for the story is something, not about something. As architecture and music are arts which refuse to represent something other than themselves, but are real and representative together, so the art of Dostoevsky, instead of being pictorial and imitative, is so much reality spread out before one's gaze." He explored not only the tropics but the Siberias of the Russian soul:

"Side by side with frank frightfulness, for which even the German U-boat fleet can hardly prepare us, Dostoevsky loves to place accompanying tales of excessive want and extravagant self-abasement. From tropic to poles his art passes without literary inconsistency. In his hands, the story shifts from the Slavonic to the Sanskrit, while a word from him turns the Cossack into a Buddhist. Meanwhile, we are kept wondering just when man in the European and American sense will make his appearance. The underlying philosophy of Dostoevsky puzzles the eyes of reading-room and magazine-people, because this philosophy puts the negation of life upon a par with life-assertion. 'The law of self-preservation and the law of self-destruction,' says he, 'are equally strong in humanity.' Thus the Hindu becomes the match for the Tartar, while the Buddhist hypnotizes the Cossack. Walking side by side with the ferocious characters and enjoying their crimson confidence too are so many gentle souls whose sense of want and whose capacity for compassion make them strange bed-fellows. . . . For himself, Dostoevsky concludes that life is at its best when its tides are at their lowest ebb, its colors of an infra-red tint. The best man is the least of men, a kind of idiot who possesses just enough volition and ideation to continue diplomatic relations with life. Good and bad, life and death are one; at the same time, all souls are open to the one world; the endless publicity of Siberian existence had taught Dostoevsky that bitter lesson. 'In truth,' he says, 'we are each responsible for all, and it's only men who don't know this. If they did, the earth would be a paradise at once.' This oneness of human life on earth is

the source of the artist's sympathism; all may be walled in, but there are no separating partitions. Sorrow is sacred, hence the monk, in 'The Brothers Karamazov,' bows in reverence before the suffering in store for the young villain. More striking and better known than this episode is the incident in 'Crime and Punishment' where Raskolnikov kisses the feet of the despised street-girl, and says, 'I do not bow down to you personally, but to suffering humanity in your person.' Such a text is the essence of the Russian novel."

"He is not a peak, he is a mountain system," wrote Otto Julius Bierbaum, the German critic, in 1912. How Dos-

toevsky is opposed to the German spirit, the spirit of Goethe and Nietzsche, is brought out by Bierbaum, as quoted in a recent number of the *San Francisco Town Talk*: "He oppresses me more than he uplifts," the German critic wrote:

"Sincerely prepared to admire those virtuous of humility as extraordinary men, and to ascribe to them powers akin to those of saints, we refuse to accept them as examples and models for humanity at large. . . . And we enjoy the confident hope that, if the Russian spirit is really affected by this inclination towards pas-

sivity, which we consider sublime, but yet diseased, then there is no danger of our being overwhelmed by it. Processions of flagellants do not conquer the world. . . ."

"That which has made Dostoevsky so great is perhaps just the thing which will prevent the Russian nation from becoming great as against ourselves. But even assuming that this spirit answers the Russian heart, and is therefore beneficial for it, it can hardly further our own development. For it seems that we are not made to enter into it in the way shown to us by that, after all for us very strange, phenomenon Dostoevsky. To follow his spirit would mean to deny Goethe and to consider Nietzsche a disease. . . ."

HARDY AND R. L. S. STAND SUPREME WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT FALLS DOWN

THAT the phenomena of man's environment are as interesting as man himself, and that an author is privileged to make a river or mountain an essential *character* in his work, just as he is privileged to lift a forest, in its unknowable attributes, into a presence more portentous than the human beings who move within it, are assertions made by Eden Phillpots, the novelist, with whom Professor Frank C. Hersey, of Harvard, unqualifiedly agrees. Professor Hersey supplements this with the statement that the reality of a story is not complete unless the reader knows that it occurs in a definite region as, for instance, the hill-country of India, a New England town, the sea-coast of Scotland or a California mining camp. Professor Hersey, talking about the scenery of great novels, at the National Arts Club, New York, quotes in support of his argument such diverse masters as Stevenson, Hawthorne, Blackmore, Conrad, Scott and Hardy.

In "The Return of the Native," the most famous example of Hardy's treatment of environment, the setting is Egdon Heath, a vast tract of waste land. "Egdon Heath tyrannizes over the lives of the natives to such an extent that it has been called the chief character of the story. Study the phrases which enforce the dominant tone of the heath: 'embrowned itself moment by moment,' 'an instalment of night,' 'sighted and enduring,' 'singularly colossal and mysterious in its swarthy monotony.' Note this figure: 'bisected that vast dark surface like the parting-line on a head of black hair,' which even a photograph of the road across the heath shows is a masterpiece of careful observation." Quoting Stevenson in his awareness of the relation between background and action. Professor Hersey says:

"One thing in life calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. One place suggests work, another idleness, a third early rising and long rambles

Scenery is Important, Tho Often Slurred, in Great Novels

in the dew. The effect of night, of any flowing water, of lighted cities, of the peep of day, of ships, of the open ocean, call up in the mind an army of anonymous desires and pleasures. Something, we feel, should happen; we know not what, yet we proceed in quest of it. And many of the happiest hours of life fleet by us in this vain attendance on the genius of the place and moment. . . . Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for a murder; certain old houses demand to be haunted; certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck."

Professor Hersey points to a suggestive contrast, in this connection, between the methods of Stevenson and Sir Walter Scott in painting their backgrounds and in their powers of descriptive writing. Stevenson, "born within the frown of Edinburgh Castle," has in "Edinburgh" this graphic passage:

"In the very midst stands one of the most satisfactory crags in nature—a Bass Rock upon dry land, rooted in a garden, shaken by passing trains, carrying a crowd of battlements and turrets, and describing its war-like shadow over the liveliest and brightest thoroughfare of the new town."

In "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," on the other hand, Scott writes of the Castle as seen from the Grassmarket:

"In Edinburgh, a large open street, or rather oblong square, surrounded by high houses, called the Grassmarket, was used for the same melancholy purpose, executions. . . . The houses in the Grassmarket are, generally speaking, of a mean description; yet the place is not without some features of grandeur, being overhung by the southern side of the huge rock on which the Castle stands, and by the moss-grown battlements and turreted walls of the ancient fortress."

This the Harvard critic flatly pronounces dull: it does not paint a vivid picture. The words do not fill the eye with the tremendous height of the crag and the romantic aspect of the Castle. The huge gray fortress merely "stands," which is equivalent to saying that it is there—and nothing more.



THIS, TO THOMAS HARDY, LOOKS LIKE THE PARTING-LINE IN A HEAD OF BLACK HAIR

But, in reality, it is the highway across Egdon Heath, as described in his novel, "The Return of the Native."

VOICES OF LIVING POETS

ONE gets to feeling sometimes that poetry is, perhaps, after all is said and done, a child of the dreams and make-believe of life rather than of its realities; that it is for the idle moments, a pleasing digression, an embroidery on the garments of experience. Many persons feel that way about it all the time. Well, if ever the world was "up against" the grim realities it is up against them now, and instead of casting aside poetry as a sort of frill, there has never been a time in the life of living men and women when it seemed to be so much a necessity—not merely for those who stay at home but for those who are called to participate in the conflict. The number of poets who have "found" themselves in the trenches is surprising. Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Francis Ledwidge, are but a few of the best-known names. Hardly a week passes by that the British journals do not print a poem of real power and beauty by some soldier, with a foot-note telling when and where the author met his death. Moreover the bulletin of the Poetry Society of America has been passing on the word from librarians in Chillicothe, Brookline and other places telling of the unexpected demand for books of poetry in the camp libraries—a demand confirmed by recent statements made by Frank Vanderlip. The Vigilantes, the volunteer organization of writers which has been sending out patriotic articles to papers all over the country, has found such a wide demand for poetry that it has recently issued a special call for more abundant contributions in this line.

Let us hear no more, then, for all time to come about poetry as something aloof from the realities of life. It is closely linked to the deepest and highest that is in the heart of man. When we rise to the real sublimities, which are also the real realities, it is there that the spirit of Poesy greets us and companions us. It is in the banalities of life, its fripperies and frivolities, that we lose it.

The poem below was printed in the *English Review* with a foot-note: "Recently killed in France."

FROM HOME.

BY THE LATE LIEUT. E. A. MACINTOSH.

THE pale sun woke in the eastern sky
And a veil of mist was drawn
Over the faces of death and fame
When you went up in the dawn.
With never a thought of fame or death,
Only the work to do,
When you went over the top, my friends,
And I not there with you.

The veil is rent with a rifle-flash
And shows me, plain to see,
Battle and bodies of men that lived
And fought along with me.
O God! it would not have been so hard
If I'd been in it too.
But you are lying stiff, my friends,
And I not there with you.

So here I sit in a pleasant room
By a comfortable fire,
With everything that a man could want,
But not the heart's desire.
So I sit thinking and dreaming still,
A dream that won't come true,
Of you in the German trench, my friends,
And I not there with you.

A new volume by John Oxenham
("The Vision Splendid," Doran Co.)
contains this:

WHAT DID YOU SEE OUT THERE,
MY LAD?

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

WHAT did you see out there, my
lad,
That has set that look in your
eyes?

You went out a boy, you have come back
a man,
With strange new depths underneath your
tan;

What was it you saw out there, my lad,
That set such deeps in your eyes?

"Strange things—and sad—and wonder-
ful—

Things that I scarce can tell—
I have been in the sweep of the Reaper's
scythe—
With God—and Christ—and hell.

"I have seen Christ doing Christly deeds;
I have seen the Devil at play;
I have grimped to the sod in the hand of
God;
I have seen the God-less pray.

"I have seen Death blast out suddenly
From a clear blue summer sky;
I have slain like Cain with a blazing brain,
I have heard the wounded cry.

"I have lain among the dead,
With no hope but to die;
I have seen them killing the wounded
ones,
I have seen them crucify.

"I have seen the Devil in petticoats
Wiling the souls of men;
I have seen great sinners do great deeds,
And turn to their sins again.

"I have sped through hells of fiery hail,
With fell red-fury shod;
I have heard the whisper of a voice,
I have looked in the face of God."

You've a right to your deep, high look,
my lad,
You have met God in the ways;

And no man looks into His face
But he feels it all his days.
You've a right to your deep, high look,
my lad,
And we thank Him for His grace.

The service flag is catching the eyes
of the poets. We find this in the *N. Y. Sun*:

THE LITTLE STAR IN THE
WINDOW.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

THERE'S a little star in the window
of the house across the way,
A little star, red bordered, on a
ground of pearly white;
I can see its gleam at evening; it is bright
at dawn of day,
And I know it has been shining through
the long and dismal night.

The folks who pass the window on the
busy city street,
I often notice, turn a glance before
they hurry by,
And one, a gray haired woman, made
curtsey low and sweet,
While something like a teardrop was
glistening in her eye.

And yesterday an aged man, by life's
stern battle spent,
His empty coat sleeve hanging down,
a witness sadly mute,
Gave one swift look and halted—his form
full height, unbent—
And ere he passed his hand came up
in soldierly salute.

The little star in the window is aflame
with living fire,
For it was lit at the hearthstone where
a lonely mother waits;
And she has stained its crimson with
the glow of her heart's desire,
And brightened its pearl white heaven
beyond the world's dark hates.

The star shall shine through the battle
when the shafts of death are
hurled;
It shall shine through the long night
watches in the foremost trenches'
line;
Over the waste of waters, and beyond
the verge of the world,
Like the guiding Star of the Magi its
blessed rays shall shine.

The little star in the window shall beacon
your boy's return
As his eyes are set to the homeland,
when the call of the guns shall
cease;
In the Flag's high constellation through
the ages it shall burn,
A pledge of his heart's devotion, a
sign of his people's peace.

This hits a nail on the head with
neatness and dispatch. We find it in
the *Washington Herald*:

SUBSTITUTES.

BY BERTON BRALEY.

THE Germans are feeding
On substitute meat,
The flour they are kneading
Is substitute wheat,
Their cattle they fodder
On substitute hay,
And life's growing odder
And odder each day.

They smoke—with great loathing—
Their substitute weeds,
And substitute clothing
Is made for their needs;
They've substitute money
And substitute cheese
And substitute honey
From substitute bees.

They settle their quarrels
By substitute law,
Their substitute morals
Cause deeds that are raw,
Their car wheels are creaking
With substitute grease
And now they are seeking
A substitute peace.

And when they are peevish by
Real woe and distress,
They're tricked and deceived by
A substitute press;
Their thoughts and their ways, too,
Are sure to be odd
While Kaiser Bill prays to
A substitute God!

A fine anonymous poem appears in
the *Atlantic*:

TO N. S., WHO DIED IN BATTLE.

I KNEW you glad to go; I envied you.
To pour the glory of your young life
forth

In one libation—what more happy lot?
Be spared the slow, sad drip of dreams
and hopes,
Of loves and memories, that leaves us
dry
And bitter, seared and bleared with
creeping age.

Who would not die in battle? Life cut
short?

Nay, blossomed in a moment, rich with
fruit,
Blossom and fruit together, which the
years

Might never ripen—uneventful years
Of nursery-gardening one small, precious
self,
Which seeds and dies and none knows
why it was.

I knew you glad to go; you knew not
why—

The sting of high adventure in your
blood,
The salt of danger savoring nights and
days;

And in your heart the wave of some un-
known
Deep feeling shared with comrades, that
bore you on

The tideways that the coward never
knows,
Nor he who hoards his life for his own
ends.

O happy boy, you have not lost your
years!

You lived them through and through in
those brief days

When you stood facing death. They are
not lost:

They rushed together as the waters rush
From many sources; you had all in one.

You filled your little cup with all
experience,

And drank the golden foam, and left the
dregs,

And tossed the cup away. Why should
we mourn

Your happiness? You burned clear flame,
while he

Who treads the endless march of dusty
years

Grows blind and choked with dust before
he dies,

And dying goes back to the primal dust,
And has not lived so long in those long
years

As you in your few, vibrant, golden
months

When like a spendthrift you gave all you
were.

"My Ireland" is the title of a book
of Celtic verse that sings from cover
to cover. The name on the title-page
—Francis Carlin—is a *nom de plume*.
The writer, whose real name is J. F. C.
MacDonnell, was until a few weeks ago
a floor-walker in one of the big depart-
ment stores of New York City (he is
now head of a department), and was
"discovered" by Padraic Colum. He
had his book obscurely printed and it
has been unobtainable at the bookstores
until recently. Henry Holt & Co. has
now become the publisher. It has the
true Celtic quality. The dedication
alone is worth the price of admission:

"IT IS HERE THAT THE BOOK BEGINS AND
IT IS HERE THAT A PRAYER IS ASKED FOR
THE SOUL OF THE SCRIBE WHO WROTE IT
FOR THE GLORY OF GOD, THE HONOR OF
ERINN AND THE PLEASURE OF THE WOMAN
WHO CAME FROM BOTH—HIS MOTHER."

The following poems give a taste of
the quality:

THE BOOTED HENS.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

IN secret places strange and wild
E'en to the wonder of a child,
The Wee Folk cobble little boots
For birds that scratch the lusmore's
roots.

And every night the Leprahaun,
Must finish ere the Streak of Dawn
A pair of boots for every hen
That scratches on the graves of men.

Now Katty Shields in Kilnagruide
One morning went to feed her brood,
And, finding all the hens arrayed
In boots, she cursed the cobbler's trade.

And since that morning long ago
She is always out at heel and toe,
In a pair of brogues the like of which
Might well be found behind a ditch.

For she had cursed the Leprahaun
Who finishes before the dawn
A pair of boots for every hen
That scratches on the graves of men.

BEFORE I STUMBLED.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

BEFORE I stumbled o'er a song
In Waterford or Kerry,
The Winters were as long as long
But all the Springs were merry;
For tho I could not sing myself,
The sally-thrush was near me,
But now my rhymes might fill a shelf
And not a bird to cheer me.

Before I learned these music-words
In Ballyshunock's meadow,
The days were, happy for the birds
Oft sang within my shadow;
But now that I can sing a song,
My shadow wants the thrushes,
And the Winters are as long as long
With neither birds nor bushes.

How long ago since I was young
In Munster of the Music,
Is more than I could tell by tongue;
But charming Moira Cusack,
Perchance recalls when first my words
Made songs on her so sweetly
That all the jealous little birds
Went off from me completely.

MAUREEN OGE.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

O MAUREEN OGE across the foam,
If you were at these hedges here,
You would not know that you were
home
So quaint is everything and
queer.

Each primrose opens with the day
To wonder why it has unfurled,
And since you wandered far away
The winds have searched the open
world.

The cuckoo calls you home again;
The daisies droop in pale distress;
And roses lean across the lane,
Och! roses wild with loneliness.

O Maureen Oge beyond the sea,
I wait not only with the rose;
For in the house where you should be,
The walls are lonesome for your
clothes.

Here is a beautiful poem from the
Century by one who is fast taking rank
among the first of American lyricists:

AFTER SUNSET.

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.

I HAVE an understanding with the
hills
At evening, when the slanted radiance
fills
Their hollows, and the great winds let
them be,
And they are quiet and look down at me.
Oh, then I see the patience in their eyes
Out of the centuries that made them wise.
They lend me hoarded memory, and I
learn
Their thoughts of granite and their whims
of fern,

And why a dream of forests must endure
 Tho every tree be slain; and how the
 pure,
 Invisible beauty has a word so brief
 A flower can say it, or a shaken leaf,
 But few may ever snare it in a song,
 Tho for the quest a life is not too long.
 When the blue hills grow tender, when
 they pull
 The twilight close with gesture beautiful,
 And shadows are their garments, and
 the air
 Deepens, and the wild veery is at prayer,
 Their arms are strong around me; and
 I know
 That somehow I shall follow when you
 go
 To the still land beyond the evening star,
 Where everlasting hills and valleys are,
 And silence may not hurt us any more,
 And terror shall be past, and grief and
 war.

We had something satiric to say last
 month of Maxwell Bodenheim's theory
 of poetry. We find his practice better
 than his theory. This from the *Century*
 is quite delightful:

AN OLD POET TO HIS LOVE.

BY MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

AN old silver church in a forest
 Is my love for you.
 The trees around it
 Are words that I have stolen
 from your heart.
 An old silver bell, the last smile you
 left me,
 Is at the top of my church.
 It rings only when you come through
 the forest
 And stand beside it.
 And then it has no need for ringing,
 For your voice takes its place.

We have read Mrs. Gifford's poem
 in the *Atlantic Monthly* half a dozen
 times and it always brings tears into
 our eyes, it is so poignantly sweet.
 We would have difficulty in finding a
 more beautiful picture of domestic joy.

THE ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD.

IAM all alone in the room.
 The evening stretches before me
 Like a road all delicate gloom
 Till it reaches the midnight's gate.
 And I hear his step on the path,
 And his questioning whistle, low
 At the door as I hurry to meet him.

He will ask, "Are the doors all locked?
 Is the fire made safe on the hearth?
 And she—is she sound asleep?"

I shall say, "Yes, the doors are locked,
 And the ashes are white as the frost:
 Only a few red eyes
 To stare at the empty room.
 And she is all sound asleep,
 Up there where the silence sings,
 And the curtains stir in the cold."

He will ask, "And what did you do
 While I have been gone so long?
 So long! Four hours or five!"

I shall say, "There was nothing I did.
 I mended that sleeve of your coat.
 And I made her a little white hood
 Of the furry pieces I found
 Up in the garret to-day.
 She shall wear it to play in the snow,
 Like a little white bear—and shall laugh,
 And tumble, and crystals of stars
 Shall shine on her cheeks and hair.—
 It was nothing I did.—I thought
 You would never come home again!"

Then he will laugh out, low,
 Being fond of my folly, perhaps;
 And softly and hand in hand
 We shall creep upstairs in the dusk,
 To look at her, lying asleep:
 The wonderful bird in her nest;
 Our little gold bird who flew in
 At the window our Life flung wide.
 (How should we have chosen her,
 Had we seen them all in a row,
 The unborn vague little souls,
 All wings and tremulous hands?
 How should we have chosen her,
 Made like a star to shine,
 Made like a bird to fly,
 Out of a drop of our blood,
 And earth, and fire, and God?)

Then we shall go to sleep,
 Glad.—

O God, did you know
 When you molded men out of clay,
 Urging them up and up
 Through the endless circles of change,
 Travail and turmoil and death,
 Many would curse you down,
 Many would live all gray
 With their faces flat like a mask?
 But there would be some, O God,
 Crying to you each night,
 "I am so glad! so glad!
 I am so rich and gay!
 How shall I thank you, God?"

Was that one thing you knew
 When you smiled and found it was good:
 The curious teeming earth
 That grew like a child at your hand?
 Ah, you might smile, for that!—
 I am all alone in the room.
 The books and the pictures peer,
 Dumb old friends, from the dark.
 The wind goes high on the hills,
 And my fire leaps out, being proud.
 The terrier, down on the hearth,
 Twitches and barks in his sleep,
 Soft little foolish barks,
 More like a dream than a dog—

I will mend the sleeve of that coat,
 All ragged—and make her the hood,
 Furry, and white, for the snow.
 She shall tumble and laugh.—

Oh, I think,

Tho a thousand rivers of grief
 Flood over my head,—tho a hill
 Of horror lie on my breast,—
 Something will sing, "Be glad!
 You have had all your heart's desire:
 The unknown things that you asked
 When you lay awake in the nights,
 Alone, and searching the dark
 For the secret wonder of life.
 You have had them (can you forget?),
 The ancient beautiful things!" . . .

How long he, is gone! And yet
 It is only an hour or two. . . .

Oh, I am so happy! My eyes
 Are troubled with tears.

Did you know,
 O God, they would be like this,
 Your ancient beautiful things?
 Are there more? Are there more—out
 there?—
 O God, are there always more?

This poem from the *Nautilus* ought
 to be put on one of these illuminated
 cards and hung on the walls of homes
 and schools. It has the real inspira-
 tional note:

THE DAY AND THE WORK.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

TO each man is given a day and his
 work for the day;
 And once, and no more, he is
 given to travel this way.
 And woe if he flies from the task, what-
 ever the odds;
 For the task is appointed to him on the
 scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only his
 hands can avail;
 And so, if he falters, a chord in the music
 will fail.
 He may laugh to the sky, he may lie for
 an hour in the sun;
 But he dare not go hence till the labor
 appointed is done.

To each man is given a marble to carve
 for the wall;
 A stone that is needed to heighten the
 beauty of all;
 And only his soul has the magic to give
 it a grace;
 And only his hands have the cunning to
 put it in place.

Yes, the task that is given to each man,
 no other can do:
 So the errand is waiting; it has waited
 through ages for you.
 And now you appear; and the hushed
 ones are turning their gaze
 To see what you do with your chance in
 the chamber of days.

If some publisher doesn't publish a
 volume of Miss Davies' poems pretty
 soon we shall tell what we think as to
 the density of their minds and the
 opacity of their souls. This is from the
Century:

FREE.

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

OVER and over I tell the sky,
 I am free—I.

Over and over I tell the sea,
 I am free.

Over and over I tell my lover
 I am free, free—over and over.

But when the night comes black and cold,
 I, who am young, with fear grow old;
 And I know, when the world is clear of
 sound,
 I am bound—bound.

One doesn't look in the *Railroad Men's Magazine* to find poetry, and that's where one makes a mistake. What could be more deft and winsome than this?

THE COMMUTER AND HIS TICKET.

By HENRY J. MYERS.

MY commutation ticket has been punched all full of holes. Conductors do not realize that tickets may have souls, But I know (and the ticket knows) that such is not the case: There's meaning in each punch hole in its travel punctured face.

For each conductor has a mark that is his very own; By crescent, circle, spade or square his handiwork is shown. Each mark relates a story of a trip to East or West— A story that the ticket holds within its paper breast.

This oblong tells about the trip where first I saw my sweet; This square reminds me of the time I offered her my seat; This diamond is the journey where I looked into her eyes; This arrow is the morning when we only spoke in sighs.

This double star reminds me how a trip for life was planned; This circle was recorded when I asked her for her hand. The ticket's month expires there, but I shall not be vexed,

Because its little story is continued in the next.

And when I bring my bride to town I hope they punch a heart, And when I bring her home they ought to punch a Cupid's dart. Then later, when I ride to work, to earn her bread and mine, They'll wish me luck and fortune if they punch a dollar sign.

And if success rewards my daily business trips to town (Which fact will be recorded on my ticket by a crown), Perhaps a few years afterward the trainmen of the line Will find a group of little tickets traveling with mine.

We like this from the *Amherst Graduates' Monthly*. It has no particular witchery of phrase or of melody, but the idea is finely poetic:

PRAYER OF A VIOLIN.

By HARRY GREENWOOD GROVER.

WHEN I am gone, my last string snapped, burn up, I pray, the trembling wood through which I sang, The broken bridge, the keys that tuned my strings To seraph strains—this Thing through which I breathed: Burn it and blow its ashes to the winds Lest Pity's eye should find me out and say, "This was the one the Master used on such

A day. The worms and dust of time have done For it. He found a better one!" Ah, Friend, Give not an endless death like this to me, But burn this shell whence I have fled, and grant Eternal life through haunting melodies The Master drew from me, his violin.

A piece of effective satire, almost brutal in its strength, is this from *Life*:

TRAITORS THREE.

By CLEMENT WOOD.

JUDAS and Arnold and Kaiser Bill Sat and talked on a brimstone hill.

"I," said Judas, "I sold my Lord To murderers for a cash reward."

"And I," said Arnold, "betrayed my men; Everyone talked of my deed then."

The Kaiser spoke, "Why, boys, I broke A sacred treaty with peaceful folk;

"Betrayed them, man and woman and child, To be shot and massacred and defiled.

"The remnant I work in armament town At shells to shoot their brothers down."

An envious thrill through the dead hearts flew.

"What a traitor you are!" said the other two.

PREM SINGH LOSES HIS BROTHER—A SKETCH

• It was probably a good thing for Prem Singh to lose his brother, but he failed to appreciate the blessing at the time. Rather a pathetic and noble figure this Hindu servant was and we hope the girl in India was worthy of him. The story appears in the *Bellman* and the author is John Amid.

PREM SINGH had company. When I went in the gathering dusk to feed the cow I noticed, instead of the usual solitary figure crouched above the little camp fire in the open, two lean forms silhouetted against the dancing flames, while a flow of guttural conversation that broke occasionally into seemingly excited treble argument mingled with the fragrant smoke from burning greasewood roots.

"He probably has a letter from India," I told the Lady of the Castle, when I went back into the little stone house, "and has rung in a chap from the gang below to read it to him."

"From his brother, probably," said the Lady. "He'll be all excited over it. You'll have to do the milking."

Her surmise as to the letter was correct, tho I didn't have to do the milking.

"Letter come China country! My brother!" Prem Singh announced exultantly, when he came for the milk-pail. "Pretty good!" He ducked his head sideways in a delighted nod. "I go milk now."

We had known of this brother ever since the Hindu had become our devoted and isolated adherent. He was Prem Singh's family, the only relative he had in the world.

"My father, mammy, been die," he had explained to me. "Both. My father, my mammy, two my sister, my little brother:

all one time die. Too much sick. All my uncle, my auntie, everybody die. Too many people. Just me, my big brother, live. Thass all." From which we gathered that a cholera epidemic had left the two boys orphans: Prem Singh, now our vassal, and Kala Singh, half a dozen years older, at present a British policeman at Shanghai.

IT was a poor life, this brother's, but highly treasured by the younger brother, who, curiously enough, proved to be the stable member of the family. Kala Singh had left a bad record behind him in India, including a year's jail sentence for knifing a coconspirator in a bank robbery.

"My brother pretty much been marry," Prem Singh told me one time, his face clouding over. "One time twelve hundred, one time fifteen hundred, dollar—my country rupee. All go." He snapped his fingers to illustrate the disappearance of the marriage money into thin air. "Too much drink. Too much gambler."

Evidence that the black sheep had never mended his ways was furnished abundantly in the repeated requests that came for money, which Prem Singh never refused.

"Mester," he would usually ask me on the day succeeding the arrival of a letter from "China country," "you two hundred dollar to-day bank take off, mice." I had never been able to teach him the use of

the possessive "mine"; it was invariably mice. "I send money China country. My brother."

Once or twice I remonstrated with him about this, to no purpose. After all, it was his own money: the two dollars a day which, with practically no outgo, added up month by month in the bank. A letter from India, which he told me came from one of his brother's deserted wives, proved equally futile, tho troubling him for several days. Its only ultimate result was to prejudice his young mind still further against womankind and the institution of marriage.

"Me? Not any been marry!" he assured me, his eyes flashing. "Never! All time too much trouble! No good."

Yet he was engaged, one of those betrothals arranged in infancy by Hindu parents, binding till death. It hung over Prem Singh like a sword of Damocles, exiling him forever from his native land.

"This country pretty good," he told me often. "Girl wait all time my country. Twenty year old now, I guess, maybe. I stay America! Pretty good. Not any go back!" He shook his head emphatically. "Maybe some time my brother come this country. Thass good!" His eyes gleamed at the pleasant vision.

It was this dream of a reunion with his beloved black sheep of a brother in the great and good land of America, far from the cloudy danger of marriage that over-

hung all India, that more than any other illumined his long days and lonely evenings on the California mesa. He kept aloof from the other Hindus, from the large camps where they congregated, twenty and thirty together, for the clearing work that in time was to transform mesa into orchard land. He preferred to remain alone, apart, as my man.

"You pretty good man, Mester," he told me. "I all time stay here, please. I your man. My life!" Then he smiled. "Maybe some time my brother come; then two your men! Both. Thass pretty good!"

AND now the dream seemed likely to materialize. When he returned with the full milk pail, Prem Singh had a question to ask. He fidgeted awkwardly about it, remaining in the kitchen an unconscionable length of time, resting one foot and then the other. It came out at last with a rush.

"Mester, how much you think cost ticket, Shanghai this country?"

"I don't know, Prem Singh. I'll find out in Los Angeles, if you want. Steerage?"

"No, sair!" He was indignant. "Not any! Maybe my brother come this country. Second-class, sure. Thass pretty good."

I learned the amount, and it went forward on the next boat by money order to Kala Singh, care Sikh Temple, Shanghai. Then followed for Prem Singh a protracted period of pleasant anticipation that ended dismally two months later when another letter arrived from China-country announcing that the money was gone.

"Too much gambler, my brother," Prem Singh confided to me sadly. "I guess ticket more better."

It was a good idea; and the next registered letter carried no additional money order, but instead a one-way ticket, second-class, from Shanghai.

This was efficacious; and when, six weeks later, another letter arrived from

Shanghai, Prem Singh came to the house in a tremble of excitement.

"Mester, you know Salina Cruz? This country? Canada? I guess not. Meseeco? I guess maybe! My brother come Salina Cruz. English read." He always used the word "read" indiscriminately for read or write, reading or writing.

Inclosed with the sheet covered with Indian script was a small slip bearing a message in English. "Arrive Salina Cruz November 29," it read. "Send money."

"I guess my brother read maybe, himself," announced Prem Singh, scanning it closely. "Pretty smart man, my brother. English pretty good speak. My country read easy, English read little. Me not any. Not smart, me." Then he shook his head. "I guess this not any my brother read."

I guessed not either. It was a very fair handwriting indeed.

"You think all right send money Salina Cruz, Mester?"

I did not think so, emphatically not. Prem Singh was in doubt. His natural caution warned him against such a move. On the other hand his affection for his brother, his instinctive generosity, his desire to hasten in any way possible his brother's approach to the land of promise, urged him on. In the end he decided to wait for a more definite request.

It was not long in coming, arriving in the form of a telegram almost on the heels of the letter. "Send seventy dollars, Kala Singh, care British Consul, Salina Cruz, Mexico," the message ran. Evidently this brother was no fool.

PREM SINGH immediately dispatched a hundred by registered mail, bemoaning only the fact that the telegraph company would not transmit money to that point.

Followed another period of waiting—
anxious this time, for why should there be so much delay?—and then the end.

It is no easy matter for Hindus to enter this country, tho there is as yet no

definite Hindu exclusion act. The immigration laws already in existence can be so construed, in accordance with the desires of a certain rabid element of whites on the Pacific Coast, that it is almost impossible for a turbaned citizen of Great Britain to enter the United States. For the most part those that now drift into this country of ours land in Canada or Mexico, and straggle across the international line, running the gauntlet to escape detection.

This Kala Singh attempted. It was at Christmas-time, we learned through a Hindu who had made the voyage from Shanghai with him. Landed at Salina Cruz, they had taken boat again for Ensenada; thence, working overland, had come to the American border in the vicinity of Yuma. The pair had been detected by the border patrol, pursued, captured, and locked up for the night in a small jail. Participating, before daylight, with men held for greater offenses, in a general jail-break, they had been ordered to halt, and fired upon in the darkness. Kala Singh had been found by a chance bullet, and killed instantly.

"Isn't there anything we can do?" the Lady of the Castle asked me when I told her about it. "Isn't there anything?"

I went out to where Prem Singh crouched alone over his little fire of greasewood roots under the great vault of heaven.

"Hello, Mester!" he called listlessly, as I approached awkwardly.

"Hello, Prem Singh!" I answered.

There was a pause. "I make my country bread," he announced at length, clearing his throat, obviously manufacturing conversation in order to put me at my ease; and then, after a little: "I think maybe go back my country pretty soon."

"Go back to India, Prem Singh?" I was genuinely surprised.

He nodded affirmation. "Next month, maybe, I go," he said wearily. "America not very good. My country more better. Maybe bime-by been marry."

DARKER DAYS THAN EVER ARE AHEAD FOR RUSSIA

THAT the added power of the United States will vastly overbalance the subtracted power of Russia as a determining factor in the war; that the war weariness of the Allies daily makes haste more necessary on our part, but that the Germans will never be able to break through the western front, and that Russia is threatened with the bloodiest pogrom in all its dark history are four clauses in an impressive message that Sir John Foster Fraser brings to the United States, as chairman of the British National War Lectures Committee. Sir John should be well qualified to speak on the Russian chaos, having been a close and sympathetic student, as well as eye-witness, of the Russian drama. Very recently also he has been with the British army in France and with the grand fleet in the North Sea. Anyone acquainted with the higher international politics knows—such is his assertion—that Germany,

apart from the Prussian militarists, does not want to fight the United States. Also that, while France is "bled white" in man power, the British "have not reached their full strength." He does not believe, however, that Britain can put more than another million men into the field. "This summer we reach our maximum power. It can never be more, tho it can be comparatively stronger if we inflict heavy punishment on the enemy. Britain to-day has 7,500,000 men in khaki. Four and one-half millions of them are in France and 1,500,000 are in the fighting-line. We are waiting for America. I am among those who believe—stanch tho my faith be in the valor and the resistance power of my country—that the intervention of America has saved the world from a tragedy: nay, I will qualify and say that the tragedy will be averted if America acts soon, and, when the hitting begins, strikes with all her force."

So Sir John Foster Fraser Fears, Tho He Doesn't Fear the Hordes of Hindenburg on the Western Front

As to the Russian situation, which this British courier finds so difficult for Westerners to understand, his apprehensions, expressed in an address at the National Arts Club, New York, are that Russia, with close upon 200,000,000 people, has 2,000,000 German-speaking citizens "who are dominant in business," and 6,000,000 Jews "who found the brains for the revolution." Furthermore:

"They [the Jews] have a political instinct which the Russians do not possess and they are really the controllers of the political destinies of Russia—indeed sixty-four per cent. of the members of the Soviet are Jews. The Russians treated the Jews badly in the past and it is not to be wondered at, deprived of all civic rights, that they have no Russian national patriotism. Every country which has treated the Jew well has prospered; every country which has treated the Jew ill has suffered: that is the story right down through long generations.

"The objection to the Jew in Russia is neither racial nor religious, but eco-

nomic. But there is a very grave danger that the emotional and easily-swayed Russians will wake up some morning to the fact that altho they have got rid of the autocracy, altho they have overthrown the Romanoffs, they have placed themselves under a Jewish domination and then we may hear of the bloodiest pogrom there has ever been in the story of that unhappy country. It is because I admire the Jews, just as I love the Russians, that I pray the Jews, with their supreme ability, will not pursue the will-o'-the-wisp of internationalism, but remember they are Russians as well as Jews and exercise their influence to establish a democratic but stable government."

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB NOTES

Chief among the recent events in the galleries of the National Arts Club, New York, was the annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America, for which more than two hundred covers were laid. Guests of honor included John Masefield, the English poet, who has been officially designated historian of the British armies in France, and who spoke about the influence of the war on poets and poetry; Kahlil Gibran, a Syrian poet, who discussed Arabian poetry, and Don Marquis, who read a column of pungent paragraphs such as he conducts in the *New York Evening Sun*. Felicitous responses also were made by Padriac Colum, Grace Hazard Conkling and Vachell Lindsay.

At a public meeting of the Municipal Art Society, the subject of "Camouflage and Protective Coloration" was presented by artists

whose talents in this direction are enlisted by the Government. The principal speaker was Ernest Peixotto, painter and president of the MacDowell Club.

Professor Roy Chapman Andrews, associate curator of mammals, American Museum of Natural History, returning from China and the Thibetan frontier, has been telling the club some of his experiences during the rebellions against Yuan Shi Kai and in hunting the Blue Tiger.

An interesting February event was a talk by Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall on "Vandalism of the Modern Huns in the World War," illustrated by stereopticon views from photographs furnished by the French Government. Madame Algernon Sartoris, granddaughter of General Grant, also spoke on the "Restoration of the Ruined Cities of France."

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS

[Unless otherwise stated, prices are net and binding is cloth. Orders for any book in this list may be sent direct to the publisher, but any regular subscriber for CURRENT OPINION may, if preferred, send order with money to the Service Department of CURRENT OPINION.]

AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE WORLD WAR. By Ida Clyde Clarke. Advises women how best to do their share in the war. \$2.00. Appleton.

BOLSHEVIKI AND WORLD PEACE. By Leon Trotsky. With int. by Lincoln Steffens. A revolutionary document by Russia's Foreign Minister. Interprets the war and appeals to the working class of all nations. \$1.50. Boni and Liveright.

BOOTH TARKINGTON. By Robert C. Holliday. A keen study of this author's works. \$1.25. Doubleday, Page.

CAVALRY OF THE CLOUDS. "By 'Contact' (Capt. Alan Bott, M.C.). A fighting airman's account of aircraft activities at the front. \$1.25. Doubleday, Page.

CHICAGO. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Interprets Chicago as "the pulse of America." Ill. by Lester G. Hornby. \$7.50. Houghton, Mifflin.

COMRADES IN COURAGE. By Lieut. Antoine Redier. Tr. by Mrs. Philip Duncan Wilson. "Heroism and adventure are here, but greater still is the soul's unfolding in this officer." \$1.40. Doubleday, Page.

FRANCE BEARS THE BURDEN. By Major Granville Fortescue. With int. by André Tardieu, High Commissioner of France. Pictures France at the close of the third year of the war. \$1.25. Macmillan.

FRENZIED FICTION. By Stephen Leacock. Satire on ineffective reform, ill-considered innovations, intellectual, social and moral shams. \$1.25. Lane.

HARRY BUTTERS, R.F.A. Life and war letters, edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. With appreciations by J. L. Garvin, editor of the *London Observer*, and Winston Churchill, M.P. Record of a California boy who gave his life for England. \$1.50. Lane.

HISTORY OF THE WORLD WAR. By Frank H. Simonds, of the *New York Tribune*. Volume I. \$3.50. Doubleday, Page.

HOW TO FACE LIFE. By Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. A liberal's comment on youth, maturity and age. \$0.50. Huebsch.

LATEST LIGHT ON ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Ervin Chapman. Chapters on Lincoln's religion, personal appearance, attitude toward slavery, etc., by one who knew him. \$4.00. Revell.

LETTERS OF A CANADIAN STRETCHER BEARER. By R. A. L. Story of three years' service in hospital and trench. \$1.35. Little, Brown.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF STOPFORD BROOKE. By Lawrence Pearsall Jacks. Biography of the English clergyman and litterateur by his son-in-law, the editor of the *Hibbert Journal*. Two vols. \$4.75. Scribner.

LIFE OF LORD LISTER. By Sir Rickman John Godlee. Biography of the famous English surgeon by his nephew. \$6.00. Macmillan.

LIFE OF SIR CHARLES DILKE. By Stephen Gwynn and Gertrude Tuckwell. Reviews the career of the great English Liberal. Two vols. \$10.50. Macmillan.

MAN'S SUPREME INHERITANCE. By F. Matthias Alexander. With int. by Prof. John Dewey. Analyzes the causes for the breakdown of civilization in war, and advocates conscious control and guidance of human evolution. \$1.50. Macmillan.

MARCHING ON TANGA. By Captain Francis Brett Young. Tells the story of a British campaign in German East Africa. \$1.50. Dutton.

NAVAL POWER IN THE WAR. By Charles Clifford Gill, Lieut.-Commander, U.S.N. Indicates what has to be done in order to make the sea-power of the United States an effective guarantor of national security. \$1.25. Doran.

SOCIAL AND INTERNATIONAL IDEALS. By Bernard Bosanquet. Looks toward the willing cooperation and mutual respect of autonomous nation-states as a preventive of war. \$2.25. Macmillan.

SOME MODERN NOVELISTS. By Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. Meredith, Hardy, Howells, Wells, Edith Wharton, etc. \$1.50. Holt.

SPIRIT OF LAFAYETTE. By James Mott Hollowell. A timely exposition of the motives which brought Lafayette to America. \$0.75. Doubleday, Page.

THE GREEK GENIUS AND ITS INFLUENCE. Edited by Prof. Cooper, of Cornell Univ. A volume of selections from the long list of appraisals of Hellenic culture. \$3.50. Yale Univ. Press.

THE PRISONER OF WAR IN GERMANY. By Dr. Daniel J. McCarthy. Commended as authoritative by former Ambassador Gerard. \$2.00. Moffat, Yard.

THE SOUL OF DEMOCRACY: THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WORLD WAR IN RELATION TO HUMAN LIBERTY. By Edward Howard Griggs. Discusses sacrifices demanded by the development of democratic ideals. \$1.25. Macmillan.

THE SOUL OF LEE. By Randolph H. McKim. A psychological study of Robert E. Lee. \$1.50. Longmans, Green.

THE VIRGIN ISLANDS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By Luther K. Zabriskie, formerly Vice-Consul of the U.S.A. at St. Thomas. Ill. \$4.00. Putnam.

THEY SHALL NOT PASS. By Frank H. Simonds. Story of the high resolve and devotion unto death by which the French held the German hordes at Verdun. \$1.00. Doubleday, Page.

THE WAYS OF WAR. By the late T. M. Kettle. Collection of war writings by the most brilliant member of the "Young Ireland" group. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin.

TO BAGDAD WITH THE BRITISH. By Arthur T. Clark. Tells the story of the Mesopotamian Campaign. \$2.00. Appleton.

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UNIVERSAL TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC SERVICE. By William H. Allen, Director, Institute for Public Service. Looks to the country's upbuilding after the war. \$1.50. Macmillan.

UNITED STATES AND PAN-GERMANIA. By André Chéradame. "Germany no longer exists. In her place stands Pangermania, whose existence is incompatible with the independence of the United States." \$1.00. Scribner.

WHY WE ARE AT WAR. By Woodrow Wilson. Presents in convenient form the President's four messages to Congress in January, together with his proclamation of war and his message of April 15, 1917. \$0.50. Harper.

WILLY-NICKY CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Herman Bernstein. With foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Secret and intimate telegrams exchanged between the Kaiser and the Czar. \$1.00. Knopf.

WITH OUR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE. By Sherwood Eddy. A book on the Y. M. C. A. \$1.00. Association Press.

WOMEN AND WAR WORK. By Helen Frazer. With int. by President MacCracken, of Vassar College. A book for American women organizing for war service. \$1.50. G. Arnold Shaw.

FICTION

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THE KENTUCKY WARBLER. By James Lane Allen. Story of a boy's contact with nature and its lasting effect in developing his character. \$1.25. Doubleday, Page.

THE TREE OF HEAVEN. By May Sinclair. A study of the psychological effect of the war on English youth. \$1.60. Macmillan.

THE WHITE MORNING. By Gertrude Atherton. Story based on the possibility of a revolt of German women against the war. \$1.00. Stokes.

THE Δ INDUSTRIAL Δ WORLD

WHY COAL MINERS ARE HAVING A BONANZA AND THEIR EMPLOYERS HAVE THE BLUES

Wages High and Jobs for Everybody are Running at a Loss

FORTY-FIVE thousand men are employed by the union coal mines in the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, district alone and the lowest wages paid an adult worker is \$4.10 for an eight-hour day. This is for work done outside a mine. The lowest rate for adult inside labor is \$4.75 a day, and there are contract miners who are getting \$300 to \$400 a month, as well as thousands of able workers who are getting \$150 a month without breaking their backs or becoming the stoop-shouldered serfs of King Coal as depicted in socialist fiction. The demand for labor in all phases of the industry is so great that breaker boys are drawing the incomes of men and are as independent as farm-hands in harvest time. On the other hand, the mine-owners and operators, caught between the threat of government control, the car shortage and higher-wage demands, are driven to distraction. Such is the report made by Maximilian Foster, who has been studying the remarkable situation for the *Saturday Evening Post*. One representative mine-owner, when the writer inquired how the coal trade was doing, lost his urbanity and, sawing the air with his arms, said it was going to the dogs, or words to that effect. No one who owned a mine was making any money; the government was choking them out of the profits and the miners were getting the rest. It meant, he said, that he no longer owned a mine—it was owned by the government and the men. And he got red in the face while saying:

"'You needn't laugh! If you were in my boots you'd laugh on the other side of your face! I'm paying my mule drivers five dollars a day. Trackmen, cagers, timbermen—it's all the same: five a day! D'you hear?' Then he went off into another transport. Heartily and with all the earmarks of passionate emotion he began to damn the cutters and loaders in his pit. One of them, a cutter who couldn't read or write, much less speak, the English language was knocking down \$300 a month. Another, of the same sort, had made \$320 the month before. 'A damned Russian, too!' exploded the superintendent. As for his loaders, so many of them were making round \$200 a month he couldn't keep count of them.

"'And listen to this,' he growled: 'Down in our district they ran up a new row of miners' cottages; and along with the row, before the men moved in, they had to put up eighty-six garages! Believe it or not, it's so!' Having said this, he shot another look at me. 'I suppose you think it's funny, don't you?' he snorted. It was funny to see him, that was certain. I did not see that row of eighty-six garages. I did see, however, about the Pittsburgh district the evidences that automobiles are in use pretty generally among all classes of persons, foreign workmen included. On Sunday the roads outside Pittsburgh were filled with them."

Foster, in his investigation, learned, among other things, that there was "enough money sewed up in the belts and clothing of foreign workmen in and around Pittsburgh to float a government loan." Because of the war, they either couldn't send it home or didn't dare take the risk. This, however, is incidental.

"That the great mass of workmen in the big industrials have a better knowledge of banking methods and how to use their earnings is evidenced by what took place during the flotation of the recent Liberty Loan. I do not know the exact figures—I doubt if anyone does; but one member of a Pittsburgh local committee I talked with estimated that fully seventy per cent. of the individuals subscribing were employees of the steel plants, foundries, railroads and mines. The full force of this will be understood when it is known that a fraction more than sixty per cent. of the workers in the industrial plants are foreign-born. Of this sixty per cent., too, only about ten per cent. are naturalized. In one plant where twelve hundred men are employed only one of them refused to subscribe. A strike was the result. The men, in a body, refused to go back to work till the one rebel, a boiler man, did his duty. To settle the difficulty the superintendent went down into the boiler-room to discharge him.

"'See here,' said the superintendent, 'when those men asked you to buy a bond did you tell them to go to the devil?'

"'Yes, I did,' the boilerman growled. 'I ain't going to buy any more bonds just to please them guys.'

"'What do you mean by more?' the superintendent asked.

"'I bought \$1,100 worth at the bank yesterday, and that's enough,' was the reply. The strike was called off."

The blackness of outlook for the coal-mine owners is relieved, however, by the huge ebon masses known as breakers which are proving to be bonanzas. This is due to the use of pulverized coal in many industries. We read in the *New York Sun*:



PRIOR TO THE WAR THIS WAS A STREET OF RENTED SHANTIES—TO-DAY THE SAME RESIDENTS (COAL MINERS) OWN THEIR HOMES AND HAVE AUTOMOBILES

The reason is that contract miners are getting \$300 to \$400 a month, and a great army of able-bodied workers are getting \$150 a month with plenty of leisure time.

"In the old days coal of the sizes designated as chestnut or pea and many other grades was considered too fine for industrial and commercial use and was therefore thrown away along with the stone and the slate. This is the genesis of the big culm banks which are visible in the neighborhood of Mount Carmel and Centralia. These masses of black are to Mount Carmel what the sweepings of London were to Boffin, the Golden Dustman. Hydraulic mining is converting all this black waste into gold dust. The culm bank of one concern, for instance, is near the shaft of an abandoned colliery. The old breaker was taken away long ago, but the accumulations of half a century, estimated to contain 800,000 tons, are still standing. A stream from a powerful hose delivered under a pressure of one hundred and forty pounds to the square inch is wearing away the culm mountain day by day. The black water drags the dust with it down an incline and is caught up into the washery, where in the course of a few minutes the stuff comes out in six or eight different grades of coal. This coal is being sold at an average price of

\$5.50 a ton. If the estimate is correct that this mountain contains fifty per cent. of coal here is \$2,000,000 worth of fine fuel which is only a Mount Carmel by-product."

Meanwhile, thousands of men in the collieries are making so much money at day wages that they prefer to work only half or two-thirds of the time. In other words, being able to make as much in three days as they formerly made in six, they are enabled to take frequent vacations. The *Post* writer recounts, in this connection, an incident related to him by a mine official whom the manager of a big steel plant in Cleveland had called up on the long-distance telephone complaining that no coal had been shipped him on the previous day.

"Our mines were shut down," was the reply; "it was All Saints' Day, and the miners took a holiday."

The next day the Cleveland man called him up again.

"What's the trouble now?" he asked. "You didn't ship us any coal yesterday."

"The mines were shut down again," answered the coal man; "yesterday was All Souls' Day."

The coal man, angry all through, had told this much to the *Post* writer when he gave vent to a snort of indignation.

"Wait till you hear the rest!" he proclaimed. "The next day our mines were shut down again; and when the Cleveland man called up, and I told him they were, he called me a liar and said I couldn't run in any fake holidays on him. If he ran short of coal, he told me, he was going to buy it in the open market and hold me for the difference?"

"What was the holiday?"

"It wasn't a holiday," the coal man sniffed; "it was the first snow of the year, and the men had gone rabbit hunting."

ROMANCE PLUS REALITY IN BUILDING AIRPLANES FOR BATTLE WORK

UNTIL a few months ago foreign engineers were openly skeptical as to the ability of America to make in great quantity the powerful but delicate and complicated battle-plane engines which Uncle Sam has pledged himself to make and which has taxed the highest skill of European craftsmen. Public imagination, thoroly stimulated as to the value of the airplane in warfare, has never been equally stimulated as to the romance of their production in industry. It has too often been felt, as stated by more than one disappointed manufacturer, that one could simply cut an airplane out of a tree in short order and rig it up for a few hundred dollars. As a matter of fact, says Howard E. Coffin, chairman of the United States Aircraft Board, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the flying-machine is three-fourths engine. Upon our engine-building ability, therefore, hinges the quantity production of the whole aircraft program. It has been necessary not only to develop an engine that could compete with the best in Europe but one that could be produced in quantity by machinery in the American automobile factories. The Aircraft Board, upon our entrance into the war, at once laid lines in all directions to achieve this result, and we read that the now famous Liberty Motor was thus created:

"The task of motor design was placed in the hands of two men who, in the opinion of the board, were best fitted for it. These men were J. G. Vincent, of the Packard Motor Car Company, and E. J. Hall, of the Hall-Scott Motor Company.



REASONS ENOUGH WHY THIS TRAIN ARRIVED LATE IN CHICAGO
This partially explains the paralysis which recently crippled our transportation system and which made the Federal Government hasten to take control of the railroads.

They were directed to create the engine that should fight America's battles in the air; indeed, to perform a task that might prove a deciding factor in the Great War. That was on June third. The two men locked themselves in a suite of rooms in a Washington hotel. They summoned the expert knowledge and technical skill of the nation—indeed, of the world, for Europe showed them her best. Blue prints and models of the successful engines evolved in three years of desperate warfare were studied with minute care. Fortunately, perhaps, the American experts, thus building upon all that had been done abroad, not limited in allegiance to types they themselves had developed, were more capable of selecting the best in each engine than they would have been if they had steadily worked on the task.

"They were splendidly aided by the Society of Automotive Engineers. Practically every expert of the nation who had to do with combustion engines was a member of this society. Wherever there was an authority whose services were needed, or a technical man whose skill could aid, he was summoned. Automobile and airplane manufacturers were called upon to turn over their secret trade processes and their patents to the designing of America's great motor. Nothing was to be used the worth of which was not already established. The element of experimentation was strictly eliminated. The rough plans for the new engine were completed in five days. Twenty-eight days after work had begun on these plans a finished engine had been set up and was running under its own power at the Bu-

Our Success with the Liberty Motor Will Open a "Thousand Air Roads to Berlin"

reau of Standards. The men responsible for America's Air Service celebrated their Fourth of July by listening to the purr of the first Liberty Motor at the government's testing laboratory. . . . One of the first accomplishments was the breaking of the American altitude record. The motor underwent every conceivable test and stood up well under them all.

"The engine is simplicity itself. Its parts can be made in various plants and factories, in accordance with gauges certified by the Bureau of Standards, in Washington. One great firm is prepared to produce cylinders in sufficient quantity to supply the world. Parts are everywhere interchangeable, thus vastly simplifying the problem of maintenance that has greatly harassed the Allies with their

many types. The engines will develop something more than four hundred horse power at 1,625 revolutions per minute, the highest number possible with the present propeller design. Incidentally improvements in the propeller are part of the plan of inventors now working on the improvement of the engine. It weighs about eight hundred pounds. All the motors are twelve-cylindrical, with two spark plugs to each cylinder."

Furthermore they develop as much power per pound weight, we are told, as do the highly refined European machines, as proof of which the Allied governments, which have followed every step in the work, are calling for

every extra motor that we can allot to them. In brief the Liberty Motor is the result of American willingness to strike afield and proceed independently instead of merely following, and "it puts American industry back of the flying game in such a way as to assure the quantity production that means dominance of the air."

Persons who plan to relieve the coal shortage this winter by burning wood can figure, roughly speaking, that two pounds of seasoned wood have a fuel value equal to one pound of coal, according to experts of the Forest Service. While different kinds of wood have different fuel values, the foresters say that in general the greater the dry weight of a non-resinous wood, the more heat it will give out when burned.

UNCLE SAM MUST DIG MORE INDUSTRIOUSLY FOR GOLD

NOW and then we hear the statement made that there is plenty of gold in this country, and it leaves one with the idea that gold does not cut very much figure in the finances of a nation. The answer to that point of view is found in a question asked by the *New York Times Magazine*, What gives England her supremacy in the financial world? Not her navy, not her manufacturers nor her products, but the fact that she practically controls the gold product of the world, and for that reason is able to establish, under ordinary conditions, the rates of exchange and to make the English pound sterling the basis thereof.

Those who have given thought to the financial situation know that immediately after peace is declared a heavy outflow of gold will begin. We shall be called upon to return all that has come to America and more besides. Where is this more to come from? We are told:

"The United States and its territories produced in gold in 1915 \$101,000,000 and in 1916, \$95,000,000, which shows that our gold production is falling off; but the stock of gold in this country has increased from \$1,887,000,000 at the outbreak of the war to about \$3,089,000,000 to-day. Our Government, unlike any other government in the world, does not interest itself very much in the production of gold.

"Twenty-five years ago the hydraulic mining industry in California was producing ten to fifteen millions of dollars annually. This kind of mining was stopped by the United States Courts for the reason that the silt and fine alluvial sand that was carried in suspension by the water (after extracting the gold by washing these gravels) flowed into the navigable streams and filled up their channels, thereby causing floods during high water. The question was then taken up by the Government and the State, and it was found that it would be possible to divert the so-called slickens from the Sacramento River, and by building levees the low lands, now valueless, could be filled and reclaimed, which would make them valuable, thereby increasing largely the taxable value, and permitting the mines at the same time to continue their work. The agricultural and mining interests were unable to agree, so hydraulic mining was entirely stopped. At the time the Government, through its engineers, made this investigation, it was proved that between \$300,000,000 and \$500,000,000 in gold could be extracted from these gravel deposits."

As a matter of fact, districts in which it was once impossible to exist can be and are now prospected for gold. Improved machinery is the answer. The work of producing gold and selling it to the Mint is no longer a venture in this country—it is an industry. Yet as opposed to the \$95,-

Our Production of the Yellow Metal is Decreasing, and Should Be Speeded Up Along With Foodstuffs

000,000 of gold we produced in 1916, and of the \$400,000,000 produced in the entire world, Great Britain and her colonies produced over \$265,000,000. As a basis of credit, we read, a dollar of new gold furnishes six times that amount of buying power, so that Great Britain is adding annually to her credit the immense sum of \$1,590,000,000 from that source alone.

When Great Britain needs more gold she digs more, which means that during the long and arduous period of reconstruction a great stream of the life blood of commerce will be flowing steadily into the circulation of British enterprises, renewing and strengthening it constantly. Britain will, or should, be able to impose conditions in peace through her domination of gold and her firm establishment on the gold basis, while her recent enemies will have gone to a paper circulation. Consequently, it behooves us to keep on digging, and digging harder, for gold, even while we are digging trenches, for an increased production of the yellow metal will go further toward helping any condition that may arise than any other one thing.

The total value of declared exports from Glasgow, Scotland, to the United States for the September quarter of 1917 amounted to \$1,920,879, as compared with \$1,902,265 for the same period the preceding year, showing a slight increase of \$18,614.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THIS MOTOR-CAR OF THE FUTURE

PROPHECY is perhaps as safe in the automobile line as in any other, and it is interesting rather than surprising to read among other things prophesied of the motor-car of the future, in the *Scientific American*, that it will steer itself almost automatically, will be weather-tight and entirely glass-enclosed, will have no

clutch or gears and will carry no spare tires, because the day of punctureless or airless tires is at hand. If, as seems reasonable to suppose, the greatest of all power problems is finally solved, if we ever learn to develop the power in gasoline, alcohol, kerosene or coal directly into electricity, it is the belief of C. H. Claudy, expressed in the scien-

It Will Steer Itself, Will Be Glass-Enclosed and Will Carry No Spare Tires

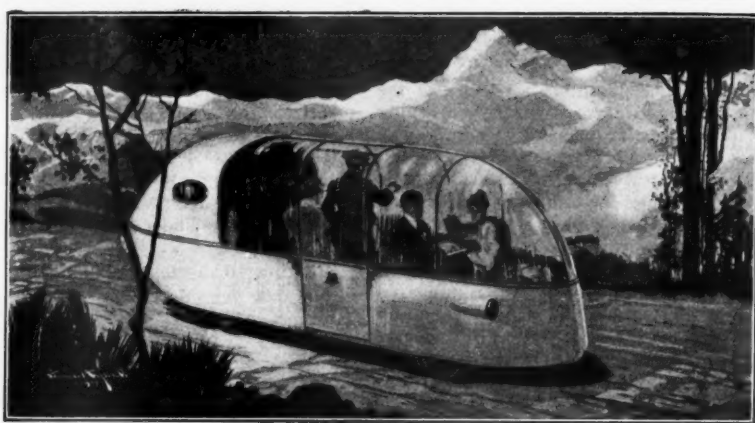
tific journal, that the power plant of the coming automobile will be under the body and on or near the rear axle. To get electricity from coal now it is necessary to burn the coal and turn it into heat, use the heat to make water vapor, which has mechanical movement, use the mechanical movement of the steam to drive a turbine or a piston,

after which only some ten per cent. of electrical energy is generated from a hundred per cent. of coal. Before long, we are assured, this fuel energy will be turned directly into electrical energy and the perfect motor-car will arrive. Furthermore:

"The car of the future won't leave anything to be done by man power. In two or three years foot-brakes will be things of the past except on cheap cars. Why should a man exert muscle to stop a car any more than to start it? What's that great brute of an engine idling under the hood for?"

"Now, jump three jumps more. If the engine starts and lights and pumps and stops itself, why shouldn't it steer the car? Revolutionary? Nonsense! That's what they said of foredoors. All cars of to-day have them. That's what they said of electric starters. Well, can you sell a thousand-dollar car—or a five-hundred dollar car, for the matter of that—without a starter? And in the future the car with the steering-wheel will be as obsolete as the car with the hand-pump for gas or oil is to-day!"

"The car of the future will have no such thing as a driver's seat. All the seats in the car, save the rear one, will be moveable. Driving will be done from a small control board, which can be held in the lap. It will be connected to the mechanism by a flexible electric cable. A small finger-lever, not a wheel, will guide the car. Another will attend to speed changes, buttons will light and warm the



Courtesy of the *Scientific American*.

IS THIS AUTOMOBILE OF THE NEXT GENERATION A JULES VERNE DREAM?

No, ventures a scientific expert, who has studied the subject carefully and makes some startling predictions regarding a great American industry.

car, blow the horn, apply the brakes—everything.

"Steam or electric steering has displaced hand-steering on all great ships—why should you sit humped over a much-in-the-way-of-your-comfort steering-wheel when your engine can supply the muscle and all you need to supply is the brain? . . .

"The car of the future will carry neither extra tires nor extra wheels. In the first place, if the non-puncturable tire doesn't arrive—which it will, probably—

and if the substitute for rubber is never made—which it will be—why, some one will come across with a substitution for air. A spare tire in the future will be as extinct as the Dodo and as unknown as a spare engine; a spare gasoline can or an extra top is to-day."

In other words, the car of the future will resemble the car of to-day in only one important thing—it will cost about all that its owner can afford, and a little bit more.

GOVERNMENT TO ENLIST CONVICTS TO HELP IN WINNING THE WAR

IT is estimated by the National Committee on Prisons and Prison Labor that there are more than a hundred and fifty thousand convicts in this country whose service may be made available in the manufacture of war supplies and in labor profitable to the Government. Representing this committee, which is working in conjunction with the American Federation of Labor to find a way of using this convict labor to best advantage, Judge William H. Wadhams, of the New York Court of General Sessions, has been investigating prison conditions in twelve States of the Union. He reports, in the *New York Sun*, that not only is the project approved by the Federal Government but that such war-work will be welcomed by a great majority of our convict population as soon as Congress says the word. Immediately upon the passage of bills pending in the Senate and House, we read, several hundred prison workshops and many thousand inmates of Federal and State institutions will be contributing to the winning of the war. And further:

"The first principle to be clearly borne in mind in organizing this work is that an emergency exists, in that the country is

at war, that there is an unprecedented demand for supplies and that there should be authority on the part of the Federal government and of the departments and bureaus charged with the buying of war or governmental supplies to obtain them, if they can be made without interfering with existing industries and without unfair competition with labor, from any Federal, military, State, county or municipal governmental penal institution which may be willing to undertake the manufacture, production and delivery of such supplies.

"Not only should use be made of the Federal and State penal institutions in serving the national need but military prisoners should be employed in productive occupations. Employment, under proper conditions, of those who are imprisoned is not a hardship, and may be made not only to serve the country at this time but also a means of education and reformation of the prisoners. Idleness on the part of prisoners is at all times to be regretted, but it is to be doubly deplored at this time when the services of every available man should be made use of in the organization of all the man power within the nation for the winning of the war."

The pending legislation provides that the compensation and hours of labor in institutions performing such work shall be based upon the standard

150,000 of Them are Available for War Work and Eager to Begin When Congress Says the Word

hours and wages prevailing in the vicinity of such prisons and that the cost of maintaining the prisoner shall be deducted from his pay. Also it is provided that the supplies manufactured shall conform to the standards established by the bureau or department requiring them. It likewise provides that immediate steps shall be taken to provide additional factories for this specific work, the Secretary of War and of the Navy being authorized and directed not only to establish such factories but also to employ prisoners in the construction of military roads and highways.

As to what can actually be manufactured in the prisons, Judge Wadhams quotes a letter from the warden of a representative penitentiary (Missouri) to the effect that two thousand of its twenty-six hundred inmates are available for such work. In this prison are manufactured clothing, brooms, shoes and almost eighty-five per cent. of all the saddletrees made in the United States. The Government has a big demand for this class of work. Furthermore:

"We can manufacture six hundred pair of army shoes a day in this prison. We can manufacture four hundred dozen

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khaki coats and trousers each week. We can manufacture an unlimited number of dozens of army shirts each week. We have no contract labor in the prison, all of our work being done under State supervision, and the quality we can guarantee to be as good as any manufactured in the country."

At Atlanta, Georgia, will be a factory for weaving textiles, mail sacks and other postal service equipment; at

Leavenworth, Kansas, will be manufactured furniture and office equipment for the Government; and a great pulp and paper mill will operate for the Government at the McNeill Island Federal prison in the State of Washington. In other words, it is proposed in an intelligent and effective way to organize the Federal and State prison work to help as much as possible in the prosecution of the war.

HOW THE BEST FARMER IN MISSOURI GETS RESULTS WITH CORN

WHEN the persimmon trees on the lawn of his home near Boonville, Missouri, glow red but still lack that blue frost touch which persimmon epicures wait for, H. G. Windsor knows that it is time for him to begin a week's work which annually nets him several thousand dollars. His equipment is simple for this job, which last year brought him approximately \$15,000. He ties a string to opposite ends of a grain sack, slings it over his shoulder like a hunting-bag, calls his collie and heads for the cornfield. Arrived there, he begins the selection of a hundred ears of corn. When this is done the ears are left piled at the ends of the rows where one of the hired men can get them, and Windsor, said to be the best farmer in Missouri, returns to the house to read his papers and attend to his correspondence. The next day and for four succeeding days he repeats this performance. This gives him six hundred ears of corn, which is sufficient for his own seed requirements the following spring and furnishes him abundant choice for show ears with which to retain the State championship.

It was twelve years ago that he began doing this, during which time he estimates that better seed has increased his corn crop not less than forty-eight thousand bushels. Last year he sold \$7,000 worth of seed-corn to farmers who paid him well for his skill in seed-corn selecting, and besides there were four thousand bushels of corn which he feels certain will improve his yield this year.

It was somewhat like Saul on the road to Damascus that this Missouri farmer saw the light that led him to obtaining such big results with corn. A neighbor had tried to interest him in using some seed which did not look as good to Windsor as his own, the grains of his own looking broader and fatter. He made the experiment, however, and was astonished at the result. The new seed yielded fifteen more bushels to the acre. He decided it would pay him to learn more about the business, and to take a trip to Indiana where, he was advised, there was seed-corn of a better

variety. Reporting the far-reaching results, the *Country Gentleman* says that in a subsequent agricultural competition, when Windsor exhibited a hundred ears of corn and one of ten ears:

"He met exhibitors from Indiana, the State where he first got his seed-corn start, exhibitors from Illinois and a flock of opponents from Missouri. He won over all of them. Then came the exciting time when the corn was put up at auction. Windsor, thinking he knew the value of his own corn better than anyone else, decided to buy it in. They ran the one hundred ears up by quick jerks like a kite on a gusty day. Windsor, making a last plunge after his beloved seed stock, bid \$350 on it and retired from the contest. It was sold to a rival bidder for \$355.

"He figured then that he would save his ten ears, but after he had bid \$75 on them and an opponent still seemed to be going strong, he backed away from a \$76 offer. Counting his prizes, the one hundred and ten ears brought him \$631, or \$5.75 an ear.

"**W**INDSOR is the undisputed champion corn-grower in Missouri, and his friends nominate him for much wider honors. Last year he raised one hundred and nineteen bushels and ten pounds of corn on an officially measured acre selected from a seventy-acre field. Representatives of the Missouri College of Agriculture estimate that the entire seventy acres will yield an average of one hundred bushels to the acre. They express the belief that it was the largest yield in the Corn Belt. If so, it probably was the largest yield in the world. Windsor has a rather unusual answer for that, in his own words:

"I sit in that chair a lot when the corn is growing. I believe the average farmer uses his hands so much he forgets to use his head. We start cultivation of the corn crop before planting time. We disk the field first because it enables us to plow deeper, and then we plow eight inches deep, disk the ground again and harrow about twice, the object being to get the soil as loose as a garden plot. The disking before plowing aids in making the bottom of the seed bed as loose as the top.

"We are never in a hurry to plant and I believe May first is about right. We always drill the corn, one grain to the hill, and make the hills sixteen inches apart. We sow fifty pounds of commercial fertilizer in the row with a planter attachment. I would not plant without the fertilizer. As near as I can estimate it I

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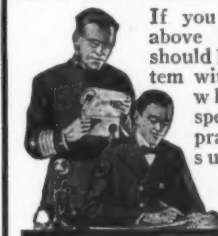
Here's **(th** To make path you simply write **p** and with these two easy

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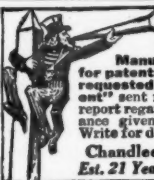
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used fertilizer worth \$175 on two hundred acres of corn the last two years and got four thousand bushels of corn in return for it. That is a splendid investment. For the field from which I expect to select seed and show corn I put one hundred pounds more of fertilizer to the acre. This is put in as soon as the corn roots begin to spread, by straddling the corn rows with the corn-planter and sowing the fertilizer in rows down the middles."

While the original Windsor farm of two hundred and fifty acres has grown to eight hundred acres, no space is given to wheat because it is believed to interfere with corn, which always comes first on the farm. Oats, however, are grown in rotation with corn and clover. The oats are fed to horses and mules and the straw to the breeding cows and the calves. Very little hay is produced because it, too, interferes with the corn crop. Timothy and clover, which are found to be less in the way of corn than alfalfa, are grown in sufficient quantity to provide hay for the other live stock.

RUSSIAN RAILROADS ARE NOT SO CRIPPLED AS HAS BEEN REPRESENTED

A MUCH more optimistic view of the Russian railway situation than that which has become prevalent in this country is taken by Henry Miller, formerly vice-president of the Wabash, who has been in Russia as a member of the United States Railway Advisory Commission. Fear that the railroads are incapable of keeping the army and civil population supplied has been dispelled by the commission, which reports that while they, like our own roads, are overtaxed with abnormal traffic, they are in reasonably good shape as regards both their physical property and terminals. For instance, Moscow, the hub of the nation, this expert tells the *Railway Age Gazette*, has a belt line without a superior anywhere, encircling the whole city and connecting the nine radiating railroads, with commodious interchange yards at all intersections and no serious congestion of traffic to interfere with the free movement of trains.

The report that nearly a third of the locomotives are "sick," is largely a fiction, caused by the order to classify as sick those in need of repairs requiring withdrawal from service twelve hours or more in twenty-four. Analysis of the Trans-Siberian Railway reveals not exceeding fifteen per cent. of the locomotives sick, as the word is used in American railroading. To quote:

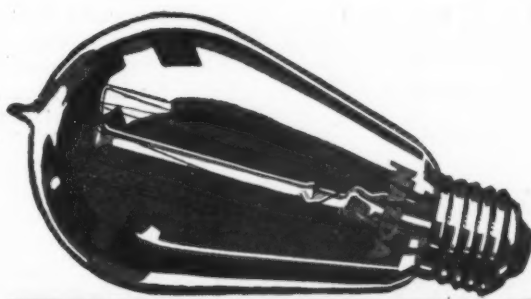
"We found the great problem to be a question of operation. The physical properties are all right. As one of the

first steps, we arranged to divide the railroads into divisions of approximately three hundred miles, each in charge of a superintendent and a staff of thirteen assistants, including trainmasters, train dispatchers, master mechanics, traveling engineers, etc., in order to provide the close supervision necessary to promote efficiency. We found that their practice was to operate their engines and crews on short turn-around trips. The men were assigned to their engines, which practice resulted in a very small mileage for each locomotive, because when the men needed rest or laid off on account of sickness or for other causes the engine was also taken out of service. By a plan of pooling the men and their engines the locomotive mileage was immediately doubled and the capacity for handling traffic was largely increased, so that it became possible with the existing power and facilities to clear up most of the congestion. The railways are now clear and effective operations have been established over the whole system.

"Russia has approximately fifty thousand miles of railroad, of which about sixty per cent. is owned by the government and about forty per cent. privately owned. The railroads have about twenty thousand locomotives, whose average age is twenty-four years, most of them being compounds. About ten per cent. are wood-burning, five per cent. oil-burning and the balance coal-burning. They have an average tractive force of eighteen thousand pounds. We found about fifteen per cent. of the locomotives in bad order. They also have five hundred and eighty thousand freight-cars of an average capacity of about sixteen tons, of which we found about eight per cent. in bad order. The freight-cars, both on the government lines and the privately-owned lines, are pooled and handled by a central car-distributing office at Petrograd. The practice is to apportion a certain number of cars monthly to each of the lines based upon their traffic requirements as determined by previous experience. About twenty per cent. of their freight-cars have brakes and only the thirteen thousand American-built cars are equipped with air-brakes. Braking is done by hand, the practice being to use a brake van for every fifth car in a train and to station a brakeman at each brake."

RUSSIAN railroads, we read further, are operated after the German system, which differs from the American system in that train movements are governed by time tables or schedules, but trains are classified and their rights on the road are governed by conductors and engineers. There is almost an entire absence of what in America is termed the operating department, and it is this void that the American commission has attempted to fill in order to increase the efficiency of transportation. It is for this purpose that the corps of three hundred and fifty experienced railroad men from the United States has been sent to Russia to educate Russian railroad men

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in our operating methods. The commission advises the immediate construction of twenty-five hundred American locomotives and forty thousand freight-cars to be added to the equipment of the Russian railways.

NEGLECT OF BEES IS ONE OF THE INDUSTRIAL SHAMES OF RURAL AMERICA

WHILE losing nearly sixteen billion pounds of honey, allowed to go to waste annually in this country through neglect of the bee-keeping industry, we also are losing fruit and grain from many hundred thousand acres of land. The importance of the bee in the peach-growing industry, for instance, is emphasized in the twentieth annual report of the Massachusetts Fruit Growers Association which tells about a colony of bees being placed, for experimental purposes, in the center of a small block of peach trees, so that the bees could easily visit the flowers. The result was that this orchard set all the peaches the trees could carry during the following dry season, while other peach orchards in the same vicinity, which bloomed equally well but were without bees, failed to set a crop. Furthermore, the orange growers of Florida who used to oppose the placing of bees in the groves, believing, with the apple growers, that the bee was an enemy, are now offering bee-yard sites free of rent and in many instances buy bees to place among the trees. One of them has established three bee-yards among its groves, having discovered that the nearer the bees to the groves the greater the quantity of fruit and the better the quality. We read:

"Sweet cherry orchards have jumped from a production of thirteen tons to thirty-nine tons through introducing a few colonies of bees to the acre. Even the tomato, altho it surrenders no nectar to the visiting honey bee, is pollinated by the activity of the little wonder worker.

"In Massachusetts the honey bee is used almost exclusively for pollinating cucumbers grown in greenhouses for early market. Over two thousand colonies are required annually for this one purpose, and the total crop of squashes, melons, and pumpkins is directly credited to the bee. It has also been clearly established that in the production of grapes a bee-yard should be located in or near every vineyard. This is equally true with respect to the strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, cranberry, blueberry, gooseberry, current, plum, and pear.

"In New Zealand red clover could not be cultivated until honey bees were imported from England. The first colonies were successfully established in South Island in 1885. To-day the production of seed runs into the hundreds of thousands of tons, thanks to the honey bee.

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"It is not known to what extent the great alfalfa fields of the United States, with their almost priceless crops, are indebted to the bee. Certainly alfalfa is one of the most important honey plants in the West. California, Colorado, Arizona, and Nevada yield, through the alfalfa blossom, sufficient nectar to support more colonies of bees to a given acreage than any other plant in the world. Nearly seven thousand colonies of bees have been located in a circle of ten miles diameter. The honey flow from alfalfa after four or five days of hot weather is simply astonishing. Wherever the alfalfa is cut for hay all this honey is lost. In the East alfalfa rarely yields nectar, altho in New York and Wisconsin an occasional honey flow has been reported."

Notwithstanding the evident need of more honey and bees, observes Alfred W. McCann in the New York Globe, no employee of the Department of Agriculture dares attempt to enlighten a congressman on the subject. They say their jobs would be jeopardized if they should, in doing so, overstep the boundary laid out by red tape and official etiquette. Nevertheless, we read, bee-keeping is on the increase in the United States and the threatened shortage or famine in sugar is serving as a spur to the industry. Prize queen-bees, as an interesting fact, are in many sections of the country worth a hundred times their weight in gold. Three dollars is coming to be an ordinary price for a good queen, and her market value grades up to \$5 and \$10, or even \$20, in some recorded instances. With this incentive before them, bee-keepers in many parts of the country actually make a business of feeding the ordinary female baby bee with special food for the purpose of developing queen-bees that would otherwise be merely worker bees, worth only a cent a hundred. Any ordinary female bee can, if taken in time and properly fed, be developed into a queen bee with a perfect body and perfect organs.

Japan, which formerly imported nearly all its scientific instruments from Germany and the United States, is now making and exporting these products to the following value annually to China, Australia, India, Russia, Great Britain and even to the United States: surgical instruments, \$400,000; philosophical instruments, \$175,000; other scientific instruments, \$250,000; total, \$835,000.

Leon Trotsky, now so prominent in Russian politics, was at one time a moving-picture actor in this country. He appeared in "My Official Wife" with Clara Kimball Young, and his salary was five dollars a day—the days he worked.

During nine of the months the United States has been at war American industries contributing to war needs—including munition plants, grain elevators, stockyards and marine properties—have suffered losses totalling more than \$50,000,000 from fires of known incendiary or suspicious origin.

The coal industry is the most important industry next to agriculture. It employs more than 750,000 men, furnishes 65 per cent. of all the traffic for the railroads and has made possible our great industrial development.

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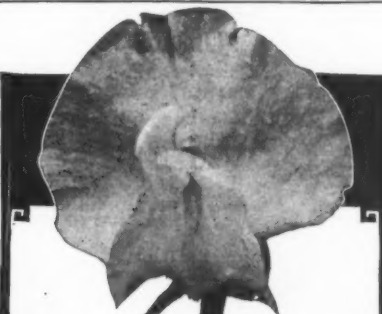
which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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Shear Nonsense

Not on Her Hand.

Simpson gallantly escorted his Boston hostess to the table. "May I," he asked, "sit on your right hand?" "No," she replied, "I have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair."

Delivered Without Charge.

"Maxie," queried the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the difference between electricity and lightning?"

"You don't have to pay nothing for lightning," answered Maxie.—*Chicago News.*

Fooling the Neighbors.

"What makes that hen of yours cackle so loudly?" inquired Jenkins of his neighbor.

"Why, they've just laid a cornerstone for the new workmen's club across the road, and she's trying to make the neighbors think that she did it."—*Chicago Herald.*

Where He Was At.

A certain British soldier's letter, according to *Punch*, runs thus:

"I am sorry I cannot tell you where I am, because I am not allowed to say. But I venture to state that I am not where I was, but where I was before I left here to go where I have just come from."

A Confusion of Terms.

"And now, children, we come to that important country, Germany, that is governed by a man called a kaiser," said the teacher. "Can any one tell me what a kaiser is? Yes, Willie!"

"Please, ma'am, a kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up in the air and disturbin' the earth."—*Life.*

The Change and the Rest.

Archbishop Magee of New York, after staying at a hotel, had an extortionate bill presented to him by his host, who, after receiving payment, solicitously inquired if his lordship had enjoyed the change and rest. "No, I have had neither," replied the archbishop; "the waiter had the change, and you've had the rest."

Kindness.

Private Simpkins had returned from the front, to find that his girl had been walking out with another young man, and naturally asked her to explain her frequent promenades in the town with the gentleman.

"Well, dear," she replied, "it was only kindness on his part. He just took me down every day to the library to see if you were killed."—*Chicago Ledger.*

The Candor of Childhood.

Gladys' beau took her youngest sister Mabel aside and confided in her as follows: "Now, I am going to tell you something, Mabel. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?"

"Forgive you, Mr. Sparks," said Mabel. "Of course I will. Why, that's what the party was for!"—*New York Times.*

A Little Too Great.

Landlord—"Yes, sir. We've a centenarian in this village. As a matter of fact, that is his grandson—or are you his great-grandson, Joe?"

Joe—"Great—great—great—great—gr—" Visitor—"Oh, come, come! That's scarcely possible."

Landlord (confidently)—"He isn't telling lies. He's only stuttering!"—*Passing Show.*

Irvin Cobb's Autobiography.

Without knowing to whom he was speaking, a stranger once asked Irvin Cobb what kind of a person Cobb was.

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you," replied the Kentucky prodigy, "Cobb is related to my wife by marriage, and if you don't object to a brief sketch, with all the technicalities eliminated, I should say that in appearance he is rather bulky, standing six feet high, not especially beautiful, a

light roan in color, with a black mane. His figure is undecided, but might be called bunchy in places. He belongs to several clubs, including the Yonkers Pressing Club and the Park Hill Democratic Marching Club, and has always, like his father, who was a Confederate soldier, voted the Democratic ticket. He has had one wife and one child and still has them. In religion he is an Innocent Bystander."

Singular and Plural.

"Two cows is in the field," said a teacher to a class of small boys, indicating the writing on the blackboard. "Now, that sentence is wrong. Can any one tell me why?" Wearily she looked over the apathetic class.

"Come, come!" she said encouragingly. One youngster, with a latent spark of chivalry, sought to help her out of the difficulty.

"P'raps one of them are a calf, Miss!" he suggested innocently.

Insect Foresight.

On a certain evening last autumn, says the Washington Star, a group of farmers sat round the stove in the general store and joined in a general and heartfelt complaint about the ravages of the potato bugs.

"The pests ate my whole potato crop in two weeks," said one farmer.

"They ate my crop in two days," said a second farmer, "and then they roosted on the trees to see if I'd plant more."

A salesman who was traveling for a seed house cleared his throat.

"That's remarkable," he said, "but let me tell you what I saw in our own store. I saw a couple of potato bugs examining the books about a week before planting time to see who had bought seed."

A Long Trip.

Professor Graves, we read in *Harper's*, was a member of a college faculty who had the not uncommon scholastic failing of absent-mindedness. One day, it appears, his married sister favored him for a long time with loud praises of her first-born. When she paused for breath at the end of her recital the professor felt that it was incumbent upon him to say something.

"Can he walk?" he asked, with affected interest.

"Walk? Why, he's been walking now for five months!"

"Is that so?" murmured the professor, lapsing into reflection. "What a long way he must have gone."

A Diplomatic Husband.

Alluding to the vexed subject of spelling reform, Sir Robert Borden, the Canadian Prime Minister, tells in an English periodical the story of a lady whose spelling was somewhat erratic. She was sensitive on the subject, and her demands for information as to correct spelling sometimes placed her peace-loving husband in a delicate position.

One day when she was writing a letter she glanced up to ask:

"John, do you spell 'graphic' with one f or two?"

"Well, my dear," was the diplomatic reply, "if you're going to use any, you might as well use two."

A Pair of Snuffers.

A gentleman who was passing his holiday in the Scottish Highlands, according to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, was engaged one night in writing a letter in a humble abode where he had obtained accommodation. The guttering candles annoyed him, and he called out:

"Mrs. M'Pherson, can you get me a pair of snuffers?"

"A pair o' snuffers?" repeated Mrs. M'Pherson, somewhat bewildered. "Weel, I'll dae my best."

In a few minutes there was a commotion outside. Two stalwart figures shuffled in, followed by Mrs. M'Pherson.

"This is Donald M'Dougall," she said, "and this is Dougal M'Donald. I dinna ken what ye want wi' them; but I'm thinkin' the two o' them tak' mair snuff than anyither twa in the parish."



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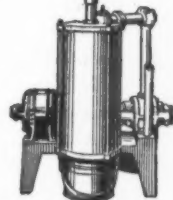
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You Won't Let Me Starve, Will You?

MY name is Shushan.

I am a little Armenian girl.

Do I look much different from an American baby girl?

I was happy until my papa and mama died.

I had nice things to eat and wear, now I am growing blind because I am starving.

I am only one of 400,000 little orphan girls and boys who are starving.

Have you ever been really hungry?

You dear, good, kind, generous Americans will not let us go hungry, will you?

Many thousands of my little friends have already died from slow starvation.

Those of us still alive, but oh so weak for just bread, can be saved even from the blindness of starvation if we can get help quick.

You will help us, won't you, dear, good, kind, generous Americans?

When American papas and mamas look at their happy little girls and boys—just as I once was, won't they say: "We will give enough money to save the life of a little Armenian or Syrian boy or girl."

Won't you little happy American boys and girls ask your papas and mamas to give you seventeen cents a day to send to us?

That much will keep one of us alive for one day.

There are thousands of other little Armenian and Syrian girls and boys whose papas and mamas are living—but all of them are starving just as I am.

Everybody here is hungry.

Our pretty homes were destroyed and we were driven across the desert.

My mama carried me to the Relief Station.

She gave me the last of our food and she starved to death.

Yesterday 800 children had to be turned away when the Relief Workers gave us supper; turned away to die because there was not enough food to give to all of us.

The others who are living must be helped.

We sleep on the ground.

Winter is here and it is very cold, but being cold is not nearly so bad as being hungry—and being hungry is not nearly so bad as starving.

The mothers and the tiny babies all around me are starving.

They are weak, but so patient, even when they begin to go blind.

There are 2,500,000 of us who can yet be helped. Seventeen cents a day apiece is all we ask.

It is enough to keep us alive, but we must be saved—NOW, TO-DAY.

We pray to God every morning, noon and night asking Him to shower you with His blessings so you dear, good, kind, generous Americans can help us.

You will help us, won't you?

Lovingly yours,

SHUSHAN ANOUSHIAN.

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This work is conducted in perfect cooperation and with full approval of the American Red Cross, which uses this Committee as their agency in this field.

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